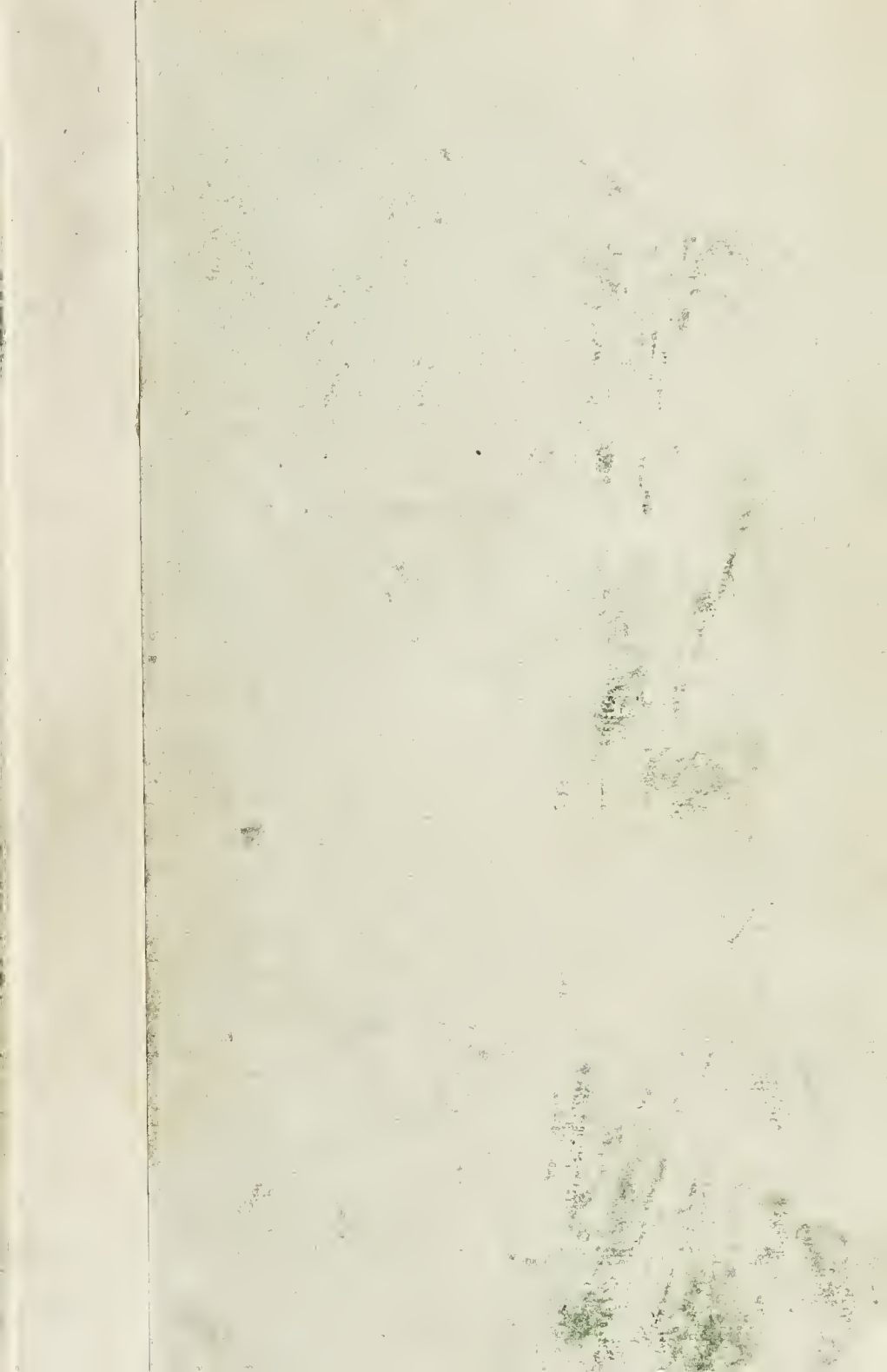




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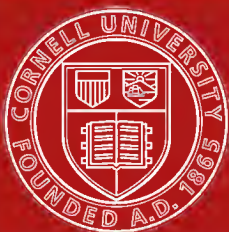
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THE COMEDIES, HISTORIES,
AND TRAGEDIES OF MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE

As presented at the Globe and Blackfriars
Theatres, *circa* 1591-1623

*Being the text furnished the Players, in parallel
pages with the first revised folio text,
with Critical Introductions*

The Bankside Shakespeare

EDITED BY APPLETON MORGAN



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The Bankside Shakespeare

V.

THE TRAGEDIE OF ROMEO AND JULIET



*(The Players' Text of 1597, with the
Heminges and Condell Text
of 1623)*

With an Introduction touching the Question as
to the Medical Acquirements
of its Writer

BY

B. RUSH FIELD, M. D. (UNIV. OF PENNA.)
A Member of The Shakespeare Society of New York;
author of "The Medical Thoughts
of Shakespeare,"
etc.

NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK
1889

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To
Edwin Booth, Esq.

WHOSE RENDITION OF THE SHAKESPEAREAN TRAGEDIES
HAS MADE HIM THEIR BEST COMMENTATOR,
AND WHOSE GENIUS
HAS WON HIM THE PLAUDITS OF THE WORLD,
THIS EDITION OF THE ROMEO AND JULIET
IS DEDICATED BY PERMISSION,
BY HIS ADMIRER,
THE EDITOR.

B. R. F.

INTRODUCTION

I.

IN 1597 appeared the First Quarto of *Romeo and Juliet*, which was followed two years later by a Second Quarto, announcing on its title-page that the play had been "newly corrected, augmented and amended;" a Third Quarto in 1609, and another, — undated, but inferred by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps to have been printed in 1608, — preceded the First Folio revision as paralleled here. It is still a mooted question as to which of these first two quartos represents the original draft of the play from the pen of Shakespeare. Many authorities (Collier, White, Mommson, Furness, Daniel, Stokes, the Cambridge editors, and others) have held that quarto second was really the play as written by the poet, and that the First Quarto was merely a piratical edition hurried into type by bookseller John Danter, in his desire to meet the demand for it, and written by reporters as they heard it from the lips of the actors (for a play to be published diminished the size of the audience), and hence its incomplete form. The other school of editors (Knight, Verplanck, the late Halliwell-Phillipps, Spedding, Dyce, Staunton, Ulrici, Hudson, and others) are of the opinion that the First Quarto is Shakespeare's own work, and this seems to be the preferable view. The plot of the play remains the same as in quarto one; the only addition, as far as action is concerned, being the appearance of Capulet's servants at his feast, just before the arrival of Romeo's party. The augmentations are almost

entirely of a descriptive nature, and occur usually in the speeches of the principal characters.

As to the precise year in which Shakespeare wrote this play, — except that he must have substantially written it prior to its appearance in the First Quarto, — I know of no data or evidence at hand. His name, even, did not appear upon a Quarto title-page until certain copies of the undated Quarto there contained it. Shakespearean investigation is so constantly running up blind alleys and against dead walls, that, at least in endeavoring to find a date for an undated quarto, speculation seems to me altogether unprofitable. Similarly, I refrain from any opinion as to the source from which Shakespeare drew the story of the lovers. Girolamo della Corte, in his *Storia di Verona*, relates it as a true account of events transpiring in Verona in 1303; a somewhat similar story is found in the *Ephesiaca* of Xenophon of Ephesus; still again a similar story is told as occurring in Sienna, in a novel of Masuccio di Salerno (Naples, 1476); again in *La Giulietta* of Luigi da Porto (1530) the story is mentioned, — the lovers bearing the same names and living in the same city, and their houses being rivals and quarrelling as at present; again in French by Adrian Sevin (1542); again in Italian (1553); and twice again in French (Bandello, 1554; Boisteau, 1560); and finally in English by Arthur Brooke, 1562, and Paynter, 1567. Students who believe Shakespeare to have read the obscurer and remoter classics will be confident that he borrowed from Xenophon of Ephesus; such as believe him to have been a devourer of Italian and French novels will select his sources in one or the other versions of those languages; while such as claim that he could only read the vernacular will elect between Brooke and Paynter. In studying the texts, I have been most especially impressed with the examples

they seem to me to furnish of the marvellous ease with which Shakespeare handles at second or third hand such technical matters as he came to hear about (or perhaps, as the saying is, to "look into"), — sometimes an ease so seducing as to have spread before us moderns the temptation of actually believing him to have been an exclusive specialist of this or that art or profession, accordingly as we have happened to have this or that or the other play before us.

One of the most unaccountable corrections made, for example, is at line 1408. Juliet has just arrived at the Friar's cell, and meets Romeo, whom she is then and there to marry. In the First Quarto we find :

Fr. So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower :

Rom. . . . As doo waking eyes
(Cloafd in Nights Myfts) attend the frolicke Day,
So *Romeo* hath expected *Juliet*.

Jul. I am (if I be Day)
Come to my Sunne : shine foorth, and make me faire.

It is difficult to comprehend why Shakespeare should discard such poetical thoughts, and replace them in quarto second with those so very much inferior. In a few places speeches have been changed from the mouth of one character to another ; this is especially so in the garden scene, as Romeo leaves Juliet, and later on meets Friar Lawrence, but many of these alterations must be attributed to the printer. Juliet, in her intense desire for the return of the nurse with the news from her lover, is found comparing Love's heralds — as she would like them — to hasty gunpowder from the fearful cannon's mouth ; and the same comparison is used by Romeo in purchasing his poison, later on in the play. In the Second Quarto it is retained in the mouth of Romeo. In the 1599 edition much has been added in Romeo's description of the Apothecary and his shop.

There is no description of the Apothecary in the former edition, while in the latter three lines are devoted to his appearance alone ; "green earthen pots, bladders, and mustie seeds" have been added to his stock, and the furniture increased by the addition of the tortoise. At another place I have noted Shakespeare's seemingly accurate familiarity with the signs of death, and it is interesting to compare the 1597 with the 1599 *Romeo and Juliet*, as it shows that during that short interval Shakespeare had acquired considerable additional knowledge in regard to that subject. Thus, the earlier edition lacks the full description of the Friar as to how Juliet would look after she had taken the drug, which was inserted in the edition of 1599. In the earlier edition, Capulet, on seeing, as he supposes, the dead body of Juliet, exclaims, "All pale and wan;" but two years later says : —

Let me see her : out, alas, she's cold,
Her blood is settled and her joints are stiff,
Life and these lips have long been separated.

And when Romeo breaks into Capulet's vault, there is much added to impress upon the mind that Juliet's beauty has not disappeared. And this is an important addition, for it proves that the writer desired to show that the drug, having spent its power, was losing its force. In the 1597 edition, Juliet, discovering the cup in Romeo's hand, upbraids him for drinking all, but two years later she kisses his lips, in the hope that there remains sufficient poison on them to take her own life, and thus — calling attention to Romeo's yet warm lips — alludes to still another sign of recent death. In the First Quarto, Capulet, standing by the dead body of his daughter, calls his wife's attention to the dagger in Juliet's breast, but in the edition of 1599 he adds to the realism of the description by pointing out that Juliet "bleeds."

II.

Shakespearean students have entered an era which must be beneficial, inasmuch as the blind worship of supposed talents never possessed by the immortal bard has given way to a more sensible manner of showing the appreciation of his rare genius. In its steady growth this worship has reached such gigantic proportions as to render inconceivable the possibility of any one brain producing such varied learning. The idea of attempting to prove that one man could be an expert in every branch, that he had antedated any number of the most important discoveries of the age, that he had even written the works of other authors, would, of necessity, lead to one result, — the denial of authorship. Specialists of all kinds have attempted to make him all that any sane man would know he was not, and under no circumstances could have been. We have seen the lawyer who would prove him as learned in the law as any of our judges ; the doctor who endeavors to make him not only well versed in the symptomatology of disease, but in the physiological action of drugs ; others who refer to him as a linguist, a botanist, a physiologist, a pharmacist, a zoölogist, an entomologist, an ecclesiastic, a soldier, a sailor, and a cook. Let us take but one avenue of his mighty intellect, — that of medicine, — and allow it to suffice as an example of how fanatics, in their wild endeavors to exaggerate his talents, only exhibit their own ignorance, which thus misleads them.

Certain wise physicians seek to enlighten us on the drug which Cornelius gives the Queen in *Cymbeline*, and which “ being ta'en, would cease the present power of life ; but, in short time, all offices of nature should again do their due functions.”

that Friar Lawrence gave Juliet to produce her two and forty hours' sleep, is absurd.

But of all claims of Shakespeare's priority, that of his knowledge of the circulation of the blood previous to its discoverer's has perhaps attracted the widest attention, and yet is the most assailable. Mr. Hackett, who first asserted it in 1859, shows not only his ignorance of the most important part of Harvey's theory, but his utter lack of knowledge concerning the many other theories that had been presented years before and were accepted at the time Shakespeare wrote. Shakespeare died in 1616. Harvey first published his theory in 1619. Among the older theories were those of Hippocrates, Praxagoras, and Erasistratus, who held that the arteries contained air, and that, therefore, the *veins* were the *only* blood-holding vessels, and that they had their origin in the liver. Galen, as early as A. D. 150, taught that the left ventricle of the heart was the common origin of all arteries, and that the arteries of living animals contained blood, *not* air; but he did not advance with his studies so as to learn in what direction the blood flowed, or whether it was movable or stationary. That Shakespeare had heard of Hippocrates and Galen, and was somewhat acquainted with their writings, we know from his own lips; for the former he refers to in *The Merry Wives*, and Galen is spoken of in *II. Henry IV.*, in *All's Well That Ends Well*, in *The Merry Wives*, and in *Coriolanus*. Michael Servetus, who was burned with his books, by order of Calvin, in 1553, taught that the blood flowed from the right ventricle, through the pulmonary artery to the lungs, and thence through the pulmonary vein and left auricle into the corresponding ventricle, from which it was conveyed by the aorta to all parts of the body. Sylvius had already pointed out the valves

in the veins, and so, with Galen and Servetus, paved the way for Harvey's theory. There is not one thought to be found in Shakespeare in any way relating to the circulation of the blood that is not applicable to the teachings of either Hippocrates, Galen, Servetus, or Sylvius; and it is very evident that he did not tie himself down to any one of these theories, but that sometimes he had in mind the theory of Michael Servetus (to which all the heart allusions will apply), and at other times that of Hippocrates (which accounts for all the thoughts regarding the liver as the propeller of the blood through the veins). Harvey was the first to show the true idea of the circulation: his chief points being that the left ventricle of the heart, acting as a muscular sac, so forced the blood into the arteries, that it went to the extreme parts of the body, and returned by way of the veins to the right auricle, thence to the right ventricle, from whence it was squeezed into the lungs, and thence to the left auricle and corresponding ventricle,—the same blood making a complete circuit, and ready again to be sent out on its life-sustaining journey; that the pulse is produced by the arteries being filled with blood and so enlarging, and that it coincides with the contraction, not the dilatation, of the heart. It is easy to see that many of Shakespeare's thoughts on the circulation might be made to apply to Harvey's theory, and he who is ignorant of the discoveries of the physiologists preceding Harvey might be led into the "damned error" which (to him) would rob the discoverer of his deserved honor. Shakespeare explored, observed, absorbed, and utilized every branch of learning within his grasp, and the wonderful information that he was thus possessed of he clothed with language which has never been equalled. Strip the plain fact of its beautiful

surroundings, and, in the mass of cases, what is left is no more than what would be expected of a well-informed man. I propose to illustrate this, so far as medical allusions go, by referring only to those of *Romeo and Juliet*.

First, Shakespeare's knowledge of the climatic effect of sunburnt Italy on the physical development and passions of her people. From the lips of each character we are made to learn his or her passionate nature. It is rudely shown by the servants Sampson and Gregory, though their stage life is short. We are not surprised to see the nurse advise Juliet to "seek happy nights to happy days," nor to hear her inform her precious charge that she must "bear the burden soon at night;" for what more could be expected when she even quotes from her lately deceased husband in such a way as to expose his ruling passion? Benvolio knows that in "these hot days is the mad blood stirring," and Mercutio cannot dismiss Queen Mab without telling how "when maids lie on their backs, this is the hag that presses them and learns them first to bear, making them women of good carriage." But Capulet and Paris speak of it in the most practical way in discussing the marriageable age of Juliet:—

Capulet. My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years ;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Paris. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Capulet. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.

In the old poem Juliet's age is put down at sixteen ; in Paynter's novel she is said to be eighteen. Shakespeare, however, makes her fourteen, but who ever imagines her of these tender years while enjoying the play? It seems absurd to think of her as being less than twenty or twenty-two, until we

recollect that she grew and developed into early womanhood under the sun of an Italian clime. The wonderful development of the girls of Italy can easily be seen in the Eternal City. Taking a stroll down to the Spanish Staircase, which is daily filled with Roman models lazily awaiting the engagements of the artists, or a walk on the Corso or around the theatre of Marcellus, convinces at once that Shakespeare's Juliet, young as she is, is not overdrawn, and that the Italian girl of fourteen is indeed fully "ripe to be a bride."¹ It will be seen that Capulet discourages the idea of an early marriage of his young daughter on the ground that child-bearing in one so young would be detrimental to her health. In the next scene we find Lady Capulet asking Juliet to think favorably of marriage, and this advice shows that Lady Capulet differs from her liege lord in regard to the ill-effects of early child-bearing. Lady Capulet favors it, citing herself as an example; surely this she would not do if she had experienced any evil results from it. Lady Capulet was right. The Italian climate had so developed and matured Juliet that at the age of fourteen she was fully capable of safely giving birth to a child. Paris cites cases where "younger than she are happy mothers made," and they certainly would not be happy mothers if early child-bearing brought ill-health in its train. Lady Capulet refers to it as frequently happening among ladies of esteem; showing that it was a common occurrence, and that the climate sufficiently developed them for that purpose. Even the old Friar, in his experience of the passionate love of burning Italy, would not allow Romeo and Juliet to remain alone until he had married them.

Friar. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till Holy Church incorporate two in one.

¹ *Medical Thoughts of Shakespeare*, p. 59.

One would naturally expect, in the first appearance of Friar Lawrence, to find him engaged in some duties of his special vocation, — chanting a hymn or telling his beads in a “shady cloister,” which we might think a more appropriate occupation than gathering baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers with the dank dew still upon them. Shakespeare, however, was true to the history of the time of which he wrote, — a time when priests and the clergy invaded the precincts of the physician. The medical profession was once so overrun with monks that it soon became evident that the monasteries were being emptied and religious duties neglected. This led in A. D. 1163 to the Council of Tours issuing a canon which prohibited monks from studying or practising physic, and which would not allow them over two months’ leave of absence at a time from their monasteries. As practitioners of medicine, their patients became so numerous that it was impossible for them to find time to visit all the sick, and they began the practice of diagnosing diseases by inspection only of the urine, which absurdity Shakespeare has several times referred to. Our respect for Friar Lawrence will not allow us to think that he could so practise deceit, but that he practised medicine to an extent there seems no doubt. And of this there is considerable evidence throughout the play, Romeo several times comparing the work of a priest to that of a physician. Even his first intimation to the Friar of his love for Juliet is clothed in medical terms : —

I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me
That’s by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies.

And later on, when suffering the agony of his sentence, he appeals to the Friar to tell him in what part

of his vile anatomy his name doth lodge, and asks him if he has no poison mixed. Why should he for an instant imagine that this priest had poison at all in his possession, if it were not that that poison in certain doses acted medicinally? So Shakespeare introduces him really in his vocation as a gatherer and a dispenser of medicines, which quite prepares us for the part he finally plays in rendering the last act so full of woe. Like all priests of that period, giving much of his time to the preparation of his own medicines, he was well versed in medical botany. He charms us by his introductory speech setting forth the old herbalist doctrine, and we feel quite sure that in his bunch of flowers, the result of his morning's gathering, would be found these beautiful, poisonous, and yet medicinal plants; for the Friar's specification of plants at once medicinal and poisonous limits us to the following category, namely: (1) *Digitalis* (foxglove). Grows wild in temperate climates of Europe, and is gathered while in full bloom. Narcotic, sedative, and diuretic. (2) *Hyoscyamus* (henbane). Grows along the roads and about villages in England. A favorite plant of Shakespeare's; referred to also in *Cymbeline* and *Macbeth* as the insane root, being murderous to the senses. It is no doubt the drug Friar Lawrence specially alludes to as "slaying all senses with the heart;" although he is wrong as to its odor, for its offensiveness can have no cheering qualities. Known to the ancients as anodyne and soporific. (3) *Belladonna* (deadly night-shade). Known to the ancients as a narcotic, diaphoretic, and diuretic. (4) *Veratrum Album* with its greenish flowers was used in very small doses for dropsy, mania, epilepsy, leprosy, and elephantiasis. (5) *Conium* (hemlock). Grows along the roads and in old settlements in Europe. It is narcotic, and supposed to be the drug used by the

Athenians to destroy the life of convicts, and by which Socrates and Phocion died ; also used by the ancients medicinally. It is hardly necessary to say, although the scene is laid in Italy, that we are safe in thus choosing the poisonous medicinal plants of England as the ones intended by Shakespeare, for he was continually introducing English laws, manners, dialect, into his plays, no matter in what country they might have been supposed to have occurred, and why should he not follow the same rules as to his baleful weeds? Let us, therefore, imagine the old Friar with his basket full of plants, the green leaves of which are in perfect contrast to those red, yellow, purple, green, and white flowers which are so beautiful, so poisonous. It is not surprising, having his osier cage so filled with narcotics, that when occasion demanded he was able to furnish one to Juliet, and one too that would act at a certain time (as that taken by Imogen in *Cymbeline*). Of course such a drug never existed, and this sacrifice of the real to the dramatic is only a mate to the absurdities that were forced upon the people of that day through the ignorance of the physicians and the trickery of the charlatans. This nonsense of a drug being able to render one dead for two and forty hours, and then to revive as from a pleasant sleep, is no more ridiculous than the cure for small-pox which John of Gladdesden, the court physician, had for the son of Edward II., and of which Shakespeare, perhaps, had read. He gave him no other treatment than to see that his couch, clothing, and everything about him was of some red material, and "he was restored to health without a trace of the disease." But let us take the leading physicians of Shakespeare's own time and of whom he had certainly heard. No one was held in higher esteem as a physician and botanist, in Elizabeth's reign, than William Bulleyn, and

yet his favorite prescription for nervous women was a "smal yong mouse roasted." Dr. Caius, an honorable man in his way, allowed his ignorance to permit him to have the "raspings of a human skull unburied" as the chief ingredient in his gout-powder, and for nervous affections he had his balsam of bats, which was composed of adders, bats, suckling-whelps, earth-worms, and hog's grease. Even Dr. Hall, Shakespeare's son-in-law, who was regarded as a skilful man, used to treat epilepsy by hanging round pieces of peony root around the neck of the patient, and for ascarides he applied to the pulse a mixture containing spiders' webs and powdered nutshells. There were comparatively few who saw the absurdity of all this. The philosopher Montaigne, who lived in Shakespeare's time, thus wrote of the state of medical science of his day in one of his essays: "The very choice of most of their drugs is in some sort mysterious and divine. The left foot of a tortoise, the urine of a lizard, the dung of an elephant, the liver of a mole, blood drawn from under the wing of a white pigeon, and, for us who have the stone, the excrement of rats beaten to powder, and such like trash and fooleries, which rather carry a face of magical enchantment than any solid science." In Shakespeare's day the wealthy ground gold, pearls, diamonds, and corals to powder, and this they would swallow for medicine. Fortunately for the poor, they had to confine themselves to herbs; but they gathered them by the light of the full moon with incantations, or else they waited until certain planets were in ascendancy. Elizabeth was in almost continual consultation with her astrologer, Dr. John Dee, whose advice she heeded even as to her walks and meals. The Bible said, "He hath placed signs in the hands of all men, that every man may know his work," and that was sufficient to make pal-

mistry a coördinate science with astrology ; geology and anatomy being deemed sacrilege and blasphemy. The extent of the so-called "Faith-cure" of to-day is nothing compared to its prevalence three hundred years ago. The king "touched" for almost every disease. Shakespeare represents Macbeth as thus curing a "crew of wretched souls." Scrofula, or "king's evil," as it was then known, so called on account of the supposed power of cure being invested in the handling and prayers of the king, was first so treated by Edward the Confessor, in 1058. Charles II. touched over 92,000 persons, and his court physician, Dr. Wiseman, publicly announced that they were nearly all complete recoveries. William III. refused to touch, but Queen Anne resumed the practice, officially announcing in the *London Gazette* of March 12, 1712, that she would "touch" all who came. George I. discontinued the custom in 1714. During the twenty years following 1662 upwards of 100,000 persons were touched for different diseases. It is no wonder, when ignorance stalked abroad under the assistance of the lights of the profession, that people could readily be duped into believing in the power of a distilled liquor, even though it was able to suspend all vital functions for nearly two days. The Apothecary is the other character in the play whose vocation makes him of medical interest. The description of him and his shop is such as would be expected from Romeo in the state of mind he was then in. His whole thought was to procure a poison, the selling of which he knew was contrary to Mantua's law, and therefore he must find an apothecary who was in such position as to be easily tempted. His mind quickly reverts to one he had once seen "in tatter'd weeds." He remembers the poverty of the man, the famine depicted in his face, and the beggarly state of his shop. The tortoise, alligator,

and skins of ill-shaped fishes that Romeo noticed would be apt to attract his attention, as their employment as part of the furniture of every apothecary shop at that time made them very familiar objects. It at first is a little perplexing to understand how Romeo knew that the beggarly account of boxes on his shelves were empty. Surely their emptiness was not exposed. But Shakespeare knew more than one trick of the merchants and others who endeavored to make empty boxes appear like stock on hand, and thus "make up a show;" nor did he forget them in later years, for in *Troilus and Cressida* (821) we find a most excellent one :

Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better yet to show,
Shall show the better.

We may be sure that among the musty seeds there were those of the plantain, since Shakespeare so often referred to the leaf. They are small, flea-colored, shining, inodorous, mucilaginous when chewed, and were used internally and externally very much the same as flaxseed now is ; which latter drug they closely resembled. The other seeds likely to be found at that time are conium or hemlock seeds, those of hyoscyamus and digitalis, mustard and caraway. The bladders were doubtless used then as now as a receptacle for ice or hot water in the treatment of diseases requiring such applications, but more especially as a means of keeping drugs containing volatile oils. Unquestionably some of those bladders were filled with crocus (saffron), so much used by the ancients as an emmenagogue. The cakes of roses, pressed leaves of the *Rosa Centifolia* and *Rosa Gallica*, have quite disappeared. They were used as astringents and tonics, and were very popular.

Shakespeare has given any number of evidences throughout his plays that he was fully acquainted with the value of sleep, and the aids and the opponents to "nature's soft nurse." Romeo, after his night in the orchard, meeting Friar Lawrence in early dawn, receives this bit of wisdom:—

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie :
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign :
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-rous'd with some distemperature.

It will be noticed he first gives reason for his own earliness, that all old men have care, and therefore cannot sleep. We all have noticed this in old people; but care is not the cause for it. It is but natural. The older we grow the less sleep nature allows us. In age the vessels of the brain lose their elasticity, and consequently have more blood in them than is required to produce the cerebral anæmia requisite for sleep. So that there is a gradual reduction in the number of necessary hours of sleep, from the infant "mewling and puking in the nurse's arms," who sleeps almost continuously, to the "lean and slipper'd pantaloon with spectacles on nose and pouch on side," who is well satisfied with his five hours' repose. The words of the Friar are found again in the mouth of Brutus:—

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound ;

and reëchoed in the marvellous and beautiful soliloquy of Henry IV. How truly is shown the mastery of sleep over the tired nature of the wet sea-boy,

although surrounded by dangers, if the mind is unmolested, and how anxiety will fight off sleep even though it be courted by soothing surroundings and urged on by the melody of music! Surely no one, except he whose care and anxiety had caused insomnia, could so accurately describe the envy with which he looks upon the sound sleep of others. Benvolio's troubled mind forced sleep from him, and old Capulet, under the excitement attending the preparation for Juliet's wedding, found neither desire nor necessity for the "foster-nurse of nature." The cause of Romeo's sleeplessness was Love, and Shakespeare has many times attributed that power to this master-passion.

To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
 one fading moment's mirth
 With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, I. i. 30.

Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthrall'd eyes,
 And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.

Idem., II. iv. 32.

In thy youth thou wast as true a lover
 As ever sighed upon a midnight pillow.

As You Like It, II. iv. 23.

And so examples might be multiplied, and, did time allow, much space might be occupied in showing Shakespeare's thorough knowledge of the aids and opponents to sleep as well as its employment by him as a remedial agent.

If there is any one subject that Shakespeare delighted in, it must have been in disposing of his characters by death; and of this he certainly made a special study, for he has painted the scene in so many cases in such true colors that we cannot but marvel at the accuracy of his description. Of course, of necessity, in the great majority of them it has been a sacrifice of the real to the dramatic: but

even in many of those cases the light of modern medical discoveries shows that the results are really natural, though not thought to be so by Shakespeare. Let us verify this by a glance at one or two deaths from the play under consideration. The poison which Romeo obtained from the Apothecary was the most deadly then known, and even now it is only surpassed in its intensity, perhaps, by hydrocyanic acid (the fumes of which kill). Shakespeare has at least twice compared aconite with gunpowder on account of its hasty action. It was then thought to act only as a poison; its medicinal properties not having been discovered until 1762. Romeo seeks the vault where his beloved Juliet lies, and finally drinks off the poison. The knowledge of the activity of the poison, the Apothecary's word as to its strength, and the burning sensation experienced, make him think that death is really upon him. It takes him but a few seconds to say,

Oh, true apothecary !

Thy drugs are quick — thus, with a kiss, I die,

and he falls over, a corpse. Poisons do not kill the moment they touch the lips, as one would imagine from Romeo's death. There is a long train of symptoms that poisonous doses of this drug always produce, such as tingling sensations, which first are felt in the throat, then extending to the extremities and over the entire body; pulse finally becomes imperceptible; the muscular strength is greatly reduced; respirations are irregular; sensibility is benumbed; and the eyes protrude and are glaring. Just before death the sense of sight is frequently lost. We can readily see how absurd it would be to introduce any such symptoms as part of the play, so the *real* is sacrificed, and he dies at once. But Shakespeare, while he thus hurries him off, *unwittingly* assigns him an *action* which we now know

will produce sudden death in cases of aconite poisoning. In treating cases of this kind, the heart being exceeding weak, it is of utmost importance that the patient should be kept on his back, with his head lower than his body, and under no circumstances exert himself. Shakespeare makes him take a last kiss, and the exertion thus caused in bending over would certainly produce immediate death from syncope. The Friar arrives on the scene a minute after Romeo has taken the poison, and his knowledge of medicine was sufficient to have given an emetic and to have followed it with the antidote. It is reasonable to suppose that he had the appropriate medicines with him, for the object of his visit to the vault was to assist Juliet, and he had every reason to imagine that she might require some heart stimulants, considering her position, and these would have been *the very medicines requisite in Romeo's case* after his stomach had been evacuated by the emetic. He would have had no trouble in discovering the cause of Romeo's sickness, for even though the empty cup in his hand (which would certainly be sufficient) would escape his eye, in all probability Romeo could have told him *all*, for in these cases the intellect remains clear until just before death. Could Romeo only have foregone the pleasure of that last embrace, how different the end would have been! The other death in the play, where Shakespeare intended to sacrifice the real to the dramatic, is that of Tybalt, and yet other evidence proves it to be truly portrayed. The fiery Tybalt utters not a word on receiving his death-stab. Romeo plunged his sword, without doubt, into Tybalt's heart. That there was great hemorrhage is shown by Lady Capulet:—

Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life,

as if Romeo's one thrust had produced sufficient hemorrhage to appear as if twenty had their swords at him and each had wounded him. Then, too, the Nurse in her description to Juliet of Tybalt's body :

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse ;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore blood : I swounded at the sight.

The other deaths that occur in *Romeo and Juliet* are truly drawn, and so intended by Shakespeare. Juliet seizes Romeo's dagger and penetrates one of her principal vessels with it, the great loss of blood allowing her to say but a word or two. She is bleeding when the Page and Watch arrive ; and even some time after, Capulet calls his wife's attention to the continued hemorrhage. Mercutio's death is certainly a most natural one. Here we find no long interval for a drawn-out speech, neither does death occur instantly. Tybalt's sword has entered one of the main vessels of his heart, and he is dying from occult hemorrhage. This is clearly indicated by the fact that Romeo and Benvolio see no blood, and think the wound a slight one.

A plague o' both your houses !
They have made worm's meat of me : I have it,
And soundly too — your houses !

(The fragment of his curse, "your houses," serving to indicate his weakened and dying condition.) Paris, too, receives his death-wound in one of the larger vessels, for he is "steep'd in blood." Montague's wife dies of grief from Romeo's exile. These deaths are exceedingly rare, there being only twenty-five such cases ("broken heart") reported in the *Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine*. Shakespeare was among the earliest writers to refer to it, as it is supposed to have been first described by Harvey during Shakespeare's life. It is again alluded to in

Winter's Tale, *Macbeth*, and *Richard III*. But few of the characteristic points of a corpse were omitted by Shakespeare: the stiffness of the joints, pallor of the face, cessation of the pulse, and absence of animal heat were referred to whenever an opportunity presented itself. The Friar, in giving the impossible drug to Juliet, tells her that under its influence,

. . . no pulse
 Shall keep his native progress, but surcease,
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st ;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,
 Like Death, when he shuts up the day of life ;
 Each part depriv'd of supple government,
 Shall, stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death ;

and we know from Capulet that such was the case. It is interesting to note that, as the two and forty hours expire, the drug has spent its force, Nature resumes her sway, and Romeo finds that death, as he supposes, has had no power yet upon her beauty. I regret that, confining myself to *Romeo and Juliet*, I am denied the pleasure of commenting on the deaths of Falstaff, Duke Humphrey, Desdemona, King John, Queen Katharine, and one or two others in which the signs of approaching dissolution are most excellently described. The remaining medical subjects are most abundant in the mouths of Romeo and Benvolio. The former shows his knowledge of the fact that a beautiful parent has for her offspring a child of beauty, and thus laments the loss to the world of issue from his fair Rosaline through her determination to close her ears to his words of love. In the same scene he draws the distinction between those born blind and those who by accident or disease are rendered blind after having enjoyed sight. The former know not what it is to

possess it; the latter only know the value of it after they have lost it. And later on he indulges in this worthy bout with Benvolio:—

Benv. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish:
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish;
Take thou some new infection to thy eye
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Romeo. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Benv. For what, I pray thee?

Romeo. For your broken shin.

Benv. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Romeo. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented.

The first two lines refer to the treatment of diseases by caustics and blisters. The same thought is found in *Coriolanus*. And then he alludes to the well-known medical fact that many diseases will be so overcome by the advent of another disease as to escape notice. Even as late as thirty years ago, it was firmly believed in some parts of England that phthisis could be cured by the consumptive going into aguish districts, so that intermittent fever might act as the "new infection" which would kill the "rank poison of the old" one. But Romeo does not then heed Benvolio's advice, and with lover-like aptitude he answers him by turning the subject into another channel and upon another disease. "Broken shin" in those days was a popular term for syphilis;¹ it referring to the tertiary form, when the bones were affected and ulcers resulted therefrom, and plantain leaf was much esteemed by the ancients and employed by them for many complaints; more especially was it recommended as an external application in ulcers of all kinds. Benvolio, seeing that

¹ Introduction to *Merry Wives*, Bankside Edition. — MORGAN.

Romeo is entirely evading the question and turning his advice into ridicule, very naturally asks him if he is mad, which gives Romeo a chance to run over the absurd and cruel treatment of madmen in that day (reminding one of the way poor innocent Malvolio was handled), and ends by confessing himself in exactly the same position as before the advice was tendered. In a little while Romeo is given the chance to compare other fair ones with his Rosaline, and Benvolio promises him to make him think his "swan a crow." His indignation gives vent to a reply showing most beautifully a part of the anatomy and physiology of the eye:—

When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires !
And these — who, often drown'd, could never die —
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars !

No one could fail to appreciate the "often drown'd" as referring to a flood of tears, nor the "transparent heretics," another apparel for the lenses of the eyes. In the same scene is found a poetic comparison of the eyes to a pair of crystal scales. Romeo in paying the Apothecary for the poison (v. 1) advises him to "buy food and get thyself in flesh," as if it were as easily done as purchasing a garment and putting it on—and in the Apothecary's case it would be, for "sharp misery had worn him to the bones," and in recovering from starvation the patient gradually regains the flesh he had lost.

The "round little worm" from the "lazy finger of a maid" which Mercutio mentions has been looked upon as a Mercutian fancy. But Dr. Bucknell has called attention to the following from *A Compendious Chirurgerie* by John Banester, A. D. 1585, p. 465: "We commonly call them worms, which many women, sitting in the sunneshine, can cunningly pick out with nedles, and are most common in the handes."

Blisters on the lips (herpes labialis), caused by gastric disorders, are referred to in the same speech, as is also the anatomy of Rosaline. He has excellently expressed the habit so common among idiots, that of hiding the most valueless things as if of great price. Capulet, in the heat of passion, condemns Juliet as a "green-sickness carrion" and a "*tallow-face*," thus reminding us of one of the principal symptoms of chlorosis. The pains and aches resulting from a long journey in the aged and corpulent are well expressed by the old nurse, and she prattles at times of the hard knock that Juliet received when a child, and of her success in weaning her. Friar John gives us the manner the Italians had and still have of preventing the spread of any dread disease; they not only quarantine the patient, but all who have been near him. The greater part of Italy must have been in those days a perfect nest of diseases during the summer. It is only of late years that sanitary improvements have been introduced there, and even now the condition of some of the districts of Rome and Naples conduces more to disease than to health. Cholera has made frightful ravages in their population, and it is not surprising that they should take every precaution to prevent its spread. And perhaps the officers of Verona (which, by the way, is healthfully situated) were over-careful to keep their little town from infection of any kind. I remember that in 1884 I left Naples a few days before the cholera broke out there. A military cordon was immediately thrown around the city, which prevented any ingress or egress, and the deaths numbered a thousand a day for three successive days. I came north, and, strange to say, Verona was the only place where I was subjected to fumigation.

In conclusion, I have only to assert that the medical expressions of Shakespeare which appear to

enthusiasts and the laity as rich medical gems, showing, as they think, a vast knowledge of the symptomatology of disease, are really those characteristics which the majority of the best informed men of his day were well acquainted with. It is the apparel in which they are clothed ; it is his manner of expression, which we all know is boundless : so surrounded, the most common symptoms seem as of great import. The rule, of course, has its exceptions, and occasionally a deep medical thought is found evincing considerable study or research, or a friend at his elbow who is well versed in medicine.

So Shakespeare, ever on the alert, collected his facts regardless of their source ; bound by no rule, upholding one theory one day and another the next, if need be ; rewriting them into his plays ; getting them there strangely sometimes, no doubt, but always burnished with the master-touch that only he could give, and, endued with the life that age "cannot wither" !

B. RUSH FIELD.



WE, the undersigned, a Committee appointed by *The Shakespeare Society of New York* to confer and report upon a Notation for *The Bankside Edition* of the plays of William Shakespeare, hereby certify that the *Notation* of the present volume: of which five hundred copies only are printed, of which this copy is No. 87: is that resolved upon by us, and reported by us to, and adopted by, *The Shakespeare Society of New York*.

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AN
EXCELLENT
conceited Tragedie
OF
Romeo and Iuliet,

As it hath been often (with great applause)
plaied publicuely, by the right Ho-
nourable the L. of *Hunfdon*
his Seruants.



LONDON,
Printed by Iohn Danter.

1 5 9 7



THE TRAGEDIE
OF
ROMEO AND JULIET.





1

The Prologue.

2 **T**WVo household Friends alike in dignitie,
 3 (*In faire Verona, where we lay our Scene*)
 4 *From ciuill broyles broke into enmitie,*
 5 *VVhose ciuill warre makes ciuill hands vncleane.*
 6 *From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes,*
 7 *A paire of starre-croft Louers tooke their life :*
 9 8 *VVhose misadventures, piteous ouerthrowes,*
 9 *(Through the continuing of their Fathers strife.*
 10 *And death-market passage of their Parents rage)*
 11 *Is now the two howres traffique of our Stage.*
 12 *The which if you with patient eares attend,*
 16 13 *VVhat here we want wee'l studie to amend.*



The Prologue.

1

Corus.

2

Two households both alike in dignitie, 3
(In faire Verona where we lay our Scene) 4
From auncient grudge, breake to new mutinie, 5
where ciuill bloud makes ciuill hands vncleane : 6
From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes, 7
A paire of starre-croft louers, take their life : 8
whose misaduentur'd pittious ouerthrowes, 9
Doth with their death burie their Parents strife. 10
The fearfull passage of their death-market loue, 11
And the continuance of their Parents rage : 12
which but their childrens end nought could remoue : 13
Is now the two houres trafficque of our Stage. 14
The which if you with patient eares attend, 15
what heare shall misse, our toyle shall strine to mend. 16



¹⁴ The most excellent Tragedie of
¹⁵ *Romeo and Iuliet.*

¹⁶ *Enter 2. Seruing-men of the Capolets.*

- ⁴ ¹⁷ **G** *Regorie*, of my word Ile carrie no coales.
⁵ ¹⁸ **2** No, for if you doo, you should be a Collier.
¹⁹ **1** If I be in choler, Ile draw.
²⁰ **2** Euer while you liue, drawe your necke out of the
²¹ the collar.
⁹ ²² **1** I strike quickly being moou'd.
²³ **2** I, but you are not quickly moou'd to strike.
²⁴ **1** A Dog of the house of the *Mountagues* moues me.
²⁵ **2** To mooue is to stirre, and to bee valiant is to stand
²⁶ to it: therefore (of my word) if thou be mooud thou't
²⁷ runne away.
²⁸ **1** There's not a man of them I meete, but Ile take
²⁹ the wall of.
³⁰ **2** That shewes thee a weakling, for the weakest goes
³¹ to the wall.
³² **1** Thats true, therefore Ile thrust the men from the
²⁰ ³³ wall, and thrust the maids to the walls: nay, thou shalt
³⁴ see I am a tall peece of flesh



THE TRAGEDIE OF ROMEO and IULIET.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter Sampson and Gregory, with Swords and Bucklers,
of the House of Capulet.* 1
2

Sampson. 3

G*regory.* A my word wee'l not carry coales. 4

Greg. No, for then we should be Colliers. 5

Samp. I mean, if we be in choller, wee'l draw. 6

Greg. I, While you liue, draw your necke out
o'th Collar. 7
8

Samp. I strike quickly, being mou'd. 9

Greg. But thou art not quickly mou'd to strike. 10

Samp. A dog of the house of *Mountague*, moues me. 11

Greg. To moue, is to stir: and to be valiant, is to stand:
Therefore, if thou art mou'd, thou runst away. 12
13

Samp. A dogge of that house shall moue me to stand. 14
I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of *Mountagues*. 15

Greg. That shewes thee a weake slaue, for the weakest goes to the wall. 16
17

Samp. True, and therefore women being the weaker
Vessels, are euer thrust to the wall: therefore I will push
Mountagues men from the wall, and thrust his Maides to 20

35 2 Tis well thou art not fish, for if thou wert thou
 36 wouldst be but poore Iohn.
 37 1 Ile play the tyrant, Ile first begin with the maids, &
 38 off with their heads.
 26 39 2 The heads of the maids?
 40 1 I the heades of their Maides, or the Maidenheades.
 41 take it in what fence thou wilt.
 42 2 Nay let them take it in fence that feele it, but heere
 43 comes two of the *Mountagues*.

44 *Enter two Seruingmen of the Mountagues.*

38 45 1 Nay feare not me I warrant thee.
 46 2 I feare them no more than thee, but draw.
 47 1 Nay let vs haue the law on our side, let them begin
 48 first. Ile tell thee what Ile doo, as I goe by ile bite my
 49 thumbe, which is disgrace enough if they suffer it.
 50 2 Content, goe thou by and bite thy thumbe, and ile
 51 come after and frowne.
 44 52 1 *Moun:* Doo you bite your thumbe at vs?
 53 1 I bite my thumbe.
 54 2 *Moun:* I but i'ft at vs?
 47 55 1 I bite my thumbe, is the law on our side?
 56 2 No.
 48 57 1 I bite my thumbe.

58 1 *Moun:* I but i'ft at vs? *Enter Beneuolio.*
 59 2 Say I, here comes my Masters kinfman.

the wall.	(their men.	21
<i>Greg.</i> The Quarrell is betweene our Masters, and vs		22
<i>Samp.</i> 'Tis all one, I will shew my selfe a tyrant: when		23
I haue fought with the men, I will bee ciuill with the		24
Maids, and cut off their heads.		25
<i>Greg.</i> The heads of the Maids?		26
<i>Sam.</i> I, the heads of the Maids, or their Maiden-heads,		27
Take it in what fence thou wilt.		28
<i>Greg.</i> They must take it fence, that feele it.		29
<i>Samp.</i> Me they shall feele while I am able to stand:		30
And 'tis knowne I am a pretty peece of flesh.		31
<i>Greg.</i> 'Tis well thou art not Fifth: If thou had'st, thou		32
had'st beene poore Iohn. Draw thy Toole, here comes of		33
the House of the <i>Mountagues</i> .		34
<i>Enter two other Seruingmen.</i>		35
<i>Sam.</i> My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I wil back thee		36
<i>Gre.</i> How? Turne thy backe, and run.		37
<i>Sam.</i> Feare me not.		38
<i>Gre.</i> No marry: I feare thee.		39
<i>Sam.</i> Let vs take the Law of our sides: let them begin.		40
<i>Gr.</i> I wil frown as I passe by, & let thẽ take it as they list		41
<i>Sam.</i> Nay, as they dare. I wil bite my Thumb at them,		42
which is a disgrace to them, if they beare it.		43
<i>Abra.</i> Do you bite your Thumbe at vs fir?		44
<i>Samp.</i> I do bite my Thumbe, fir.		45
<i>Abra.</i> Do you bite your Thumb at vs, fir?		46
<i>Sam.</i> Is the Law of our side, if I say I? <i>Gre.</i> No.		47
<i>Sam.</i> No fir, I do not bite my Thumbe at you fir: but		48
I bite my Thumbe fir.		49
<i>Greg.</i> Do you quarrell fir?		50
<i>Abra.</i> Quarrell fir? no fir.	(as you	51
<i>Sam.</i> If you do fir, I am for you, I serue as good a man		52
<i>Abra.</i> No better? <i>Samp.</i> Well fir.		53
<i>Enter Benuolio.</i>		54
<i>Gr.</i> Say better: here comes one of my masters kinsmen.		55

59 60 *They draw, to them enters Tybalt, they fight, to them the*
 61 *Prince, old Mountague, and his wife, old Capulet and*

73 62 *his wife, and other Citizens and part them.*

82 63 *Prince:* Rebellious subiects enemies to peace,

64 On paine of torture, from those bloody handes
 65 Throw your miſtempered weapons to the ground.

66 Three Ciuell brawles bred of an airie word,
 67 By the old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,

<i>Samp.</i> Yes, better.	56
<i>Abra.</i> You Lye.	57
<i>Samp.</i> Draw if you be men. <i>Gregory</i> , remember thy washing blow.	58
<i>Ben.</i> Part Fooles, put vp your Swords, you know not what you do.	59
<i>Enter Tibalt.</i>	60
<i>Tyb.</i> What art thou drawne, among these heartlesse Hindes? Turne thee <i>Benuolio</i> , looke vpon thy death.	61
<i>Ben.</i> I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy Sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.	62
<i>Tyb.</i> What draw, and talke of peace? I hate the word As I hate hell, all <i>Mountagues</i> , and thee :	63
Haue at thee Coward. <i>Fight.</i>	64
<i>Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs.</i>	65
<i>Off.</i> Clubs, Bills, and Partifons, strike, beat them down Downe with the <i>Capulets</i> , downe with the <i>Mountagues</i> .	66
<i>Enter old Capulet in his Gowne, and his wife.</i>	67
<i>Cap.</i> What noife is this? Giue me my long Sword ho.	68
<i>Wife.</i> A crutch, a crutch : why call you for a Sword?	69
<i>Cap.</i> My Sword I say : Old <i>Mountague</i> is come, And flourishes his Blade in spight of me.	70
<i>Enter old Mountague, & his wife.</i>	71
<i>Moun.</i> Thou villaine <i>Capulet</i> . Hold me not, let me go	72
<i>2. Wife.</i> Thou shalt not stir a foote to seeke a Foe.	73
<i>Enter Prince Eskales, with his Train.</i>	74
<i>Prince.</i> Rebellious Subiects, Enemies to peace, Prophaners of this Neighbor-stained Steele,	75
Will they not heare? What hoe, you Men, you Beasts,	76
That quench the fire of your pernicious Rage,	77
With purple Fountaines issuing from your Veines :	78
On paine of Torture, from those bloody hands	79
Throw your mistemper'd Weapons to the ground,	80
And heare the Sentence of your mooued Prince.	81
Three ciuill Broyles, bred of an Ayery word,	82
By thee old <i>Capulet</i> and <i>Mountague</i> ,	83

92 68 Haue thrice disturbd the quiet of our ftreets.

97 69 If euer you disturbe our ftreets againe,
 70 Your liues shall pay the ranfome of your fault :
 71 For this time euery man depart in peace.
 72 Come *Capulet* come you along with me,
 73 And *Mouutague*, come you this after noone,
 74 To know our farther pleasure in this cafe,
 75 To old free Towne our common iudgement place,
 104 76 Once more on paine of death each man depart.

77 *Exeunt.*

105 78 *M: wife.* Who fet this auncient quarrel first abroach ?
 79 Speake Nephew, were you by when it began ?
 80 *Benuo:* Here were the seruants of your aduerfaries,
 81 And yours clofe fighting ere I did approch.

117 82 *VVife:* Ah where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day ?
 83 Right glad I am he was not at this fray.
 84 *Ben:* Madame, an houre before the worshipt funne
 85 Peept through the golden window of the East,
 86 Atroubled thought drew me from companie :
 87 Where vnderneath the groue *Sicamoure*,
 88 That Westward rooteth from the Citties side,
 89 So early walking might I see your sonne.
 90 I drew towards him, but he was ware of me,
 91 And drew into the thicket of the wood :

Haue thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets, 92
 And made *Verona's* ancient Citizens 93
 Cast by their Graue befeeming Ornaments, 94
 To wield old Partizans, in hands as old, 95
 Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate, 96
 If euer you disturbe our streets againe, 97
 Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace. 98
 For this time all the rest depart away : 99
 You *Capulet* shall goe along with me, 100
 And *Mountague* come you this afternoone, 101
 To know our Fathers pleasure in this case : 102
 To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place : 103
 Once more on paine of death, all men depart. *Exeunt.* 104

Moun. Who set this auncient quarrell new abroach ? 105
 Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began : 106

Ben. Heere were the seruants of your aduersarie, 107
 And yours close fighting ere I did approach, 108
 I drew to part them, in the instant came 109
 The fiery *Tibalt*, with his sword prepar'd, 110
 Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares, 111
 He swong about his head, and cut the windes, 112
 Who nothing hurt withall, hift him in scorne. 113
 While we were enterchanging thrusts and blowes, 114
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part, 115
 Till the Prince came, who parted either part. 116

Wife. O where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day ? 117
 Right glad am I, he was not at this fray. 118

Ben. Madam, an houre before the worisht Sun 119
 Peer'd forth the golden window of the East, 120
 A troubled mind draue me to walke abroad, 121
 Where vnderneath the groue of Sycamour, 122
 That West-ward rooteth from this City side : 123
 So earely walking did I see your Sonne : 124
 Towards him I made, but he was ware of me, 125
 And stole into the couert of the wood, 126

I meafuring his affections by my owne, 127
 Which then moft fought, wher moft might not be found : 128
 Being one too many by my weary felfe, 129
 Purfued my Honour, not purfuing his 130
 And gladly fhunn'd, who gladly fled from me. 131

Moun. Many a morning hath he there beene feene, 132
 With teares augmenting the frefh mornings dew, 133
 Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe fighes, 134
 But all fo foone as the all-cheering Sunne, 135
 Should in the fartheft Eaft begin to draw 136
 The fhadie Curtaines from *Auroras* bed, 137
 Away from light fteales home my heauy Sonne, 138
 And priuate in his Chamber pennes himfelfe, 139
 Shuts vp his windowes, lockes faire day-light out, 140
 And makes himfelfe an artificiall night : 141
 Blacke and portendous muft this humour proue, 142
 Vnleffe good counfell may the caufe remoue. 143

Ben. My Noble Vncle doe you know the caufe ? 144

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him. 145

Ben. Haue you importun'd him by any meanes ? 146

Moun. Both by my felfe and many others Friends, 147
 But he his owne affections counfeller, 148
 Is to himfelfe(I will not fay how true) 149
 But to himfelfe fo fecret and fo clofe, 150
 So farre from founding and difcouery, 151
 As is the bud bit with an enuious worme, 152
 Ere he can fspread his fweete leaues to the ayre, 153
 Or dedicate his beauty to the fame. 154
 Could we but learne from whence his forrowes grow, 155
 We would as willingly giue cure, as know. 156

Enter Romeo. 157

Ben. See where he comes, fo pleafe you ftep afide, 158
 Ile know his greeuance, or be much denide. 159

Moun. I would thou wert fo happy by thy ftay, 160
 To heare true fhrift. Come Madam let's away. *Exeunt.* 161

104 *Benuo*: Good morrow Cofen.

163 105 *Romeo*: Is the day fo young?

106 *Ben*: But new froke nine.

107 *Romeo*: Ay me, fad hopes feeme long.

108 Was that my Father that went hence fo faft?

109 *Ben*: It was, what forrow lengthens *Romeos* houres?

110 *Rom*: Not hauing that, which hauing makes them

111 *Ben*: In loue. (fhort.

112 *Ro*: Out.

113 *Ben*: Of loue.

172 114 *Ro*: Out of her fauor where I am in loue.

115 *Ben*: Alas that louefo gentle in her view,
116 Should be fo tyrranous and rough in prooffe.

117 *Ro*: Alas that loue whofe view is muffled fill,

118 Should without lawes giue path-waies to our will:

119 Where fhall we dine? Gods me, what fray was here?

120 Yet tell me not for I haue heard it all,

121 Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue.

122 Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,

123 O anie thing, of nothing firft create!

124 O heaue lightnes ferious vanitie!

125 Mifhapen *Caos* of beft feeming thinges,

126 Feather of lead, bright fmoke, cold fire, ficke health,

127 Still waking fleepe, that is not what it is:

128 This loue feele I, which feele no loue in this.

129 Doeft thou not laugh?

188 130 *Ben*: No Cofe I rather weepe.

131 *Rom*: Good hart at what?

132 *Ben*: At thy good hearts opprefion.

133 *Ro*: Why fuch is loues tranfgrefion,

134 Griefes of mine owne lie heaue at my hart,

135 Which thou wouldft propagate to haue them preft

136 With more of thine, this grieve that thou haft showne,

137 Doth ad more grieve to too much of mine owne:

138 Loue is a fmoke raifde with the fume of fighes

139 Being purgde, a fire fparkling in louers eyes:

<i>Ben.</i> Good morrow Cousin.	162
<i>Rom.</i> Is the day so young?	163
<i>Ben.</i> But new strooke nine.	164
<i>Rom.</i> Aye me, sad houres seeme long :	165
Was that my Father that went henec so fast?	166
<i>Ben.</i> It was: what sadnes lengthens <i>Romeo's</i> houres?	167
<i>Ro.</i> Not hauing that, which hauing, makes them short	168
<i>Ben.</i> In loue.	169
<i>Romeo.</i> Out.	170
<i>Ben.</i> Of loue.	171
<i>Rom.</i> Out of her fauour where I am in loue.	172
<i>Ben.</i> Alas that loue so gentle in his view,	173
Should be so tyrannous and rough in prooffe.	174
<i>Rom.</i> Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,	175
Should without eyes, see path-ways to his will:	176
Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was heere?	177
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:	178
Heere's much to do with hate, but more with loue:	179
Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,	180
O any thing, of nothing first created:	181
O heauie lightnesse, serious vanity,	182
Mishapen Chaos of welfeeing formes,	183
Feather of lead, bright smoake, cold fire, sicke health,	184
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:	185
This loue feelee I, that feelee no loue in this.	186
Doeft thou not laugh?	187
<i>Ben.</i> No Coze, I rather weepe.	188
<i>Rom.</i> Good heart, at what?	189
<i>Ben.</i> At thy good hearts opprefsion.	190
<i>Rom.</i> Why such is loues transgrefsion.	191
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breast,	192
Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preast	193
With more of thine, this loue that thou hast showne,	194
Doth adde more grieve, to too much of mine owne.	195
Loue, is a smoake made with the fume of sighes,	196
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in Louers eyes,	197

140 Being vext, a fea raging with a louers teares.

141 What is it else? A madnes most discreet,

142 A choking gall, and a preferuing sweet. Farewell Cofe.

202 143 *Ben:* Nay Ile goe along.

144 And if you hinder me you doo me wrong.

145 *Ro:* Tut I haue loft my felfe I am not here,

146 This is not *Romeo*, hee's fome other where.

147 *Ben:* Tell me infadnes whome fhe is you loue!

148 *Ro:* What fhall I grone and tell thee?

208 149 *Ben:* Why no, but fadly tell me who.

209 150 *Ro:* Bid a fickman in fadnes make his will.

151 Ah word ill vrgde to one that is fo ill.

152 In fadnes Cofen I doo loue a woman.

153 *Ben:* I aimde fo right, when as you faid you lou'd.

154 *Ro:* A right good mark-man, and fhee's faire I loue.

155 *Ben:* A right faire marke faire Cofe is fooneft hit.

156 *Ro:* But in that hit you miffe, fhee'le not be hit

216 157 With *Cupids* arrow, fhe hath *Dianaes* wit,

158 And in ftrong prooffe of chaftitie well arm'd:

159 Gainft *Cupids* childifh bow fhe liues vnarm'd,

160 Shee'le not abide the fiedge of louing tearmes,

161 Nor ope her lap to Saint feducing gold,

162 Ah fhe is rich in beautie, only poore,

223 163 That when fhe dies with beautie dies her ftore. *Exeu.*

Being vext, a Sea nourisht with louing teares, 198
 What is it else? a madnesse, most discreet, 199
 A choking gall, and a preferuing sweet: 200
 Farewell my Coze. 201

Ben. Soft I will goe along. 202

And if you leaue me so, you do me wrong. 203

Rom. Tut I haue lost my selfe, I am not here, 204
 This is not *Romeo*, hee's some other where. 205

Ben. Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you loue? 206

Rom. What shall I grone and tell thee? 207

Ben. Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who. 208

Rom. A sicke man in sadnesse makes his will: 209
 A word ill vrg'd to one that is so ill: 210

In sadnesse Cozin, I do loue a woman. 211

Ben. I aym'd so neare, when I suppos'd you lou'd. 212

Rom. A right good marke man, and shee's faire I loue. 213

Ben. A right faire marke, faire Coze, is soonest hit. 214

Rom. Well in that hit you misse, sheel not be hit 215
 With Cupids arrow, she hath *Dians* wit: 216

And in strong prooue of chastity well arm'd: 217

From loues weake childish Bow, she liues vncharm'd. 218

Shee will not stay the siege of louing tearmes, 219

Nor bid th'incounter of affailing eyes: 220

Nor open her lap to Saint-seducing Gold: 221

O she is rich in beautie, onely poore, 222

That when she dies, with beautie dies her store. 223

Ben. Then she hath sworne, that she will still liue chaste? 224

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing make huge waste? 225
 For beauty steru'd with her seuerity, 226

Cuts beauty off from all posteritie. 227

She is too faire, too wifewi: fely too faire, 228

To merit blisse by making me dispaire: 229

She hath forsworne to loue, and in that vow 230

Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now. 231

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to thinke of her. 232

Rom. O teach me how I should forget to thinke. 233

164

Enter Conntie Paris, old Capulet.

- 250 165 Of honorable reckoning are they both,
166 And pittie tis, they liue at ods fo long :
167 But leauing that, what fay you to my fute?
168 *Capu.* What should I fay more than I faid before.
169 My daughter is a ftranger in the world,
170 Shee hath not yet attaine to fourteene yeares :
171 Let two more fommers wither in their pride,
172 Before fhe can be thought fit for a Bride.
258 173 *Paris.* Younger than fhe are happie mothers made.
174 *Cap.* But too foone marde are thefe fo early maried :

- 175 But wooe her gentle *Paris.* get her heart,
176 My word to her confent is but a part.

- 266 177 This night I hold an old accuftom'd Feaft,
178 Whereto I haue inuited many a gueft,
179 Such as I loue : yet you among the flore,
180 One more moft welcome makes the number more.

Ben. By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes, 234
Examine other beauties, 235

Ro. 'Tis the way to cal hers(exquifit)in question more, 236
Thefe happy masks that kiffe faire Ladies browes, 237
Being blacke, puts vs in mind they hide the faire : 238
He that is ftrooken blind, cannot forget 239
The precious treafure of his eye-fight loft : 240
Shew me a Miftrefse that is paffing faire, 241
What doth her beauty ferue but as a note, 242
Where I may read who paff that paffing faire. 243
Farewell thou can'ft not teach me to forget, 244

Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or elfe die in debt. *Exeunt* 245

Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne. 246

Capu. *Mountague* is bound as well as I, 247
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I thinke, 248
For men fo old as wee, to keepe the peace. 249

Par. Of Honourable reckoning are you both, 250
And pittie 'tis you liu'd at ods fo long : 251
But now my Lord, what fay you to my fute ? 252

Capu. But faying ore what I haue faid before, 253
My Child is yet a franger in the world, 254
Shee hath not feene the change of fourteene yeares, 255
Let two more Summers wither in their pride, 256
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride. 257

Pari. Younger then fhe, are happy mothers made. 258

Capu. And too foone mar'd are thofe fo early made : 259
Earth hath fwallowed all my hopes but fhe, 260
Shee's the hopefull Lady of my earth : 261
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart, 262
My will to her confent, is but a part, 263
And fhee agree, within her fcope of choife, 264
Lyes my confent, and faire according voice : 265
This night I hold an old accuftom'd Feaft, 266
Whereto I haue inuited many a Gueft, 267
Such as I loue, and you among the ftore, 268
One more, moft welcome makes my number more : 269

181 At my poore house you shall behold this night,
 182 Earth treading stars, that make darke heauen light :
 183 Such comfort as doo lusty youngmen feelee,
 184 When well apparaild Aprill on the heele
 274 185 Of lumping winter treads, euen such delights
 186 Amongst fresh female buds shall you this night
 187 Inherit at my house, heare all all see,
 188 And like her most, whose merite most shalbe.
 189 Such amongst view of many myne beeing one.
 190 May stand in number though in reckoning none.

191 *Enter Seruingman.*

192 Where are you sirra, goe trudge about
 281 193 Through faire *Verona* streets, and seeke them out :
 194 Whose names are written here and to them say,
 195 My house and welcome at their pleasure stay.

196 *Exeunt.*

284 197 *Ser:* Seeke them out whose names are written here,
 198 and yet I knowe not who are written here : I must to
 199 the learned to learne of them, that's as much to say, as
 200 the Taylor must meddle with his Laste, the Shoemaker
 286 201 with his needle, the Painter with his nets, and the Fisher
 202 with his Penfill, I must to the learned.

203 *Enter Benuolio and Romeo.*

204 *Ben:* Tut man one fire burnes out anothers burning
 205 One paine is lessned with anothers anguish :
 294 206 Turne backward, and be holp with backward turning,
 207 One desperate griefe cures with anothers languish.
 208 Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
 209 And the ranke poyson of the old will die.
 298 210 *Romeo:* Your Planton leafe is excellent for that.
 211 *Ben:* For what?
 212 *Romeo:* For your broken shin.
 213 *Ben:* Why *Romeo* art thou mad?

At my poore houle, looke to behold this night, 270
 Earth-treading starres, that make darke heauen light, 271
 Such com fort as do lufy young men feele, 272
 When well apparrel'd Aprill on the heele 273
 Of limping Winter treads, euen fuch delight 274
 Among fresh Fennell buds shall you this night 275
 Inherit at my houle : heare all, all fee : 276
 And like her moft, whose merit moft shall be : - 277
 Which one more veiw, of many, mine being one, 278
 May ftand in number, though in reckning none. 279

Come, goe with me : goe firrah trudge about, 280
 Through faire *Verona*, find thofe perfons out, 281
 Whofe names are written there, and to them fay, 282
 My houle and welcome, on their pleafure ftay. *Exit.* 283

Ser. Find them out whose names are written. Heere it 284
 is written, that the Shoo-maker fhould meddle with his 285

Yard, and the Tayler with his Laft, the Fifher with his 286
 Penfill, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am fent to 287
 find thofe perfons whose names are writ, & can neuer find 288
 what names the writing perfon hath here writ (I muft to 289
 the learned) in good time. 290

Enter Benuolio, and Romeo. 291

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out anothers burning, 292
 One paine is lefened by anothers anguifh : 293
 Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning : 294
 One delparate greefe, cures with anothers lauguifh : 295
 Take thou fome new infection to the eye, 296
 And the rank poyfon of the old wil die. 297

Rom. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that. 298

Ben. For what I pray thee ? 299

Rom. For your broken fhin. 300

Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad ? 301

- 214 *Rom*: Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is.
 215 Shut vp in prifon, kept without my foode,
 216 Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.
 305 217 *Ser*: Godgigoden, I pray fir can you read,
 218 *Rom*: I mine owne fortune in my miserie.
 219 *Ser*: Perhaps you haue learned it without booke :
 220 but I pray can you read any thing you fee ?
 221 *Rom*: I if I know the letters and the language.
 222 *Seru*: Yee fay honeftly, reft you merrie.
 223 *Rom*: Stay fellow I can read.
 224 *He reads the Letter.*
 313 225 *Seigneur Martino and his wife and daughters, Count ie*
 226 *Anfelme and his beauteous fifters, the Ladie widdow of*
 227 *Vtruuio, Seigneur Placentio, and his louelie Neeces,*
 228 *Mercutio and his brother Valentine, mine vnclie Capu-*
 229 *let his wife and daughters, my faire Neece Rofaline and*
 230 *Liinia, Seigneur Valentio and his Cofen Tibalt, Lucio*
 231 *and the linelie Hellena.*
 319 232 A faire affembly, whether should they come.
 233 *Ser*: Vp.
 234 *Ro*: Whether to fupper?
 235 *Ser*: To our houle.
 236 *Ro*: Whofe houle?
 324 237 *Ser*: My Mafters.
 238 *Ro*: Indeed I should haue askt thee that before.
 239 *Ser*: Now If e tel you without asking. My Mafter is
 240 the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the houle of
 241 *Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Reft
 242 you merrie.
 330 243 *Ben*: At this fame auncient feaft of *Capulets*,
 244 Sups the faire *Rofaline* whom thou fo loues :
 245 With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
 246 Goe thither and with vnattainted eye,
 247 Compare her face with fome that I fhall fhew,
 248 And I will make thee thinke thy fwan a crow.
 336 249 *Ro*: When the deuout religion of mine eye

- Rom.* Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is : 302
 Shut vp in prifon, kept without my foode, 303
 Whipt and tormented : and Godden good fellow, 304
Ser. Godgigoden, I pray fir can you read ? 305
Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miferie. 306
Ser. Perhaps you haue learn'd it without booke : 307
 But I pray can you read any thing you fee ? 308
Rom. I, if I know the Letters and the Language. 309
Ser. Ye fay honeftly, reft you merry. 310
Rom. Stay fellow, I can read. 311
 He reades the Letter. 312
- S* *Seigneur Martino, and his wife and daughter: County An-* 313
felme and his beautious fifters: the Lady widdow of Vtru- 314
uio, Seigneur Placentio, and his louely Neece: Mercutio and 315
his brother Valentine: mine vncl Capulet his wife and daugh- 316
ters: my faire Neece Rofaline, Liuia, Seigneur Valentio, & his 317
Cofen Tybalt: Lucio and the liuely Helena. 318
- A faire affembly, whither should they come ? 319
Ser. Vp. 320
Rom. Whither ? to supper ? 321
Ser. To our houle. 322
Rom. Whofe houle ? 323
Ser. My Maifters. 324
Rom. Indeed I should haue askt you that before. 325
Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking. My maifter is 326
 the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the houle of 327
Mountagues I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Reft 328
 you merry. *Exit.* 329
- Ben.* At this fame auncient Feaft of *Capulets* 330
 Sups the faire *Rofaline*, whom thou fo loues : 331
 With all the admired Beauties of *Verona*, 332
 Go thither and with vnattainted eye, 333
 Compare her face with fome that I fhall fhew, 334
 And I will make thee thinke thy Swan a Crow. 335
Rom. When the deuout religion of mine eye 336

- 250 Maintaines fuch falshood, then turne teares to fire,
 251 And thefe who often drownde could neuer die,
 252 Tranſparent Heretiques be burnt for liers
 253 One fairer than my loue, the all feeling ſonne
 254 Nere ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.
 342 255 *Ben:* Tut you ſaw her faire none els being by.
 256 Her ſelfe poyſd with her ſelfe in either eye.
 257 But in that Criſtall ſcales let there be waide,
 258 Your Ladyes loue, againſt ſome other maide
 259 That I will ſhew you ſhining at this feaſt,
 260 And ſhe ſhall ſcant ſhew well that now ſeemes beſt.
 348 261 *Rom:* Ile goe along no ſuch fight to be ſhowne,
 262 But to reioyce in ſplendor of mine owne.
 263 *Enter Capulets wife and Nurce.*
 264 *VVife:* Nurce wher's my daughter call her forth to
 265 mee.
 266 Nurce: *Now by my maiden head at twelue yeare old I*
 267 *bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladie bird, God forbid.*
 268 *VVher's this girle? what Iuliet.* *Enter Iuliet.*
 356 269 *Iuliet:* How now who calſ?
 270 Nurce: *Your Mother.*
 271 *Iul:* Madame I am here, what is your will?
 272 *VV:* This is the matter Nurſe giue leaue a while, we
 273 muſt talke in ſecret. Nurce come back again I haue re-
 274 membred me, thou'ſe heare our counſaile. Thou know
 362 275 eſt my daughters of a prettie age.
 276 Nurce: *Faith I can tell her age vnto a houre.*
 277 *VVife:* Shee's not fourteene.
 278 Nnrce: *Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my*
 279 *teene be it ſpoken, I haue but foure, ſhee's not fourteene.*
 280 *How long is it now to Lammas-tide.*
 281 *VVife:* A fortnight and odde dayes.
 370 282 Nurce: *Euen or odde, of all dayes in the yeare come*
 283 *Lammas Eue at night ſhall ſhe be fourteene.* *Sufan and ſhe*

Maintaines fuch falshood, then turne teares to fire : 337
 And thefe who often drown'd could neuer die, 338
 Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers. 339
 One fairer then my loue : the all-feeing Sun 340
 Nere faw her match, fince firft the world begun. 341

Ben. Tut, you faw her faire, none elfe being by, 342
 Herfelfe poyf'd with herfelfe in either eye : 343
 But in that Chrifall fcales, let there be waid, 344
 Your Ladies loue againft fome other Maid 345
 That I will fhew you, fhining at this Feaft, 346
 And fhe fhew fcant fhell, well, that now fhewes beft. 347

Rom. Ile goe along, no fuch fight to be showne, 348
 But to reioyce in fplendor of mine owne. 349

Enter Capulet's Wife and Nurfe. 350

Wife. Nurfe wher's my daughter ? call her forth to me. 351

Nurfe Now by my Maidenhead, at twelue yeare old 352
 I bad her come, what Lamb:what Ladi-bird, God forbid, 353
 Where's this Girle ? what *Iuliet* ? 354

Enter Iuliet. 355

Iuliet. How now, who calls ? 356

Nur. Your Mother. 357

Iuliet. Madam I am heere, what is your will ? 358

Wife. This is the matter: Nurfe giue leaue awhile, we 359
 muft talke in fecret. Nurfe come backe againe, I haue re- 360
 membred me, thou'fe heare our counfell. Thou knoweft 361
 my daughter's of a prety age. 362

Nurfe. Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre. 363

Wife. Shee's not fourteene. 364

Nurfe. Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, 365
 And yet to my teene be it fpoken, 366
 I haue but foure, thee's not fourteene. 367
 How long is it now to *Lammas* tide ? 368

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes. 369

Nurfe. Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come 370
Lammas Eue at night fhall fhe be fourteene. *Sufan* & fhe, 371

284 *God rest all Christian soules were of an age. VVell Sufan is*
 285 *with God, she was too good for me : But as I said on Lam-*
 286 *mas Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall shee ma-*
 287 *rie I remember it well. Tis since the Earth quake nowe e-*
 288 *leauen yeares, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it, of*
 289 *all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laid*
 290 *wormewood to my dug, sitting in the sun vnder the Doue-*
 291 *house wall. My Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I*
 292 *do beare a braine : But as I said, when it did tast the worm-*
 381 293 *wood on the nipple of my dug, & felt it bitter, pretty foole*
 294 *to see it teachie and fall out with Dugge. Shake quoth the*
 295 *Doue-house twas no need I trow to bid me trudge, and since*
 296 *that time it is a leau en yeare: for then could Iuliet stande*
 297 *high lone, nay by the Roode, shee could haue waddled vp and*
 298 *downe, for euen the day before shee brake her brow, and then*
 387 299 *my husband God be with his soule, hee was a merrie man :*

300 *Dost thou fall forward Iuliet? thou wilt fall backward when*
 301 *thou hast more wit: wilt thou not Iuliet? and by my holli-*
 302 *dam, the pretty foole left crying and said I. To see how a*
 303 *ieaft shall come about, I warrant you if I should liue a hun-*
 304 *dred yeare, I neuer should forget it, wilt thou not Iuliet?*
 395 305 *and by my troth she stint ed and cried I.*

404 306 *Iuliet: And stint thou too, I prethee Nurce say I.*
 307 *Nurce: VVell goe thy waies, God marke thee for his*
 308 *grace, thou wert the prettiest Babe that euer I nurst, might*
 309 *I but liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.*
 408 310 *VVife: And that fame marriage Nurce, is the Theame*

God reft all Chriftian foules, were of an age. Well *Sufan* 372
 is with God, ſhe was too good for me. But as I ſaid, on *La-* 373
mas Eue at night ſhall ſhe be fourteene, that ſhall ſhe ma- 374
 rie, I remember it well. 'Tis ſince the Earth-quake now 375
 eleuen yeares, and ſhe was wean'd I neuer ſhall forget it, 376
 of all the daies of the yeare, vpon that day: for I had then 377
 laid Worme-wood to my Dug fitting in the Sunne vnder 378
 the Douehouſe wall, my Lord and you were then at 379
Mantua, nay I doe beare a braine. But as I ſaid, when it 380
 did taſt the Worme-wood on the nipple of my Dugge, 381
 and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to ſee it teachie, and fall out 382
 with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Doue-houſe, 'twas no 383
 neede I trow to bid mee trudge: and ſince that time it is 384
 a eleuen yeares, for then ſhe could ſtand alone, nay bi'th' 385
 roode ſhe could haue runne, & wadled all about: for euen 386
 the day before ſhe broke her brow, & then my Husband 387
 God be with his foule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the 388
 Child, yea quoth hee, doeſt thou fall vpon thy face? thou 389
 wilt fall backward when thou haſt more wit, wilt thou 390
 not *Iule*? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch lefte 391
 crying, & ſaid I: to ſee now how a I eſt ſhall come about. 392
 I warrant, & I ſhall liue a thouſand yeares, I neuer ſhould 393
 forget it: wilt thou not *Iule* quoth he? and pretty foole it 394
 flinted, and ſaid I. 395

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace. 396

Nurſe. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuſe but laugh, to 397
 thinke it ſhould leaue crying, & ſay I: and yet I warrant 398
 it had vpon it brow, a bumpe as big as a young Cockrels 399
 ſtone? A perilous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth 400
 my husband, fall'ſt vpon thy face, thou wilt fall back- 401
 ward when thou commeſt to age: wilt thou not *Iule*? It 402
 flinted: and ſaid I. 403

Iule. And flint thou too, I pray thee *Nurſe*, ſay I. 404

Nur. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace 405
 thou waſt the prettieſt Babe that ere I nurſt, and I might 406
 liue to ſee thee married once, I haue my wiſh. 407

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theame 408

- 311 I meant to talke of. Tell me *Iuliet*, howe stand you af-
312 fected to be married?
- 411 313 *Iul*: It is an honor that I dreame not off.
- 314 Nurce: *An honor! were not I thy onely Nurce,*
315 *would say thou hadst suckt wisedome from thy Teat.*
- 419 316 *VVife*: Well girle, the Noble Countie *Paris* seekes
317 thee for his Wife.
- 318 Nurce: *A man young Ladie, Ladie such a man as all*
319 *the world, why he is a man of waxe.*
- 422 320 *VVife*: *Veronaes* Summer hath not such a flower.
- 321 Nurce: *Nay he is a flower, in faith a very flower.*

- 441 322 *VVife*: Well *Iuliet*, how like you of *Paris* loue.
- 323 *Iuliet*: Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue,
324 but no more deepe will I engage mine eye,
325 Then your consent giues strength to make it flie.

I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*, 409
 How stands your difposition to be Married? 410

Iuli. It is an houre that I dreame not of. 411

Nur. An houre, were not I thine onely Nurfe, I would 412
 fay thou had'ft fuct wifedome from thy teat. 413

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you 414
 Heere in *Verona*, Ladies of esteeme, 415

Are made already Mothers. By my count 416

I was your Mother, much vpon thefe yeares 417

That you are now a Maide, thus then in brieft: 418

The valiant *Paris* feekes you for his loue. 419

Nurfe. A man young Lady, Lady, fuch a man as all 420
 the world. Why hee's a man of waxe. 421

Old La. *Veronas* Summer hath not fuch a flower. 422

Nurfe. Nay hee's a flower, infaith a very flower. 423

Old La: What fay you, can you loue the Gentleman? 424

This night you fhall behold him at our Feaft, 425

Read ore the volume of young *Paris* face, 426

And find delight, writ there with Beauties pen: 427

Examine euery feuerall liniament, 428

And fee how one another lends content: 429

And what obfcur'd in this faire volume lies, 430

Find written in the Margent of his eyes. 431

This precious Booke of Loue, this vnbound Louer, 432

To Beautifie him, onely lacks a Couer. 433

The fifh liues in the Sea, and 'tis much pride 434

For faire without, the faire within to hide: 435

That Booke in manies eyes doth fhare the glorie, 436

That in Gold clafpes, Lockes in the Golden ftorie: 437

So fhall you fhare all that he doth poffeffe, 438

By hauing him, making your felfe no leffe. 439

Nurfe. No leffe, nay bigger: women grow by men. 440

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* loue? 441

Iuli. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue. 442

But no more deepe will I endart mine eye, 443

Then your content giues ftrengh to make flye. 444

326 *Enter Clowne.*

446 327 *Clowne: Maddam you are cald for, supper is readie'*
 328 *the Nurce curst in the Pantrie, all thinges in extremitie,*
 329 *make hafst for I must be gone to waite.*

330 *Enter Maskers with Romeo and a Page.*

455 331 *Ro:* What shall this speech bee spoke for our excuse?
 332 Or shall we on without Apologie.

333 *Benuoleo:* The date is out of such prolixitie,
 334 Weele haue no *Cupid* hudwinckt with a Scarfe,
 335 Bearing a *Tartars* painted bow of lath,
 336 Scaring the Ladies like a crow-keeper:
 337 Nor no withoutbooke Prologue faintly spoke
 338 After the Prompter, for our entrance.
 339 But let them meafure vs by what they will,
 340 Weele meafure them a meafure and be gone.

463 341 *Rom:* A torch for me I am not for this aumbling,
 342 Beeing but heauie I will beare the light.

343 *Mer:* Beleeue me *Romeo* I must haue you daunce.

466 344 *Rom:* Not I beleeue me you haue dancing shooes
 345 With nimble soles, I haue a foule of lead
 346 So stakes me to the ground I cannot stirre.

Enter a Seruing man. 445

Ser. Madam, the guefts are come, fupper feru'd vp, you 446
cal'd, my young Lady askt for, the Nurfe cur'ft in the Pan- 447
tery, and euery thing in extremitie: I muft hence to wait, I 448
befeech you follow ftraight. *Exit.* 449

Mo. We follow thee, *Iuliet*, the Countie ftaiues. 450

Nurfe. Goe Gyrle, feeke happie nights to happy daies. 451

Exeunt. 452

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, with foue or fixe 453

other Maskers, Torch-bearers. 454

Rom. What fhall this fpeech be fpoke for our excufe 455
Or fhall we on without Apologie? 456

Ben. The date is out of fuch prolixitie, 457

Weele haue no *Cupid*, hood winkt with a skarfe, 458

Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of lath, 459

Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper. 460

But let them meafure vs by what they will. 461

Weele meafure them a Meafure, and be gone. 462

Rom. Giue me a Torch, I am not for this ambling. 463

Being but heauy I will beare the light. 464

Mer. Nay gentle *Romeo*, we muft haue you dance. 465

Rom. Not I beleue me, you haue dancing shooes 466

With nimble foles, I haue a foale of Lead 467

So flakes me to the ground, I cannot moue. 468

Mer. You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings, 469

And foare with them aboue a common bound. 470

Rom. I am too fore enpearced with his shaft, 471

To foare with his light feathers, and to bound: 472

I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe, 473

Vnder loues heauy burthen doe I finke. 474

Hora. And to finke in it fhould you burthen loue, 475

Too great oppreffion for a tender thing. 476

Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough, 477

Too rude, too boyfterous, and it pricks like thorne. 478

347 *Mer:* Giue me a cafe to put my vifage in,
 348 A vifor for a vifor, what care I
 349 What curious eye doth coate deformitie.

487 350 *Rom:* Giue me a Torch, let wantons light of hart
 351 Tickle the fenceles rufhes with their heeles.
 352 For I am prouerb'd with a Grandfire phrafe,
 353 Ile be a candleholder and looke on,
 354 The game was nere fo faire and I am done.

492 355 *Mer:* Tut dun's the moufe the Cunfables old word,
 356 If thou beeft Dun, wee le draw thee from the mire
 357 Of this furreuerence loue wherein thou flickeft.
 358 Leaue this talke, we burne day light here.

496 359 *Rom:* Nay thats not fo. *Mer:* I meane fir in delay,

360 We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day,
 361 Take our good meaning for our iudgement fits
 362 Three times a day, ere once in her right wits.

363 *Rom:* So we meane well by going to this maske:
 364 But tis no wit to goe.

365 *Mer:* Why *Romeo* may one aske?

504 366 *Rom:* I dreamt a dreame to night.

367 *Mer:* And fo did I. *Rom:* Why what was yours?

368 *Mer:* That dreamers often lie. (true.

369 *Rom:* In bed a fleepe while they doe dreame things

509 370 *Mer:* Ah then I fee Queene Mab hath bin with you.

371 *Ben:* Queene Mab whats fhe?

372 She is the Fairies Midwife and doth come

373 In fhape no bigger than an Aggat ftone

374 On the forefinger of a Burgomafier,

375 Drawne with a teeme of little Atomi,

Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue, 479
 Pricke loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe, 480
 Giue me a Cafe to put my vifage in, 481
 A Vifor for a Vifor, what care I 482
 What curious eye doth quote deformities: 483
 Here are the Beetle-browes fhall blufh for me. 484

Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no looner in, 485
 But euery man betake him to his legs. 486

Rom. A Torch for me, let wantons light of heart 487
 Tickle the fencelefle rufhes with their heeles: 488
 For I am prouerbd with a Grandfier Phrafe, 489
 Ile be a Candle-holder and looke on, 490
 The game was nere fo faire, and I am done. 491

Mer. Tut, duns the Moufe, the Conftables owne word, 492
 If thou art dun, wee le draw thee from the mire. 493
 Or faue your reuerence loue, wherein thou ftickeft 494
 Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho. 495

Rom. Nay that's not fo. 496

Mer. I meane fir I delay, 497
 We waft our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day; 498
 Take our good meaning, for our Iudgement fits 499
 Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wits. 500

Rom. And we meane well in going to this Maske, 501
 But 'tis no wit to go. 502

Mer. Why may one aske? 503

Rom. I dreamt a dreame to night. 504

Mer. And fo did I. 505

Rom. Well what was yours? 506

Mer. That dreamers often lye. 507

Ro. In bed a fleepe while they do dreame things true. 508

Mer. O then I fee Queene Mab hath beene with you: 509

She is the Fairies Midwife, & fhe comes in fhape no big- 510

ger then Agat-ftone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman, 511
 drawne with a teeme of little Atomies, ouer mens nofes as 512

- 376 A thwart mens noses when they lie a sleepe.
 377 Her waggon spokes are made of spinners webs,
 378 The couer, of the winges of Grafhoppers,
 379 The traces are the Moone shine watrie beames,
 380 The collers crickets bones, the lash of filmes,
 381 Her waggoner is a small gray coated flie,
 518 382 Not halfe so big as is a little worme,
 383 Pickt from the lafre finger of a maide,
- 384 And in this fort she gallops vp and downe
 385 Through Louers braines, and then they dream of loue.
 386 O're Courtiers knees: who strait on curfies dream e
- 387 O're Ladies lips who dreame on kiffes strait:
 388 Which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues,
 527 389 Because their breathes with sweetmeats tainted are:
 390 Sometimes she gallops ore a Lawers lap,
 391 And then dreames he of smelling out a fute,
 392 And sometime comes she with a tithe pigs taile,
 393 Tickling a Parsons nose that lies a sleepe,
 394 And then dreames he of another benefice:
 395 Sometime she gallops ore a fouldiers nose,
 396 And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,
 397 Of breaches ambuscados, countermines,
 398 Of heathes five fadome deepe, and then anon
 399 Drums in his eare: at which he startes and wakes,
 400 And sweares a Praier or two and sleepes againe.
 401 This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backs,
 402 And proues them women of good cariage. (the night,
 536 403 This is the verie Mab that plats the manes of Horfes in
 404 And plats the Elfelocks in foule fluttish haire,
 405 Which once vntangled much misfortune breedes.

they lie asleepe: her Waggon Spokes made of long Spin- 513
 ners legs: the Couer of the wings of Grasshoppers, her 514
 Traces of the smallest Spiders web, her coullers of the 515
 Moonshines watry Beames, her Whip of Crickets bone, 516
 the Lash of Philome, her Waggoner, a small gray-coated 517
 Gnat, not halfe so bigge as a round little Worme, prickt 518
 from the Lazie-finger of a man. Her Chariot is an emptie 519
 Hafelnut, made by the Ioyner Squirrel or old Grub, time 520
 out a mind, the Faries Coach-makers: & in this state she 521
 gallops night by night, through Louers braines: and then 522
 they dreame of Loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on 523
 Curfies strait: ore Lawyers fingers, who strait dreamt on 524
 Fees, ore Ladies lips, who strait on kisses dreame, which 525
 oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, because their 526
 breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime she gal- 527
 lops ore a Courtiers nose, & then dreames he of smelling 528

out afute: & somtime comes she with Tith pigs tale, tick- 529
 ling a Parsons nose as a lies asleepe, then he dreames of 530

a nother Benefice. Sometime she driueth ore a Souldiers 531
 necke, & then dreames he of cutting Forraine throats, of 532
 Breaches, Ambuscados, Spanish Blades: Of Healths five 533
 Fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eares, at which 534
 he startes and wakes; and being thus frighted, sweares a 535

prayer or two & sleepe againe: this is that very Mab that 536
 plats the manes of Horses in the night: & bakes the Elk- 537
 locks in foule fluttish haire, which once vntangled, much 538
 misfortune bodes, 539
 This is the hag, when Maides lie on their backs, 540
 That presses them, and learnes them first to beare, 541
 Making them women of good carriage: 542
 This is she. 543

406 *Rom:* Peace, peace, thou talkst of nothing.

- 546 407 *Mer:* True I talke of dreames,
 408 Which are the Children of an idle braine,
 409 Begot of nothing but vaine fantasie,
 410 Which is as thinne a substance as the aire,
 411 And more inconstant than the winde,
 412 Which wooes euen now the frostie bowels of the north,
 413 And being angered puffes away in haste,
 414 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south. (felues.
 554 415 *Ben:* Come, come, this winde doth blow vs from our
 416 Supper is done and we shall come too late.
 417 *Ro:* I feare too earlie, for my minde misgiues
 418 Some consequence is hanging in the stars,
 558 419 Which bitterly begins his fearefull date
 420 With this nights reuels, and expiers the terme
 421 Of a dispised life, clofde in this breast,
 422 By some vntimelie forget of vile death:
 423 But he that hath the steerage of my course
 563 424 Directs my faile, on lustie Gentlemen.

Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talke of dreames :
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing, but vaine phantasie,
Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,
And more inconstant then the wind, who wooes
Euen now the frozen bosome of the North :
And being anger'd, puffes away from thence,
Turning his side to the dew dropping South.

Ben. This wind you talke of blowes vs from our felues,
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I feare too early, for my mind misgiues,
Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights reuels, and expire the tearme
Of a despised life clos'd in my brest :
By some vile forfeit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the stirrage of my course,
Direct my fute: on lustie Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike Drum.

*They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth
with their napks.*

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Where's *Potpan*, that he helpes not to take away?
He shift a Trencher? he scrape a Trencher?

1. When good manners, shall lie in one or two mens
hands, and they vnwasht too, 'tis a foule thing.

Ser. Away with the Ioynstooles, remoue the Court-
cubbord, looke to the Plate: good thou, saue mee a piece
of Marchpane, and as thou louest me, let the Porter let in
Susan Grindstone, and *Nell*, *Anthonie* and *Potpan*.

2. I Boy readie.

Ser. You are lookt for, and cal'd for, askt for, & fought
for, in the great Chamber.

1 We cannot be here and there too, chearly Boyes,

425 *Enter old Capulet with the Ladies.*

584 426 *Capu:* Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen,
 427 Ladies that haue their toes vnplagud with Corns
 428 Will haue about with you, ah ha my Miftreffes,
 429 Which of you all will now refufe to dance?
 430 Shee that makes daintie, thee Ile fweare hath Corns.
 589 431 Am I come neere you now, welcome Gentlemen, wel-

597 432 More lights you knaues, & turn thefe tables vp, (come,
 433 And quench the fire the roome is growne too hote.
 434 Ah firra, this vnlookt for fport comes well,
 435 Nay fit, nay fit, good Cofen *Capulet:*
 436 For you and I are paff our ftanding dayes,
 437 How long is it fince you and I were in a Maske?

604 438 *Cof:* By Ladie fir tis thirtie yeares at leaft.
 439 *Cap:* Tis not fo much, tis not fo much,
 440 Tis fince the mariage of *Lucentio*,
 441 Come *Pentecoft* as quicklie as it will,
 608 442 Some foue and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.
 443 *Cof:* Tis more, tis more, his fonne is elder far.

444 *Cap:* Will you tell me that it cannot be fo,
 445 His fonne was but a Ward three yeares agoe,
 446 Good youths I faith Oh youth's a iolly thing.
 613 447 *Rom:* What Ladie is that that doth inrich the hand

1623	<i>The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet</i>	67
Be brisk awhile, and the longer liuer take all.		580
	<i>Exeunt.</i>	581
•		
	<i>Enter all the Guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.</i>	582
		583
1. <i>Capu.</i> Welcome Gentlemen,		584
Ladies that haue their toes		585
Vnplagu'd with Cornes, will walke about with you :		586
Ah my Mistresses, which of you all		587
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,		588
She Ile sweare hath Cornes: am I come neare ye now?		589
Welcome Gentlemen, I haue seene the day		590
That I haue worne a Vifor, and could tell		591
A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare :		592
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,		593
You are welcome Gentlemen, come Musitians play :		594
	<i>Musicke plaies: and the dance.</i>	595
A Hall, Hall, giue roome, and foote it Girles,		596
More light you knaues, and turne the Tables vp :		597
And quench the fire, the Roome is growne too hot.		598
Ah firrah, this vnlookt for sport comes well :		599
Nay fit, nay fit, good Cozin <i>Capulet</i> ,		600
For you and I are past our dauncing daies :		601
How long 'ift now since last your felfe and I		602
Were in a Maske?		603
2. <i>Capu.</i> Berlady thirty yeares.		604
1. <i>Capu.</i> What man: 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much,		605
'Tis since the Nuptiall of <i>Lucentio</i> ,		606
Come Pentycost as quickly as it will,		607
Some fife and twenty yeares, and then we Maskt.		608
2. <i>Cap.</i> 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Sonne is elder fir :		609
His Sonne is thirty.		610
3. <i>Cap.</i> Will you tell me that?		611
His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe.		612
<i>Rom.</i> What Ladie is that which doth inrich the hand		613
Of yonder Knight?		614

- 616 448 Of yonder Knight? O shee doth teach the torches to
 449 burne bright! •
 450 It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
 451 Like a rich iewell in an *Acthiops* eare,
 452 Beautie too rich for vse, for earth too deare:
 453 So shines a snow-white Swan trouping with Crowes,
 454 As this faire Ladie ouer her fellowes shoves.
 622 455 The measure done, ile watch her place of stand,
 456 And touching hers, make happie my rude hand
 624 457 Did my heart loue till now? Forweare it fight,
 458 I neuer saw true beautie till this night.
 459 *Tib*: This by his voice should be a *Mountague*,
 460 Fetch me my rapier boy. What dares the slaue
 461 Come hither couer'd with an Anticke face,
 462 To scorne and ieere at our solemnitie?
 463 Now by the stocke and honor of my kin,
 464 To strike him dead I hold it for no sin.
 632 465 *Ca*: Why how now Cosen, wherefore storme you fo.

466 *Ti*: Vncle this is a *Mountague* our foe,

467 A villaine that is hether come in spight,

468 To mocke at our solemnitie this night.

469 *Ca*: Young *Romeo*, is it not?

470 *Ti*: It is that villaine *Romeo*. (man,

- 471 *Ca*: Let him alone, he beares him like a portly gentle-
 641 472 And to speake truth, *Verona* brags of him,
 473 As of a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:
 474 I would not for the wealth of all this towne,
 475 Here in my house doo him disparagement:
 476 Therefore be quiet take no note of him,

477 Beare a faire preface, and put off these frownes,

478 An ill befeeming semblance for a feast.

649 479 *Ti*: It fits when such a villaine is a guest,

480 Ile not indure him.

Ser. I know not fir. 615

Rom. O she doth teach the Torches to burne bright : 616

It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night, 617

As a rich Iewel in an Æthiops eare : 618

Beauty too rich for vse, for earth too deare : 619

So shewes a Snowy Doue trooping with Crowes, 620

As yonder Lady ore her fellowes showes ; 621

The meafure done, Ile watch her place of stand, 622

And touching hers, make bleffed my rude hand. 623

Did my heart loue till now, forswear it fight, 624

For I neuer saw true Beauty till this night. 625

Tib. This by his voice, should be a *Mountague*. 626

Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what dares the flaue 627

Come hither couer'd with an antique face, 628

To fleere and sorne at our Solemnitie ? 629

Now by the stocke and Honour of my kin, 630

To strike him dead I hold it not a fin. 631

Cap. Why how now kinsman, 632

Wherefore storme you so ? 633

Tib. Vncle this is a *Mountague*, our foe : 634

A Villaine that is hither come in spight, 635

To sorne at our Solemnitie this night. 636

Cap. Young *Romeo* is it ? 637

Tib. 'Tis he, that Villaine *Romeo*. 638

Cap. Content thee gentle Coz, let hi m alone, 639

A beares him like a portly Gentleman : 640

And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him, 641

To be a vertuous and well gouern'd youth : 642

I would not for the wealth of all the towne, 643

Here in my house do him disparagement : 644

Therefore be patient, take no note of him, 645

It is my will, the which if thou respect, 646

Shew a faire prefence, and put off these frownes, 647

An ill befeeming semblance for a Feast. 648

Tib. It fits when such a Villaine is a guest, 649

Ile not endure him. 650

481 *Ca*: He shalbe indured, goe to I fay, he shall,

482 Am I the Maister of the houle or you?

483 You'le not indure him? God shall mend my foule

484 You'le make a mutenie amongst my guefts,

485 You'le fet Cocke a hoope, you'le be the man.

486 *Ti*: Vncle tis a shame,

658 487 *Ca*: Goe too, you are a faucie knaue.

488 This tricke will fcath you one day I know what.

489 Well faid my hartes. Bequiet:

490 More light Ye knaue, or I will make you quiet. (ting,

665 491 *Tibalt*: Patience perrorce with wilfull choller mee-

492 Makes my flesh tremble in their different greetings:

493 I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall

494 Now feeining sweet, conuert to bitter gall.

669 495 *Rom*: If I prophane with my vnworthie hand,

496 This holie shrine, the gentle sinne is this:

497 My lips two blushing Pilgrims ready stand,

498 To smoothe the rough touch with a gentle kisse.

673 499 *Iuli*: Good Pilgrime you doe wrong your hand too

500 Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this: (much,

501 For Saints haue hands which holy Palmers touch,

502 And Palme to Palme is holy Palmers kisse.

503 *Rom*: Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?

504 *Iuli*: Yes Pilgrime lips that they must vse in praier.

505 *Ro*: Why then faire faint, let lips do what hands doo,

506 They pray, yeeld thou, least faith turne to dispaire.

682 507 *Iu*: Saints doe mooue though: grant nor praier

508 forfake.

509 *Ro*: Then mooue not till my praier effect I take.

510 Thus from my lips, by yours my sin is purgde.

511 *Iu*: Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.

- Cap.* He shall be endu'rd. 651
 What Goodman boy, I say he shall, go too, 652
 Am I the Maister here or you? go too, 653
 Youle not endure him, God shall mend my soule, 654
 Youle make a Mutinie among the Guefts: 655
 You will fet cocke a hoope, youle be the man. 656
Tib. Why Vncle, 'tis a shame. 657
Cap. Go too, go too, 658
 You are a fawcy Boy, 'ist so indeed? 659
 This tricke may chance to scath you, I know what, 660
 You must contrary me, marry 'tis time. 661
 Well said my hearts, you are a Princ Cox, goe, 662
 Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame, 663
 Ile make you quiet. What, chearely my hearts. 664
Tib. Patience perforce, with wilfull choler meeting, 665
 Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting: 666
 I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall 667
 Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall. *Exit.* 668
Rom. If I prophane with my vnworthiest hand, 669
 This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this, 670
 My lips to blushing Pilgrims did ready stand, 671
 To smoothe that rough touch, with a tender kisse. 672
Iul. Good Pilgrime, 673
 You do wrong your hand too much. 674
 Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this, 675
 For Saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch, 676
 And palme to palme, is holy Palmer's kisse. 677
Rom. Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too? 678
Iul. I Pilgrim, lips that they must vse in prayer. 679
Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do, 680
 They pray (grant thou) least faith turne to dispaire. 681
Iul. Saints do not moue, 682
 Though grant for prayers sake. 683
Rom. Then moue not while my prayers effect I take: 684
 Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd. 685
Iul. Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke. 686

- 512 *Ro*: Sinne from my lips, O trelpaffe sweetly vrgde!
 513 Giue me my sinne againe.
- 689 514 *Iu*: You kiffe by the booke.
- 515 *Nurfe*: *Madame your mother calles.*
 516 *Rom*: What is her mother?
 517 *Nurfe*: *Marrie Batcheler her mother is the Ladie of the*
 518 *house and a good Lady, and a wise, and a vertuous. I nurst*
 519 *her daughter that you talkt withall, I tell you, he that can*
 520 *lay hold of her shall haue the chinkes.*
- 698 521 *Rom*: Is she a *Mountague*? Oh deare account,
 522 My life is my foes thrall.
- 523 *Ca*: Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
 524 We haue a trifling foolifh banquet towards.
 525 *They whisper in his eare.*
 526 I pray you let me intreat you. Is it so?
 527 Well then I thanke you honest Gentlemen,
 528 I promise you but for your company,
 529 I would haue bin a bed an houre agoe:
 530 Light to my chamber hoe.
 531 *Exeunt.*
- 709 532 *Iul*: *Nurfe*, what is yonder Gentleman?
- 533 *Nur*: *The sonne and heire of old Tiberio.*
 534 *Iul*: Whats he that now is going out of dore?
 535 *Nur*: *That as I thinke is yong Petruccio.* (dance?)
 536 *Iul*: Whats he that followes there that would not
 537 *Nur*: *I know not.*
 538 *Iul*: Goe learne his name, if he be married,
 717 539 My graue is like to be my wedding bed.
 540 *Nur*: *His uame is Romeo ana a Mountague, theonely*
 541 *sonne of your great enemye.*
 542 *Iul*: My onely Loue sprung from myonely hate,
 543 Too early seene vnknowne and knowne too late:

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespasse sweetly vrg'd: 687
Giue me my sin againe. 688

Iul. You kisse by'th'booke. 689

Nur. Madam your Mother craues a word with you. 690

Rom. What is her Mother? 691

Nurf. Marrie Batcheler, 692

Her Mother is the Lady of the houle, 693

And a good Lady, and a wife, and Vertuous, 694

I Nur'ft her Daughter that you talkt withall: 695

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her, 696

Shall haue the chincks. 697

Rom. Is she a *Capulet*? 698

O deare account! My life is my foes debt. 699

Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the best. 700

Rom. I fo I feare, the more is my vnrest. 701

Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone, 702

We haue a trifling foolish Banquet towards: 703

Is it e'ne so? why then I thanke you all. 704

I thanke you honest Gentlemen, good night: 705

More Torchcs here: come on, then let's to bed. 706

Ah firrah, by my faie it waxes late, 707

Ile to my rest. 708

Iuli. Come hither Nurse, 709

What is yond Gentleman: 710

Nur. The Sonne and Heire of old *Tyberio*. 711

Iuli. What's he that now is going out of doore? 712

Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio*. 713

Iul. What's he that follows here that would not dance? 714

Nur. I know not. 715

Iul. Go aske his name: if he be married, 716

My graue is like to be my wedded bed. 717

Nur. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*, 718

The onely Sonne of your great Enemie. 719

Iul. My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate, 720

Too early feene, vnknowne, and knowne too late, 721

1623	<i>The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet</i>	75
Prodigious birth of Loue it is to me,		722
That I must loue a loathed Enemye.		723
<i>Nur.</i> What's this? whats this?		724
<i>Iul.</i> A rime, I learne euen now		725
Of one I dan't withall.		726
	<i>One calls within, Iuliet.</i>	727
<i>Nur.</i> Anon, anon :		728
Come let's away, the strangers all are gone.		729
	<i>Exeunt.</i>	730
	<i>Chorus.</i>	731
Now old desire doth in his death bed lie,		732
And yong affection gapes to be his Heire,		733
That faire, for which Loue gron'd for and would die,		734
With tender <i>Iuliet</i> matcht, is now not faire.		735
Now <i>Romeo</i> is beloued, and Loues againe,		736
A like bewitched by the charme of lookes :		737
But to his foe suppos'd he must complaine,		738
And she steale Loues sweet bait from fearefull hookes :		739
Being held a foe, he may not haue access		740
To breath such vowes as Louers vse to sweare,		741
And she as much in Loue, her meanes much lesse,		742
To meete her new Beloued any where :		743
But passion lends them Power, time, meanes to meete,		744
Temp'ring extremities with extreame sweete.		745
	<i>Enter Romeo alone.</i>	746
<i>Rom.</i> Can I goe forward when my heart is here?		747
Turne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.		748
	<i>Enter Benuolio, with Mercutio.</i>	749
<i>Ben.</i> <i>Romeo</i> , my Cozen <i>Romeo</i> , <i>Romeo</i> .		750
<i>Merc.</i> He is wife,		751
And on my life hath stolne him home to bed.		752
<i>Ben.</i> He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.		753
Call good <i>Mercutio</i> :		754
Nay, Ile coniure too.		755
<i>Mer.</i> <i>Romeo</i> , Humours, Madman, Passion, Louer,		756

562 likenes of a figh: speek but one rime & I am fatiffied, cry
 563 but ay me. Pronounce but Loue and Doue, speake to
 564 my goffip *Venus* one faire word, one nickname for her
 565 purblinde sonne and heire young *Abraham*: *Cupid* hee

763 566 that shot so trim when young King *Cophetua* loued the
 567 begger wench. Hee heares me not. I coniure thee by
 568 *Rosalindes* bright eye, high forehead, and scarlet lip, her
 569 prettie foote, straight leg, and quiuering thigh, and the
 570 demaines that there adiacent lie, that in thy likenesse
 571 thou appeare to vs.

572 *Ben*: If he doe heare thee thou wilt anger him.

573 *Mer*: Tut this cannot anger him, marrie if one shuld
 574 raife a spirit in his Mistris circle of some strange fashion,
 575 making it there to stand till she had laid it, and coniurde
 576 it downe, that were some spite. My inuocation is faire
 577 and honest, and in his Mistris name I coniure ouely but
 578 to raife vp him.

779 579 *Ben*: Well he hath hid himselfe amongst those trees,
 580 To be comforted with the humerous night,
 581 Blinde in his loue, and best befits the darke

782 582 *Mer*: If loue be blind, loue will not hit the marke,
 583 Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,
 584 And with his Mistris were that kinde of fruite,
 585 As maides call Medlers when they laugh alone.
 586 Ah *Romeo* that she were, ah that she were
 587 An open *Et cætera*, thou a poprin Peare.
 588 *Romeo* God night, il'e to my trundle bed.
 589 This field bed is too cold for mee.
 590 Come lets away, for tis but vaine,

591 To seeke him here that meanes not to be found.

Appeare thou in the likenesse of a figh, 757
 Speake but one rime, and I am satisfied : 758
 Cry me but ay me, Prouant, but Loue and day, 759
 Speake to my goship *Venus* one faire word, 760
 One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her, 761
 Young *Abraham Cupid* he that shot so true, 762
 When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger Maid, 763
 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he mouethn ot, 764
 The Ape is dead, I must coniure him, 765
 I coniure thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes, 766
 By her High forehead, and her Scarlet lip, 767
 By her Fine foote, Straight leg, and Quiuering thigh, 768
 And the Demeanes, that there Adiacent lie, 769
 That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs. 770

Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him. 771

Mer. This cannot anger him, t'would anger him 772
 To raise a spirit in his Mistresse circle, 773
 Of some strange nature, letting it stand 774
 Till she had laid it, and coniured it downe, 775
 That were some spight. 776

My inuocation is faire and honest, & in his Mistris name, 777
 I coniure onely but to raise vp him. 778

Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these Trees 779
 To be comforted with the Humerous night : 780
 Blind is his Loue, and best befits the darke. 781

Mer. If Loue be blind, Loue cannot hit the marke, 782
 Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree, 783
 And with his Mistresse were that kind of Fruite, 784
 As Maides call Medlers when they laugh alone, 785
 O *Romeo* that she were, O that she were 786
 An open, or thou a Poprin Peare, 787
Romeo goodnight, Ile to my Truckle bed, 788
 This Field-bed is to cold for me to sleepe, 789
 Come shall we go? 790

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vaine to seeke him here 791
 That meanes not to be found. *Exeunt.* 792

- 793 592 *Ro.* He lefts at fcars that neuer felt a wound :
 593 But foft, what light forth yonder window breakes ?
 594 It is the Eaft, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne,
 595 Arife faire Sunne, and kill the enuious Moone
 596 That is alreadie ficke, and pale with grieve :
 597 That thou her maid, art far more faire than ſhe.
 598 Be not her maide ſince ſhe is enuious,
 599 Her veſtall liuerie is but pale and greene,
 600 And none but fooles doe weare it, caſt it off.
- 803 601 She ſpeakes but ſhe faves nothing. What of that ?
 602 Her eye diſcoursfeth, I will anſwere it.
 603 I am too bold, tis not to me ſhe ſpeakes,
 604 Two of the faireſt ſtarres in all the ſkies,
 605 Hauing ſome buſines, doe enter at her eyes
 606 To twinckle in their ſpheares till they returne.
 607 What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
 608 The brightnes of her cheekes would ſhame thoſe ſtars :
 609 As day-light doth a Lampe, her eyes in heauen,
 610 Would through the airie region ſtreame ſo bright,
 611 That birdes would ſing, and thinke it were not night.
 612 Oh now ſhe leanes her cheekes vpon her hand,
- 815 613 I would I were the gloue to that ſame hand,
 614 That I might kiſſe that cheek.
- 615 *Iul.* Ay me.
 616 *Rom.* She ſpeakes, Oh ſpeake againe bright Angell :
- 617 For thou art as glorious to this night beeing ouer my
 618 As is a winged meſſenger of heauen (head,
- 822 619 Vnto the white vpturncd woondring eyes,
 620 Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
 621 When he beſtrides the laſie pacing cloudes,
 622 And failes vpon the boſome of the aire.
- 826 623 *Iul.* Ah *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo* ?
 624 Denie thy Father, and reſuſe thy name,
 625 Or if thou wilt not be but ſworne my loue,

Rom. He ieafts at Scarres that neuer felt a wound, 793
 But foft, what light through yonder window breaks? 794
 It is the Eaft, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne, 795
 Arife faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone, 796
 Who is already ficke and pale with grieve, 797
 That thou her Maid art far more faire then ſhe: 798
 Be not her Maid ſince ſhe is enuious, 799
 Her Veſtal liuery is but ficke and greene, 800
 And none but fooles do weare it, caſt it off: 801
 It is my Lady, O it is my Loue, O that ſhe knew ſhe were, 802
 She ſpeakes, yet ſhe ſayes nothing, what of that? 803
 Her eye diſcourſes, I will anſwere it: 804
 I am too bold 'tis not to me ſhe ſpeakes: 805
 Two of the faireſt ſtarres in all the Heauen, 806
 Hauing ſome buſineſſe do entreat her eyes, 807
 To twinckle in their Spheres till they returne. 808
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head, 809
 The brightneſſe of her cheeke would ſhame thoſe ſtarres, 810
 As day-light doth a Lampe, her eye in heauen, 811
 Would through the ayrie Region ſtreame ſo bright, 812
 That Birds would ſing, and thinke it were not night: 813
 See how ſhe leanes her cheeke vpon her hand. 814
 O that I were a Gloue vpon that hand, 815
 That I might touch that cheeke. 816

Iul. Ay me. 817

Rom. She ſpeakes. 818

Oh ſpeake againe bright Angell, for thou art 819
 As glorious to this night being ore my head, 820
 As is a winged meſſenger of heauen 821
 Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes 822
 Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him, 823
 When he beſtrides the lazie puffing Cloudes, 824
 And failes vpon the boſome of the ayre. 825

Iul. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*? 826
 Denie thy Father and reſuſe thy name: 827
 Or if thou wilt not, be but ſworne my Loue, 828

626 And il'e no longer be a *Capulet*.

627 *Rom*: Shall I heare more, or shall I fpeake to this?

628 *Iul*: Tis but thy name that is mineemie.

629 Whats *Mountague*? It is nor hand nor foote,

630 Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part.

631 Whats in a name? That which we call a Rose,

632 By any other name would smell as sweet:

838 633 So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,

634 Retaine the diuine perfection he owes:

635 Without that title *Romeo* part thy name,

636 And for that name which is no part of thee,

637 Take all I haue.

638 *Rom*: I take thee at thy word,

639 Call me but loue, and il'e be new Baptiste,

640 Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

846 641 *Iu*: What man art thou, that thus beskrind in night,

642 Doeft stumble on my counsaile?

643 *Ro*: By a name I know not how to tell thee.

644 My name deare Saint is hatefull to my selfe,

645 Because it is anemie to thee.

646 Had I it written I would teare the word.

647 *Iul*: My eares haue not yet drunk a hundred words

648 Of that tongues vtterance, yet I know the found:

649 Art thou not *Romeo* and a *Mountague*?

856 650 *Ro*: Neyther faire Saint, if eyther thee displease.

651 *Iu*: How camst thou hether, tell me and wherfore?

652 The Orchard walles are high and hard to clime,

653 And the place death considering who thou art,

654 If any of my kinsmen finde thee here.

655 *Ro*: By lones light winges did I oreperch these wals,

656 For stonie limits cannot hold loue out,

And Ile no longer be a <i>Capulet</i> .	829
<i>Rom.</i> Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this?	830
<i>Iu.</i> 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:	831
Thou art thy selfe, though not a <i>Mountague</i> ,	832
What's <i>Mountague</i> ? it is nor hand nor foote,	833
Nor arme, nor face, O be some other name	834
Belonging to a man.	835
What? in a names that which we call a Rose,	836
By any other word would smell as sweete,	837
So <i>Romeo</i> would, were he not <i>Romeo</i> cal'd,	838
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,	839
Without that title <i>Romeo</i> , doffe thy name,	840
And for thy name which is no part of thee,	841
Take all my selfe.	842
<i>Rom.</i> I take thee at thy word:	843
Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd,	844
Hence forth I neuer will be <i>Romeo</i> .	845
<i>Iuli.</i> What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night	846
So stumblest on my counsell?	847
<i>Rom.</i> By a name,	848
I know not how to tell thee who I am:	849
My name deare Saint, is hatefull to my selfe,	850
Because it is an Enemy to thee,	851
Had I it written, I would teare the word.	852
<i>Iuli.</i> My eares haue yet not drunke a hundred words	853
Of thy tongues vttering, yet I know the sound.	854
Art thou not <i>Romeo</i> , and a <i>Montague</i> ?	855
<i>Rom.</i> Neither faire Maid, if either thee dislike.	856
<i>Iul.</i> How cam'st thou hither.	857
Tell me, and wherefore?	858
The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climbe,	859
And the place death, confidering who thou art,	860
If any of my kinsmen find thee here,	861
<i>Rom.</i> With Loues light wings	862
Did I ore-perch these Walls,	863
For stony limits cannot hold Loue out,	864

- 657 And what loue can doo, that dares loue attempt,
 658 Therefore thy kinfmen are no let to me.
 867 659 *Iul*: If they doe finde thee they will murder thee.
 660 *Ro*: Alas there lies more perrill in thine eyes,
 661 Then twentie of their fwords, looke thou but sweete,
 662 And I am prooue against their enmitie. (here.
 663 *Iul*: I would not for the world they shuld find thee
 664 *Ro*: I haue nights cloak to hide thee from their sight,
 665 And but thou loue me let them finde me here :
 666 For life were better ended by their hate,
 667 Than death proroged wanting of thy loue.
 876 668 *Iu*: By whose directions foundst thou out this place.
 669 *Ro*: By loue, who first did prompt me to enquire,
 670 I he gaue me counsaile and I lent him eyes.
 671 I am no Pilot : yet wert thou as farre
 672 As that vast shore, washt with the furthest sea,
 673 I would aduenture for such Marchandise.
 882 674 *Iul*: Thou knowst the maske of night is on my face,
 675 Els would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeks :
 676 For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
 677 Faine would I dwell on forme, faine faine denie,
 678 What I haue spoke : but farewell complements.
 887 679 Dost thou loue me ? Nay I know thou wilt say I,
 680 And I will take thy word : but if thou swearst,
 681 Thou maiest proue false :
 682 At Louers periuries they say Ioue smiles.
 683 Ah gentle *Romeo*, if thou loue pronounce it faithfully :
 684 Or if thou thinke I am too easely wonne,
 685 Il'e frowne and say thee nay and. be peruerse,
 686 So thou wilt wooe : but els not for the world,
 687 In truth faire *Mountague*, I am too fond,
 896 688 And therefore thou maiest thinke my hauiour light :
 689 But trust me gentleman Ile proue more true,
 690 Than they that haue more cunning to be strange.
 691 I should haue bin strange I must confesse,
 692 But that thou ouer-heardst ere I was ware

And what Loue can do, that dares Loue attempt : 865
Therefore thy kinfmen are no ftop to me. 866

Iul. If they do fee thee, they will murder thee. 867

Rom. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye, 868
Then twenty of their Swords, looke thou but fweete, 869
And I am prooffe againft their enmity. 870

Iul. I would not for the world they faw thee here. 871

Rom. I haue nights cloake to hide me from their eyes 872
And but thou loue me, let them finde me here, 873
My life were better ended by their hate, 874
Then death proroged wanting of thy Loue. 875

Iul. By whose direction found'ft thou out this place ? 876

Rom. By Loue that firft did prompt me to enquire, 877
He lent me counfell, and I lent him eyes, 878
I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as far 879
As that vaft-shore-wafhet with the fartheft Sea, 880
I fhould aduenture for fuch Marchandife. 881

Iul. Thou knoweft the maske of night is on my face, 882
Elfe would a Maiden blufh bepaint my cheek, 883
For that which thou haft heard me fpeake to night, 884
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie 885
What I haue fpoke, but farewell Complement, 886
Doeft thou Loue ? I know thou wilt fay I, 887
And I will take thy word, yet if thou fwear'ft, 888
Thou maieft proue falfe : at Louers periuries 889
They fay *Ioue* laught, oh gentle *Romeo*, 890
If thou doft Loue, pronounce it faithfully : 891
Or if thou thinkeft I am too quickly wonne, 892
Ile frowne and be peruerfe, and fay th ee nay, 893
So thou wilt wooe : But elfe not for the world. 894
In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond : 895
And therefore thou maieft thinke my behaiour light, 896
But trust me Gentleman, Ile proue more true, 897
Then thofe that haue coyng to be ftrange, 898
I fhould haue beene more ftrange, I muft confefse, 899
But that thou ouer heard'ft ere I was ware 900

- 693 My true loues Pafsion : therefore pardon me,
 694 And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
 695 Which the darke night hath fo difcouered.
 904 696 *Ro* : By yonder bleffed Moone I fweare,
 697 That tips : with filuer all thefe fruit trees tops.
 698 *Iul*: O fweare not by the Moone the vnconstant
 699 That monthlie changeth in her circled orbe, (Moone,
 700 Leaft that thy loue proue likewife variable.
 701 *Ro* : Now by
 702 *Iul*: Nay doo not fweare at all,
 703 Or if thou fweare, fweare by thy glorious felfe,
 704 Which art the God of my Idolatrie,
 705 And il'e beleeeue thee.
 914 706 *Ro* : If my true harts loue
 707 *Iul*: Sweare not at al, though I doo ioy in
 708 I haue fmall ioy in this contract to night,
 709 It is too rafh, too fodaine, too vnaduifde,
 710 Too like the lightning that doth ceafe to bee

936 711 Ere one can fay it lightens. I heare fome comming,

My true Loues passion, therefore pardon me, 901
 And not impute this yeelding to light Loue, 902
 Which the darke night hath so discovered. 903

Rom. Lady, by yonder Moone I vow, 904
 That tips with siluer all these Fruite tree tops. 905

Iul. O sweare not by the Moone, th'inconstant Moone, 906
 That monethly changes in her circled Orbe, 907
 Least that thy Loue proue likewise variable. 908

Rom. What shall I sweare by ? 909

Iul. Do not sweare at all : 910
 Or if thou wilt sweare by thy gracious selfe, 911
 Which is the God of my Idolatry, 912
 And Ile beleue thee. 913

Rom. If my hearts deare loue. 914

Iuli. Well do not sweare, although I ioy in thee : 915
 I haue no ioy of this contract to night, 916
 It is too rash, too vnaduif'd, too fudden, 917
 Too like the lightning which doth cease to be 918
 Ere, one can say, it lightens, Sweete good night : 919
 This bud of Loue by Summers ripening breath, 920
 May proue a beautious Flower when next we meete : 921
 Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest, 922
 Come to thy heart, as that within my brest. 923

Rom. O wilt thou leaue me so vnsatisfied ? 924

Iuli. What satisfaction can'st thou haue to night ? 925

Ro. Th'exchange of thy Loues faithfull vow for mine. 926

Iul. I gaue thee mine before thou did'st request it : 927
 And yet I would it were to giue againe. 928

Rom. Would'st thou withdrawit, 929
 For what purpose Loue ? 930

Iul. But to be franke and giue it thee againe, 931
 And yet I wish but for the thing I haue, 932
 My bounty is as boundlesse as the Sea, 933
 My Loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee 934
 The more I haue, for both are Infinite : 935
 I heare some noyse within deare Loue adue : 936

Cal's within. 937

- 988 712 Deare loue adew, sweet *Mountague* be true,
 713 Stay but a little and il'e come againe.
 714 *Ro*: O blessed blessed night, I feare being night,
 715 All this is but a dreame I heare and see,
 716 Too flattering true to be substantiall:
 943 717 *Iul*: Three wordes good *Romeo* and good night in-

 718 If that thy bent of loue be honourable? (deed.
 719 Thy purpose marriage, fend me word to morrow
 720 By one that il'e procure to come to thee:
 721 Where and what time thou wilt performe that right,
 722 And al my fortunes at thy foote il'e lay,
 950 723 And follow thee my Lord through out the world.

- 960 724 *Ro*: Loue goes toward loue like schoole boyes from
 725 their bookes,
 726 But loue from loue, to schoole with heauie lookes.

- 727 *Iul*: *Romeo, Romeo*, O for a falkners voice,
 728 To lure this Taffell gentle backe againe:
 729 Bondage is hoarse and may not crie aloud,
 730 Els would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies
 731 And make her airie voice as hoarse as mine,
 968 732 With repetition of my *Romeos* name.
 733 *Romeo*?
 734 *Ro*: It is my foule that calles vpon my name,

1623	<i>The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet</i>	87
Anon good Nurfe, fweet <i>Mountague</i> be true :		938
Stay but alittle, I will come againe.		939
<i>Rom.</i> O bleffed bleffed night, I am afear'd		940
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,		941
Too flattering fweet to be fubftantiall.		942
<i>Iul.</i> Three words deare <i>Romeo</i> ,		943
And goodnight indeed,		944
If that thy bent of Loue be Honourable,		945
Thy purpofe marriage, fend me word to morrow,		946
By one that Ile procure to come to thee,		947
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,		948
And all my Fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,		949
And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.		950
	<i>Within : Madam.</i>	951
I come, anon : but if thou meaneft not well,		952
I do befeech thee	<i>Within : Madam.</i>	953
(By and by I come)		954
To ceafe thy ftrife, and leaue me to my grieve,		955
To morrow will I fend.		956
<i>Rom.</i> So thriue my foule.		957
<i>Iu.</i> A thoufand times goodnight.	<i>Exit.</i>	958
<i>Rome.</i> A thoufand times the worfe to want thy light,		959
Loue goes toward Loue as fchool-boyes frõ thier books		960
But Loue frõ Loue, towards fchoole with heaunie looks.		961
	<i>Enter Iuliet againe.</i>	962
<i>Iul.</i> Hift <i>Romeo</i> hift:O for a Falkners voice,		963
To lure this Taffell gentle backe againe,		964
Bondage is hoarfe, and may not fpeake aloud,		965
Elfe would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,		966
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarfe, then		967
With repetition of my <i>Romeo</i> .		968
<i>Rom.</i> It is my foule that calls vpon my name.		969

735 How filuer fweet found louers tongues in night.

736 *Iul:* Romeo?

737 *Ro:* Madame.

974 738 *Iul:* At what a clocke to morrow shall I fend?

739 *Ro:* At the houre of nine.

740 *Iul:* I will not faile, tis twentie yeares till then.

741 *Romeo* I haue forgot why, I did call thee backe.

979 742 *Rom:* Let me stay here till you remember it.

743 *Iul:* I shall forget to haue thee still staie here,

744 Remembring how I loue thy companie.

745 *Rom:* And il'e stay still to haue thee still forget,

746 Forgetting any other home but this.

747 *Iu:* Tis almost morning I would haue thee gone,

985 748 But yet no further then a wantons bird,

749 Who lets it hop a little from her hand,

750 Like a pore prifoner in his twisted giues,

751 And with a filke thred puls it backe againe,

752 Too louing iealous of his libertie.

990 753 *Ro:* Would I were thy bird.

754 *Iul:* Sweet so would I,

755 Yet I should kill thee with much cherrishing thee.

756 Good night, good night, parting is such fweet forrow,

757 That I shall say good night till it be morrow. (breast,

758 *Rm:* Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace on thy

759 I would that I were sleep and peace of fweet to rest.

760 Now will I to my Ghoftly fathers Cell,

1003 761 His help to craue, and my good hap to tell.

How filuer fweet, found Louers tongues by night,	970
Like fofteft Muficke to attending eares.	971
<i>Iul. Romeo.</i>	972
<i>Rom. My Neece.</i>	973
<i>Iul. What a clock to morrow</i>	974
Shall I fend to thee?	975
<i>Rom. By the houre of nine.</i>	976
<i>Iul. I will not faile, 'tis twenty yeares till then,</i>	977
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.	978
<i>Rom. Let me ftand here till thou remember it.</i>	979
<i>Iul. I fhall forget, to haue thee ftill ftand there,</i>	980
Remembring how I Loue thy company.	981
<i>Rom. And Ile ftill ftay, to haue thee ftill forget,</i>	982
Forgetting any other home but this.	983
<i>Iul. 'Tis almoft morning, I would haue thee gone,</i>	984
And yet no further then a wantons Bird,	985
That let's it hop a little from his hand,	986
Like a poore prifoner in his twifted Gyues,	987
And with a filken thred plucks it backe againe,	988
So louing Iealous of his liberty.	989
<i>Rom. I would I were thy Bird.</i>	990
<i>Iul. Sweet fo would I,</i>	991
Yet I fhould kill thee with much cherifhing:	992
Good night, good night.	993
<i>Rom. Parting is fuch fweete forrow,</i>	994
That I fhall fay goodnight, till it be morrow.	995
<i>Iul. Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breft.</i>	996
<i>Rom. Would I were sleepe and peace fo fweet to reft,</i>	997
The gray ey'd morne fmiles on the frowning night,	998
Checkring the Eafterne Clouds with ftreakes of light,	999
And darkneffe fleckel'd like a drunkard reeles,	1000
From forth dayes pathway, made by <i>Titans</i> wheeles.	1001
Hence will I to my ghofly Fries clofe Cell,	1002
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell. <i>Exit.</i>	1003

762 *Enter Frier Francis.* (night,

763 *Frier:* The gray ey'd morne fmoiles on the frowning
 764 Checkring the Eafterne clouds with streakes of light,
 765 And flecked darkenes like a drunkard reeles,
 766 From forth daies path, and *Titans* fierie wheeles:
 767 Now ere the Sunne aduance his burning eye,
 768 The world to cheare, and nights darke dew to drie
 769 We muft vp fill this oafier Cage of ours,
 1012 770 With balefull weeds, and precious iuyeed flowers.

1019 771 Oh mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
 772 In hearbes, plants, ftones, and their true qualities:
 773 For nought fo vile, that vile on earth doth liue,
 774 But to the earth fome fpeciall good doth giue:
 775 Nor nought fo good, but fraind from that faire vfe,
 1024 776 Reuolts to vice and flumbles on abufe:
 777 Vertue it felfe turnes vice being mifapplied,
 778 And vice fometimes by action dignified.

779 Within the infant rinde of this fmall flower,
 780 Poyfon hath refidence, and medecine power:
 781 For this being fmelt too, with that part cheares ech hart,
 1031 782 Being tafted flaies all fences with the hart.
 783 Two fuch oppofed foes incampe them fill,
 784 In man as well as herbes, grace and rude will,
 785 And where the worfer is predominant,
 786 Full foone the canker death eats vp that plant.
 787 *Rom:* Good morrow to my Ghofly Confeffor.
 1037 788 *Fri:* *Benedicite*, what earlie tongue fo foone faluteth

789 Yong fonne it argues a diftempered head, me?)

Enter Frier alone with a basket.

1004

Fri. The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night, 1005
 Checking the Easterne Cloudes with streaks of light: 1006
 And fleckled darknesse like a drunkard reeles, 1007
 From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheelles: 1008
 Now ere the Sun aduance his burning eye, 1009
 The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry, 1010
 I muſt vppill this Oſier Cage of ours, 1011
 With balefull weedes, and precious Iuiced flowers, 1012
 The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tombe, 1013
 What is her burying graue that is her wombe: 1014
 And from her wombe children of diuers kind 1015
 We ſucking on her naturall boſome find: 1016
 Many for many vertues excellent: 1017
 None but for ſome, and yet all different. 1018
 Om i ckle is the powerfull grace that lies 1019
 In Plants, Hearbs, ſtones, and their true qualities: 1020
 For nought ſo vile, that on the earth doth liue, 1021
 But to the earth ſome ſpeciall good doth giue: 1022
 Nor ought ſo good, but ſtrain'd from that faire vſe, 1023
 Reuolts from true birth, ſtumbling on abuſe. 1024
 Vertue it ſelfe turnes vice being miſapplied, 1025
 And vice ſometime by aſſion dignified. 1026

Enter Romeo.

1027

Within the infant rin'd of this weake flower, 1028
 Poyſon hath reſidence, and medicine power: 1029
 For this being ſmelt, with that part cheares each part, 1030
 Being taſted ſlayes all fences with the heart. 1031
 Two ſuch oppoſed Kings encampe them ſtill, 1032
 In man a s well as Hearbes, grace and rude will: 1033
 And where the worſer is predominant, 1034
 Full ſoone the Canker death eates vp that Plant. 1035

Rom. Good morrow Father. 1036*Fri.* Benedecite. 1037

What early tongue ſo ſweet ſaluteth me? 1038
 Young Sonne, it argues a diſtemper'd head, 1039

- 790 So soone to bid good morrow to my bed.
 791 Care keeps his watch in euerie old mans eye,
 792 And where care lodgeth, sleep can neuer lie :
 793 But where vnbrused youth with vnstuffed braines
 1044 794 Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleepe remaines :
 795 Therefore thy earlines doth me assure,
 796 Thou art vprowl'd by some distemperature.
 797 Or if not so, then here I hit it right
 798 Our *Romeo* hath not bin a bed to night.
 1049 799 *Ro*: The last was true, the sweeter rest was mine.
 800 *Fr*: God pardon sin, wert thou with *Rosaline* ?
 801 *Ro* : With *Rosaline* my Ghostly father no,
 802 I haue forgot that name, and that names woe. (then ?
 803 *Fri*: Thats my good sonne: but where hast thou bin
 804 *Ro*: I tell thee ere thou aske it me againe,
 805 I haue bin feasting with mine enemy :
 1056 806 Where on the sodaine one hath wounded mee
 807 Thats by me wounded, both our remedies
 808 With in thy help and holy phisicke lies.
 809 I beare no hatred blessed man : for loe
 810 My intercession likewise steades my foe.
 811 *Frier*: Be plaine my sonne and homely in thy drift,
 812 Ridling confession findes but ridling shrift.
 1063 813 *Rom*: Then plainely know my harts deare loue is set
 814 On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
 815 As mine on hers, so hers likewise on mine,
 816 And all combine, faue what thou must combine
 817 By holy marriage : where, and when, and how,
 818 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vowes,
 819 Il'e tell thee as I passe : But this I pray,
 820 That thou consent to marrie vs to day.
 1071 821 *Fri*: Holy *S. Francis*, what a change is here ?
 822 Is *Rosaline* whome thou didst loue so deare
 823 So soone forlooke, lo yong mens loue then lies
 824 Not truelie in their harts, but in their eyes.
 825 *Iesu Maria*, what a deale of brine

So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed ;	1040
Care keeps his watch in euery old mans eye,	1041
And where Care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye :	1042
But where vnbrused youth with vnstufte braine	1043
Doth couch his lims, there, golden sleepe doth raigne ;	1044
Therefore thy earlineffe doth me assure,	1045
Thou art vprousd with some distemperature ;	1046
Or if not so, then here I hit it right.	1047
Our <i>Romeo</i> hath not beene in bed to night.	1048
<i>Rom</i> That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.	1049
<i>Fri.</i> God pardon sin:waist thou with <i>Rosaline</i> ?	1050
<i>Rom.</i> With <i>Rosaline</i> , my ghostly Father? No,	1051
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.	1052
<i>Fri.</i> That's my good Son, but wher hast thou bin then?	1053
<i>Rom.</i> Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen :	1054
I haue beene feasting with mine enemie,	1055
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,	1056
That's by me wounded : both our remedies	1057
Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies :	1058
I beare no hatred, blessed man:for loe	1059
My intercession likewise steads my foe.	1060
<i>Fri.</i> Be plaine good Son, rest homely in thy drift,	1061
Ridling confession, findes but ridling shrift.	1062
<i>Rom.</i> Then plainly know my hearts deare Loue is set,	1063
On the faire daughter of rich <i>Capulet</i> :	1064
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;	1065
And all combin'd, faue what thou must combine	1066
By holy marriage : when and where, and how,	1067
We met, we wooed and, made exchange of vow :	
Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,	1069
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.	1070
<i>Fri.</i> Holy S. <i>Francis</i> , what a change is heere ?	1071
Is <i>Rosaline</i> that thou didst Loue so deare	1072
So soone forsaken? young mens Loue then lies	1073
Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.	1074
Iesu <i>Maria</i> , what a deale of brine	1075

- 826 Hath washt thy fallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?
 827 How much salt water cast away in waste,
 828 To season loue, that of loue doth not taste.
 829 The sunne not yet thy sighes from heauen cleares,
 830 Thy old grones ring yet in my ancient eares,
 1081 831 And loe vpon thy cheek the staine doth sit,
 832 Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.
 833 If euer thou wert thus, and these woes thine,
 834 Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*,
 835 And art thou changde, pronounce this sentence then
 836 Women may fal, when ther's no strength in men.
 1087 837 *Rom* : Thou chidst me oft for louing *Rosaline*.
 838 *Fr* : For doating, not for louing, pupill mine.
 839 *Rom* : And badst me burie loue.
 840 *Fr* : Not in a graue,
 841 To lay one in another out to haue.
 842 *Rom* : I pree thee chide not, she whom I loue now
 843 Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow :
 844 The other did not so.
 1095 845 *Fr* : Oh she knew well
 846 Thy loue did read by rote, and could not spell.
 847 But come yong Wauerer, come goe with mec,
 848 In one respect Ile thy afsistant bee :
 847 For this alliaunce may so happie proue,
 850 To turne your Housholds ranqour to pure loue. *Exeunt.*

851 *Enter Mercutio, Benuolio.*

- 1105 852 *Mer* : Why whats become of *Romeo*? came he not
 853 home to night?
 854 *Ben* : Not to his Fathers, I spake with his man.
 855 *Mer* : Ah that same pale hard hearted wench, that *Ro-*
 856 Torments him so, that he will fure run mad. (*aline*)

Hath washt thy fallow cheekes for <i>Rosaline</i> ?	1076
How much salt water throwne away in wast,	1077
To season Loue that of it doth not tast.	1078
The Sun not yet thy sighes, from heauen cleares,	1079
Thy old grones yet ringing in my auncient eares :	1080
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,	1081
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.	1082
If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,	1083
Thou and these woes, were all for <i>Rosaline</i> .	1084
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,	1085
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.	1086
<i>Rom.</i> Thou chid'st me oft for louing <i>Rosaline</i> .	1087
<i>Fri.</i> For doting, not for louing pupill mine.	1088
<i>Rom.</i> And bad'st me bury Loue.	1089
<i>Fri.</i> Not in a graue,	1090
To lay one in, another out to haue.	1091
<i>Rom.</i> I pray thee chide me not, her I Loue now	1092
Doth grace for grace, and Loue for Loue allow :	1093
The other did not so.	1094
<i>Fri.</i> O she knew well,	1095
Thy Loue did read by rote, that could not spell :	1096
But come young wauerer, come goe with me,	1097
In one respect, Ile thy assistant be :	1098
For this alliance may so happy proue,	1099
To turne your household rancor to pure Loue.	1100
<i>Rom.</i> O let vs hence, I stand on sudden haft.	1101
<i>Fri.</i> Wifely and slow, they stumble that run fast.	1102
<i>Exeunt</i>	1103

Enter Benuolio and Mercutio. 1104

<i>Mer.</i> Where the deu le should this <i>Romeo</i> be? came he	1105
not home to night?	1106
<i>Ben.</i> Not to his Fathers, I spoke with his man.	1107
<i>Mer.</i> Why that same pale hard-hearted wench, that <i>Rosaline</i>	1108
torments him so, that he will fure run mad.	1109

- 857 *Mer: Tybalt* the Kinfman of olde *Capolet*
 1111 858 Hath sent a Letter to his Fathers Houfe :
 859 Some Challenge on my life.
 860 *Ben: Romeo* will anfwere it.
 861 *Mer:* I, anie man that can write may answere a letter.
 862 *Ben:* Nay, he will anfwere the letters master if hee bee
 863 challenged.
 1117 864 *Mer:* Who, *Romeo*? why he is already dead: flabd
 865 with a white wenches blacke eye, shot thorough the eare
 866 with a loue fong, the verie pinne of his heart cleft with the
 867 blinde bow-boys but-shaft. And is he a man to encounter
 868 *Tybalt*?
 869 *Ben:* Why what is *Tybalt*?
 1123 870 *Mer:* More than the prince of cattles I can tell you. Oh
 871 he is the couragious captaine of complements. Catfo; he
 872 fightes as you sing pricke-fong, keepes time dystance and
 873 proportion, rests me his minum rest one two and the thirde
 874 in your bosome, the very butcher of a filken button, a Duel-
 875 list a Duellist, a gentleman of the very first house of the first
 876 and second caufe, ah the immortall Passado, the Punto re-
 877 uerfo, the Hay.
 878 *Ben:* The what?
 1131 879 *Me:* The Poxe of such limping antique affecting fan-
 880 tasticoes these new tuners of accents. By Iesu a very good
 881 blade, a very tall man, a very good whoore. Why graund-
 882 fir is not this a miserable case that we should be still afflicted
 883 with these strange flies: these fashionmongers, these par-
 884 donmees, that stand so much on the new forme, that they
 885 cannot sitte at ease on the old bench. Oh their bones, theyr
 886 bones.
 1140 887 *Ben.* Heere comes *Romeo*.
 888 *Mer:* Without his Roe, like a dried Hering. O flesh flesh
 889 how art thou fishified. Sirra now is he for the numbers that
 890 Petrarch flowdin: *Laura* to his Lady was but a kitchin
 891 drudg, yet she had a better loue to berime her: *Dido* a dow-

Ben. *Tibalt*, the kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a Letter to his Fathers house. 1110

Mer. A challenge on my life. 1111

Ben. *Romeo* will answere it. 1113

Mer. Any man that can write, may answere a Letter. 1114

Ben. Nay, he will answere the Letters Maister how he dares, being dared. 1116

Mer. Alas poore *Romeo*, he is already dead stab'd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a Loue fong, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blind Bowe-boyes but-shaft, and is he a man to encounter *Tybalt*? 1117
1118
1119
1120
1121

Ben. Why what is *Tibalt*? 1122

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hee's the Courageous Captaine of Complements: he fights as you sing prickfong, keeps time, distance, and proportion, he refts his minum, one, two, and the third in your bofom: the very butcher of a filk burton, a Dualift, a Dualift: a Gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause: ah the immortall Passado, the Punto reuerfo, the Hay. 1123
1124
1125
1126
1127
1128
1129

Ben. The what? 1130

Mer. The Pox of such antique lifping affecting phantacies, these new tuners of accent: Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing Grandfire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies: these fashion Mongers, these pardon-mee's, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones. 1131
1132
1133
1134
1135
1136
1137
1138

Enter Romeo. 1139

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*. 1140

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flow'd in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchen wench, marrie she had a better Loue to be rime her: *Dido* 1141
1142
1143
1144

892 dy Cleopatra a Gypsie, *Hero* and *Hellen* hildings and harle-
 893 tries: *Thisbie* a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior
 1147 894 *Romeo* bon iour there is a French curtesie to your French
 895 flop: yee gaue vs the counterfeit fairely yesternight.

896 *Rom*: What counterfeit I pray you?

897 *Me*: The flip the flip, can you not conceiue?

898 *Rom*: I cry you mercy my busines was great, and in such
 899 a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

900 *Mer*: Oh thats as much to say as such a case as yours wil
 901 constraine a man to bow in the hams.

1159 902 *Rom*: A most courteous exposition.

903 *Me*: Why I am the very pinke of curtesie.

904 *Rom*: Pinke for flower?

905 *Mer*: Right.

906 *Rom*: Then is my Pumpe well flour'd:

907 *Mer*: Well said, follow me nowethat iest till thou haft
 908 worne out thy Pumpe, that when the fingle sole of it is worn
 909 the iest may remaine after the wearing folie finguler.

1168 910 *Rom*: O fingle soald iest folie finguler for the singlenes.

911 *Me*. Come between vs good *Benuolio*, for my wits faile.

912 *Rom*: Swits and spurres, fwits & spurres, or Ile cry a match.

913 *Mer*: Nay if thy wits runne the wildgoofe chase, I haue
 914 done: for I am sure thou haft more of the goofe in one of
 915 thy wits, than I haue in al my five: Was I with you there for
 916 the goofe?

1177 917 *Rom*: Thou wert neuer with me for any thing, when
 918 thou wert not with me for the goofe.

919 *Me*: Ile bite thee by the eare for that iest.

920 *Rom*: Nay good goofe bite not.

a dowdie, *Cleopatra* a Gipsie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildinfgs 1145
 and Harlots: *Thisbie* a grayeie orfo, but not to the purpose. 1146
Signior Romeo, *Bon iour*, there's a French salutation to your 1147
 French flop: you gaue vs the the counterfait fairely laft 1148
 night. 1149

Romeo. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit 1150
 did I giue you? 1151

Mer. The flip fir, the flip, can you not conceiue? 1152

Rom. Pardon *Mercutio*, my businesse was great, and in 1153
 fuch a cafe as mine, a man may ftraine curtesie. 1154

Mer. That's as much as to fay, fuch a cafe as yours con- 1155
 ftrains a man to bow in the hams. 1156

Rom. Meaning to curfie. 1157

Mer. Thou haft moft kindly hit it. 1158

Rom. A moft curteous exposition. 1159

Mer. Nay, I am the very pinck of curtesie. 1160

Rom. Pinke for flower. 1161

Mer. Right. 1162

Rom. Why then is my Pump well flowr'd. 1163

Mer. Sure wit, follow me this ieaft, now till thou haft 1164
 worne out thy Pump, that when the fingle fole of it is 1165
 worne, the ieaft may remaine after the wearing, fole- 1166
 fingular. 1167

Rom. O fingle fol'd ieaft, 1168
 Soly fingular for the fingleneffe. 1169

Mer. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints. 1170

Rom. Swits and fpurs, 1171
 Swits and fpurs, or Ile crie a match. 1172

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the Wild-Goofe chafe, I am 1173
 done: For thou haft more of the Wild-Goofe in one of 1174
 thy wits, then I am fure I haue in my whole fide. Was I 1175
 with you there for the Goofe? 1176

Rom. Thou waft neuer with mee for any thing, when 1177
 thou waft not there for the Goofe. 1178

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that ieft. 1179

Rom. Nay, good Goofe bite not. 1180

1181 921 *Mer:* Why thy wit is a bitter sweeting, a most sharp sauce

922 *Rom:* And was it not well seru'd in to a sweet goose?

923 *Mer:* Oh heere is a witte of Cheuerell that stretcheth
924 from an ynch narrow to an ell broad.

925 *Rom:* I stretcht it out for the word broad, which added to
926 the goose, proues thee faire and wide a broad goose.

1188 927 *Mer:* Why is not this better now than groning for loue?
928 why now art thou sociable, now art thou thy selfe, nowe art
929 thou what thou art, as wel by arte as nature. This driueling
930 loue is like a great naturall, that runs vp and downe to hide
931 his bable in a hole.

1193 932 *Ben:* Stop there.

933 *Mer:* Why thou wouldst haue me stopp my tale against
934 the haire.

935 *Ben:* Thou wouldst haue made thy tale too long?

936 *Mer:* Tut man thou art deceiued, I meant to make it
937 short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale? and
938 meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

1200 939 *Rom:* Heers goodly geare.

940 *Enter Nurse and her man.*

941 *Mer:* A faile, a faile, a faile.

942 *Ben:* Two, two, a shirt and a smocke.

1205 943 *Nur:* *Peter*, pree thee giue me my fan.

944 *Mer:* Pree thee doo good *Peter*, to hide her face: for
945 her fanne is the fairer of the two.

946 *Nur:* God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

947 *Mer:* God ye good den faire Gentlewoman.

948 *Nur:* Is it godye gooden I pray you.

949 *Mer:* Tis uo leffe I assure you, for the baudie hand of
1212 950 the diall is euen now vpon the pricke of noone.

Mer. Thy wit is a very Bitter-fweeting, 1181
It is a most sharpe fawce. 1182

Rom. And is it not well seru'd into a Sweet-Goofe? 1183

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheuerell, that stretches from 1184
an ynnh narrow, to an ell broad. 1185

Rom. I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added 1186
to the Goofe, proues thee farre and wide, abroad Goofe. 1187

Mer. Why is not this better now, then groning for 1188
Loue, now art thou sociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art 1189
thou what thou art, by Art as well as by Nature, for this 1190
driueling Loue is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling 1191
vp and downe to hid his bable in a hole. 1192

Ben. Stop there, stop there. 1193

Mer. Thou desir'st me to stop in my tale against the 1194

Ben. Thou would'st else haue made thy tale large. (haire. 1195

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it short, 1196
or I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant 1197
indeed to occupie the argument no longer. 1198

Enter Nurse and her man. 1199

Rom. Here's goodly geare. 1200

A fayle, a fayle. 1201

Mer. Two, two: a Shirt and a Smocke. 1202

Nur. Peter? 1203

Peter. Anon. 1204

Nur. My Fan *Peter*? 1205

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face? 1206

For her Fans the fairer face? 1207

Nur. God ye good morrow Gentlemen. 1208

Mer. God ye gooden faire Gentlewoman. 1209

Nur. Is it gooden? 1210

Mer. 'Tis no lesse I tell you: for the bawdy hand of the 1211
Dyall is now vpon the pricke of Noone. 1212

- 951 *Nur*: Fie, what a man is this?
 952 *Rom*: A Gentleman Nurfe, that God hath made for
 953 himfelfe to marre.
 954 *Nur*: By my troth well faid: for himfelfe to marre
 955 quoth he? I pray you can anie of you tell where one maie
 956 finde yong *Romeo*?
 1219 957 *Rom*: I can: but yong *Romeo* will bee elder when you
 958 haue found him, than he was when you fought him. I am
 959 the yongest of that name for fault of a worfe.
 960 *Nur*: Well faid.
 961 *Mer*: Yea, is the worft well? mas well noted, wife-
 962 ly, wifely.
 963 *Nu*: If you be he fir, I defire fome conference with ye.

 1227 964 *Ben*: O, belike ſhe means to inuite him to fupper.
 965 *Mer*: So ho. A baud, a baud, a baud.
 966 *Rom*: Why what haft found man?
 967 *Mer*: No hare fir, vnleffe it be a hare in a lenten pye,
 968 that is fomewhat ſtale and hoare ere it be eaten.
 969 *He walks by them, and ſings.*
 970 And an olde hare hore, and an olde hare hore
 971 is verie good meate in Lent:
 972 But a hare thats hoare is too much for a ſcore,
 973 if it hore ere it be ſpent.
 1236 974 Youl come to your fathers to fupper?

 975 *Rom*: I will.
 976 *Mer*: Farewell ancient Ladie, farewell ſweete Ladie.

 977 *Exeunt Benuolio, Mercutio.*
 978 *Nur*: Marry farewell. Pray what faucie merchant was
 979 this that was ſo full of his roperipe?
 980 *Rom*. A gentleman Nurfe that loues to heare himfelfe
 981 talke, and will ſpeake more in an houre than hee will ſtand
 1246 982 to in a month.
 1247 983 *Nur*: If hee ſtand to anie thing againſt mee, Ile take

- Nur.* Out vpon you: what a man are you ? 1213
- Rom.* One Gentlewoman, 1214
- That God hath made, himselfe to mar. 1215
- Nur.* By my troth it is said, for himselfe to, mar qua- 1216
- th a Gentlemen: can any of you tel me where I may find 1217
- the young *Romeo* ? 1218
- Rom.* I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older 1219
- when you haue found him, then he was when you fought 1220
- him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worfe. 1221
- Nur.* You say well. 1222
- Mer.* Yea is the worst well, 1223
- Very well tooke: I faith, wifely, wifely. 1224
- Nur.* If you be he fir, 1225
- I desire some confidence with you ? 1226
- Ben.* She will endite him to some Supper. 1227
- Mer.* A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho. 1228
- Rom.* What hast thou found ? 1229
- Mer.* No Hare fir, vnlesse a Hare fir in a Lenten pie, 1230
- that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent. 1231
- An old Hare hoare, and an old Hare hoare is very good 1232
- meat in Lent. 1233
- But a Hare that is hoare is too much for a score, when it 1234
- hoares ere it be spent, 1235
- Romeo* will you come to your Fathers? Weele to dinner 1236
- thither. 1237
- Rom.* I will follow you. 1238
- Mer.* Farewell auncient Lady: 1239
- Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady. 1240
- Exit. Mercutio, Benuolio.* 1241
- Nur.* I pray you fir, what sawcie Merchant was this 1242
- that was so full of his roperie ? 1243
- Rom.* A Gentleman Nurse, that loues to heare himselfe 1244
- talke, and will speake more in a minute, then he will stand 1245
- to in a Moneth. 1246
- Nur.* And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him 1247

984 him downe if he were luftier than he is: if I cannot take him
 985 downe, Ile finde them that fhall: I am none of his flurt-
 986 gills, I am none of his skaines mates.

987 *She turnes to Peter her man.*

988 And thou like a knaue muft stand by, and fee euerie Iacke
 989 vfe me at his pleafure.

990 *Pet*: I fee no bodie vfe you at his pleafure, if I had, I
 991 would foone haue drawen: you know my toole is as foone
 992 out as anothers if I fee time and place.

1257 993 *Nur*: Now afore God he hath fo vext me, that cuerie
 994 member about me quiuers: fcuruie Iacke: But as I faid, my
 995 Ladie bad me feeke ye out, and what fhee bad me tell yee,
 996 that Ile keepe to my felfe: but if you fhould lead her into a
 997 fooles paradice as they faye, it were a verie groffe kinde of
 998 behauiour as they fay, for the Gentlewom an is yong. Now
 999 if you fhould deale doubly with her, it were verie weake
 1000 dealing, and not to be offered to anie Gentlewoman.

1266 1001 *Rom*: Nurfe, commend me to thy Ladie, tell her I pro-
 1002 teft.

1003 *Nur*: Good heart: yfaith Ile tell her fo: oh fhe will be
 1004 a ioyfull woman.

1005 *Rom*: Why, what wilt thou tell her?

1006 *Nur*: That you doo proteft: which (as I take it) is a
 1007 Gentlemanlike proffer.

1008 *Rom*: Bid her get leaue to morrow morning

1275 1009 To come to fhrift to Frier *Laurence* cell:

1280 1010 And ftay thou Nurfe behinde the Abbey wall,
 1011 My man fhall come to thee, and bring along
 1012 The cordes, made like a tackled ftaire,

downe,& a were luftier then he is, and twentie fuch Iacks: 1248
 and if I cannot, Ile finde thofe that fhall : fcuruie knaue, I 1249
 am none of his flurt-gils, I am none of his skaines mates, 1250

and thou muft ftand by too and fuffer euery knaue to vfe 1251
 me at his pleafure. 1252

Pet. I faw no man vfe you at his pleafure : if I had, my 1253
 weapon fhould quickly haue beene out, I warrant you, I 1254
 dare draw affoone as another man, if I fee occafion in a 1255
 good quarrell, and the law on my fide. 1256

Nur. Now afore God, I am fo vext, that euery part about 1257
 me quiuers, skuruy knaue : pray you fir a word : and as I 1258
 told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what 1259
 ſhe bid me fay, I will keepe to my felfe : but firft let me 1260
 tell ye, if ye ſhould leade her in a fooles paradife, as they 1261
 fay, it were a very groffe kind of behauiour, as they fay : 1262
 for the Gentlewoman is yong : & therefore, if you ſhould 1263
 deale double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be of. 1264
 fered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing. 1265

Nur. Nurfe commend me to thy Lady and Miftrefſe, I 1266
 proteft vnto thee. 1267

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much : 1268
 Lord, Lord ſhe will be a ioyfull woman. 1269

Rom. What wilt thou tell her Nurfe ? thou doeſt not 1270
 marke me ? 1271

Nur. I will tell her fir, that you do proteft, which as I 1272
 take it, is a Gentleman-like offer. (afternoone, 1273

Rom. Bid her deuife ſome meanes to come to ſhrift this 1274
 And there ſhe ſhall at Frier *Lawrence* Cell 1275
 Befhriu'd and married : here is for thy paines. 1276

Nur. No truly fir not a penny. 1277

Rom. Go too, I fay you ſhall. 1278

Nur. This afternoone fir ? well ſhe ſhall be there. 1279

Ro. And ſtay thou good Nurfe behind the Abbey wall, 1280
 Within this houre my man ſhall be with thee, 1281
 And bring thee Cords made like a tackled ſtaire, 1282

- 1283 1013 Which to the hightop-gallant of my ioy
 1014 Must be my conduct in the secret night.
 1015 Hold, take that for thy paines.
 1016 *Nur* : No, not a penie truly.
 1017 *Rom* : I say you shall not chuse.
 1018 *Nur* : Well, to morrow morning she shall not faile.
 1019 *Rom* : Farewell, be trustie, and Ile quite thy paine. *Exit*

1308 1020 *Nur* : *Peter*, take my fanne, and goe before. *Ex. omnes.*

1021 *Enter Iuliet.*

- 1310 1022 *Ful* : The clocke stroke nine when I did fend my Nurffe
 1023 In halfe an houre she promist to returne.
 1024 Perhaps she cannot finde him. Thats not so.

Which to the high top gallant of my ioy, 1283
 Must be my conuoy in the secreet night. 1284

Farewell, be truſtie and Ile quite thy paines : 1285

Farewell, commend me to thy Miſtreſſe. 1286

Nur. Now God in heauen bleſſe thee:harke you fir, 1287

Rom. What ſaiſt thou my deare Nurſe? 1288

Nurſe. Is your man ſecret, did you nere heare ſay two 1289
 may keepe counſell putting one away. 1290

Ro. Warrant thee my man as true as ſteele. 1291

Nur. Well fir, my Miſtreſſe is the ſweeteſt Lady, Lord, 1292
 Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a No- 1293

ble man in Towne one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife a- 1294
 board : but ſhe good ſoule had as leeu a fee Toade, a very 1295

Toade as fee him : I anger her ſometimes, and tell her that 1296
Paris is the properer man, but Ile warrant you, when I ſay 1297

ſo, ſhee lookes as pale as any clout in the verfall world. 1298

Doth not Roſemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a letter? 1299

Rom. I Nurſe, what of that? Both with an *R* 1300

Nur. A mocker that's the dog ſname. *R.* is for the no, 1301
 I know it begins with ſome other letter, and ſhe hath the 1302

prettieſt ſententious of it, of you and Roſemary, that it 1303
 would do you good to heare it. 1304

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady. 1305

Nur. I a thouſand times. *Peter?* 1306

Pet. Anon. 1307

Nur. Before and apace. *Exit Nurſe and Peter.* 1308

Enter Iuliet. 1309

Iul. The clocke ſtrook nine, when I did ſend the Nurſe, 1310
 In halfe an houre ſhe promiſed to returne, 1311

Perchance ſhe cannot meete him:that's not ſo : 1312

1025 Oh she is lazie, Loues heralds should be thoughts,

1026 And runne more fwift, than haftie powder fierd,
1027 Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth.

1327 1028

Enter Nurſe.

1029 Oh now ſhe comes. Tell me gentle Nurſe,
1030 What ſayes my Loue ?

1336 1031 *Nur* : Oh I am wearie, let mee reſt a while. Lord how
1032 my bones ake. Oh wheres my man ? Giue me ſome aqua
1033 vitæ.
1034 *Iul* : I would thou hadſt my bones, and I thy newes.

1035 *Nur* : Fie, what a iaunt haue I had : and my backe a to-
1036 ther ſide. Lord, Lord, what a caſe am I in.

Oh she is lame, Loues Herauld should be thoughts, 1313
 Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beames, 1314
 Driuing backe shadowes ouer lowring hils. 1315
 Therefore do nimble Pinion'd Doues draw Loue, 1316
 And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings : 1317
 Now is the Sun vpon the highmost hill 1318
 Of this daies iourney, and from nine till twelue, 1319
 I three long houres, yet she is not come. 1320
 Had she affections and warme youthfull blood, 1321
 She would be as swift in motion as a ball, 1322
 My words would bandy her to my sweete Loue, 1323
 And his to me, but old folkes, 1324
 Many faine as they were dead, 1325
 Vnwieldie, slow, heauy, and pale as lead. 1326

Enter Nurse. 1327

O God she comes, O hony Nurse what newes ? 1328
 Hast thou met with him? send thy man away. 1329

Nur. *Peter* stay at the gate. 1330

Iul. Now good sweet Nurse : 1331

O Lord, why lookest thou sad ? 1332

Though newes, be sad, yet tell them merrily. 1333

If good thou sham'st the musicke of sweet newes, 1334

By playing it to me, with so fower a face. 1335

Nur. I am a weary, giue me leaue awhile, 1336

Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunt haue I had ? 1337

Iul. I would thou had'st my bones, and I thy newes : 1338

Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurse speake. 1339

Nur. Iesu what hast? can you not stay a while ? 1340

Do you not see that I am out of breath ? 1341

Iul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breth 1342

To say to me, that thou art out of breath ? 1343

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay, 1344

Is longer then the tale thou dost excuse. 1345

Is thy newes good or bad? answer to that, 1346

Say either, and Ile stay the circumstance : 1347

Let me be satisfied, is good or bad ? 1348

1364 1037 *Ful*: But tell me fweet Nurfe, what fayes *Romeo*?

1038 *Nur*: *Romeo*, nay, alas you cannot chufe a man. Hees
1039 no bodie, he is not the Flower of curtefie, he is not a proper
1040 man: and for a hand, and a foote, and a baudie, wel go thy
1041 way wench, thou haft it ifaith. Lord, Lord, how my head
1042 beates?

1043 *Iul*: What of all this? tell me what fayes he to our ma-
1044 riage?

1365 1045 *Nur*: Marry he fayes like an honeft Gentleman, and a
1367 1046 kinde, and I warrant a vertuous; wheres your Mother?

1047 *Iul*: Lord, Lord how odly thou replieft? He faies like a
1048 kinde Gentleman, and an honeft, and a vertuous; wheres
1372 1049 mother?

1050 *Nur*: Marry come vp, cannot you ftay a while? is this

1051 the poulteffe for mine aking boanes? next arrant youl haue
1376 1052 done, euen doot your felfe.

1053 *Iul*: Nay ftay fweet Nurfe, I doo intreate thee now,
1054 What fayes my Loue, my Lord, my *Romeo*?

Nur. Well, you haue made a fimple choice, you know 1349
 not how to chufe a man : *Romeo*, no not he though his face 1350
 be better then any mans, yet his legs excels all mens, and 1351
 for a hand, and a foote, and a body, though they be not to 1352
 be talkt on, yet they are pafte compare : he is not the flower 1353
 of curtefie, but Ile warrant him as gentle a Lambe : go thy 1354
 waies wench, ferue God, What haue you din'd at home ? 1355

Iul. No no:but all this this did I know before 1356
 What faies he of our marriage?what of that ? 1357

Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I ? 1358
 It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces. 1359
 My backe a tother fide : o my backe, my backe : 1360
 Befhrew your heart for fending me about 1361
 To catch my death with iaunting vp and downe. 1362

Iul. Ifaith:I am forrie that that thou art fo well. 1363
 Sweet fweet, fweet Nurfe, tell me what faies my Loue ? 1364

Nur. Your Loue faies like an honeft Gentleman, 1365
 And a courteous, and a kind, and a handfome, 1366
 And I warrant a vertuous:where is your Mother ? 1367

Iul. Where is my Mother ? 1368
 Why fhe is within, where fhould fhe be ? 1369
 How odly thou repli'ft : 1370
 Your Loue faies like an honeft Gentleman : 1371
 Where is your Mother ? 1372

Nur. O Gods Lady deare, 1373
 Are you fo hot?marrie come vp I trow, 1374
 Is this the Poultis for my aking bones ? 1375
 Henceforward do your meffages your felfe . 1376

Iul. Heere's fuch a coile, come what faies *Romeo* ? 1377

1380 1055 *Nur* : Goe, hye you straight to Friar *Laurence* Cell,
 1056 And frame a scufe that you must goe to shrift :
 1057 There stayes a Bridegroome to make you a Bride.
 1058 Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,

1385 1059 I must prouide a ladder made of cordes,
 1060 With which your Lord must clime a birdes nest soone.
 1061 I must take paines to further your delight,
 1388 1062 But you must beare the burden soone at night.
 1063 Doth this newes please you now ?
 1064 *Iul* : How doth her latter words reuiue my hart.
 1065 Thankes gentle Nurse, dispatch thy busines,
 1066 And Ile not faile to meete my *Romeo*. *Exeunt.*

1391 1067 *Enter Romeo, Frier.*

1394 1068 *Rom* : Now Father *Laurence*, in thy holy grant
 1069 Confits the good of me and *Iuliet*.

1070 *Fr* : Without more words I will doo all I may,
 1071 To make you happie if in me it lye.
 1072 *Rom* : This morning here she pointed we should meet,
 1073 And consumate those neuer parting bands,
 1074 Witnes of our harts loue by ioyning hands,
 1075 And come she will.
 1076 *Fr* : I gesse she will indeed,
 1400 1077 Youths loue is quicke, swifter than swiftest speed.

Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to shrift to day ? 1378

Iul. I haue. 1379

Nur. Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell, 1380

There staies a Husband to make you a wife : 1381

Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes, 1382

Thei'le be in Scarlet straight at any newes : 1383

Hie you to Church, I muſt an other way, 1384

To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue 1385

Muſt climde a birds neſt Soone when it is darke : 1386

I am the drudge, and toile in your delight : 1387

But you ſhall beare the burthen foone at night. 1388

Go Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell. 1389

Iuli. Hie to high Fortune, honeſt Nurſe, farewell. *Exeunt.* 1390

Enter Frier and Romeo. 1391

Fri. So ſmile the heauens vpon this holy aſt, 1392

That after houres, with ſorrow chide vs not. 1393

Rom. Amen, amen, but come what ſorrow can, 1394

It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy 1395

That one ſhort minute giues me in her ſight : 1396

Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words, 1397

Then Loue-deuouring death do what he dare, 1398

It is enough. I may but call her mine. 1399

Fri. Theſe violent dclights haue violent endes, 1400

And in their triumph: die like fire and powder ; 1401

Which as they kiſſe conſume. The ſweeteſt honey 1402

1078 *Enter Iuliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.*

1408 1079 See where she comes.

1080 So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower :

1081 Of loue and ioy, see see the foueraigne power.

1082 *Iul: Romeo.*

1083 *Rom.* My *Iuliot* welcome. As doo waking eyes

1084 (Cloasd in Nights myfts) attend the frolicke Day,

1085 So *Romeo* hath expected *Iuliet*,

1086 And thou art come.

1087 *Ful:* I am (if I be Day)

1088 Come to my Sunne : shine forth, and make me faire.

1089 *Rom:* All beauteous fairnes dwelleth in thine eyes.

1090 *Iul:* *Romeo* from thine all brightnes doth arise.

1091 *Fr:* Come wantons, come, the stealing houres do passe

1092 Defer imbracements till some fitter time,

Is loathfome in his owne delicioufneffe, 1403
 And in the tafte confoundes the appetite. 1404
 Therefore Loue moderately, long Loue doth fo, 1405
 Too fwift arriues as tardie as too flow. 1406

Enter Iuliet. 1407

Here comes the Lady. Oh fo light a foot 1408
 Will nere weare out the euerlafting flint, 1409
 A Louer may befride the Goffamours, 1410
 That ydles in the wanton Summer ayre, 1411
 And yet not fall, fo light is vanitie. 1412

Iul. Good euen to my ghostly Confeffor. 1413

Fri. *Romeo* fhall thanke thee Daughter for vs both. 1414

Iul. As much to him, elfe in his thanks too much. 1415

Fri. Ah *Iuliet*, if the meafure of thy ioy 1416

Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more 1417

To blaſon it, then ſweeten with thy breath 1418

This neighbour ayre, and let rich muſickes tongue, 1419

Vnfold the imagin'd happineſſe that both 1420

Receiue in either, by this deere encounter. 1421

Iul. Conceit more rich in matter then in words, 1422

Bragſ of his ſubſtance, not of Ornament : 1423

They are but beggers that can count their worth, 1424

But my true Loue is growne to ſuch ſuch exceſſe, 1425

I cannot ſum vp ſome of halfe my wealth. 1426

Fri. Come, come with me, & we will make ſhort worke, 1427

- 1093 Part for a while, you shall not be alone,
 1429 1094 Till holy Church haue ioyned ye both in one.
 1095 *Rom* : Lead holy Father, all delay seemes long.
 1096 *Iul* : Make haft, make haft, this lingring doth vs wrong.
 1097 *Fr* : O, soft and faire makes sweetest worke they say.
 1098 Haft is a common hindrer in crosse way. *Exeunt omnes.*

1099 *Enter Benuolio, Mercutio.*

- 1431 1100 *Ben* : I pree thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
 1101 The day is hot, the *Capels* are abroad.

- 1102 *Mer* : Thou art like one of those, that when hee comes
 1103 into the confines of a tauerne, claps me his rapier on the
 1104 boord, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by
 1105 the operation of the next cup of wine, he drawes it on the
 1106 drawer, when indeed there is no need.
 1440 1107 *Ben* : Am I like such a one ?
 1441 1108 *Mer* : Go too, thou art as hot a Iacke being mooude,
 1109 and as soone mooude to be moodie, and as soone moodie to
 1110 be mooud.
 1111 *Ben* : And what too ?
 1445 1112 *Mer* : Nay, and there were two such, wee should haue
 1113 none shortly. Didst not thou fall out with a man for crack-
 1114 ing of nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hadst
 1115 hawell eyes ? what eye but such an eye would haue pickt out
 1116 such a quarrell ? With another for coughing, because hee

- 1455 1117 wakd thy dogge that laye a sleepe in the Sunne ? With a
 1118 Taylor for wearing his new dublet before Easter : and
 1119 with another for tying his new shoes with olde ribands.

For by your leaues, you fhall not ftay alone, 1428
 Till holy Church incorporate two in one. 1429

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, and men. 1430

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire, 1431
 The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad : 1432
 And if we meet, we fhall not fcape a brawle, for now thefe 1433
 hot dayes, is the mad blood ftirring. 1434

Mer. Thou art like one of thefe fellowes, that when he 1435
 enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his Sword vpon 1436
 the Table, and fayer, God fend me no need of thee: and by 1437
 the operation of the fecond cup, drawes him on the Draw- 1438
 er, when indeed there is no need. 1439

Ben. Am I like fuch a Fellow ? 1440

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy mood, 1441
 as any in *Italie*: and affoone moued to be moodie, and af- 1442
 foone moodie to be mou'd. 1443

Ben. And what too ? 1444

Mer. Nay, and there were two fuch, we fhould haue 1445
 none fhortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou 1446
 wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire 1447
 leffe in his beard, then thou haft: thou wilt quarrell with a 1448
 man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reafon, but be- 1449
 caufe thou haft hafell eyes: what eye, but fuch an eye, 1450
 would fpie out fuch a quarrell? thy head is as full of quar- 1451
 rels, as an egge is full of meat, and yet thy head hath bin 1452
 beaten as addle as an egge for quarreling: thou haft quar- 1453
 rel'd with a man for coffing in the ftreet, becaufe he hath 1454
 wakened thy Dog that hath laine afleepe in the Sun. Did'ft 1455
 thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doub- 1456
 let before Eaft? with another, for tying his new fhooes 1457

1120 And yet thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.

1121 *Ben:* By my head heere comes a *Capolet*.

1122 *Enter Tybalt.*

1466 1123 *Mer:* By my heele I care not.

1124 *Tyb:* Gentlemen a word with one of you.

1125 *Mer:* But one word with one of vs? You had best couple
1126 it with fomewhat, and make it a word and a blow.

1127 *Tyb:* I am apt enough to that if I haue occasion.

1473 1128 *Mer:* Could you not take occasion?

1129 *Tyb:* *Mercutio* thou conforst with *Romeo*?

1476 1130 *Me:* Confort *Zwounes* confort? the slaue wil make fid-
1131 lers of vs. If you doe firra, look for nothing but discord: For
1132 heeres my fiddle sticke.

1133 *Enter Romeo.*

1487 1134 *Tyb:* Well peace be with you, heere comes my man.

1135 *Mer:* But Ile be hanged if he weare your lyuery: Mary
1136 go before into the field, and he may be your follower, so in
1137 that fence your worship may call him man.

with old Riband, and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quar- 1458
relling ? 1459

Ben. And I were so apt to quarell as thou art, any man 1460
should buy the Fee-simple of my life, for an houre and a 1461
quarter. 1462

Mer. The Fee-simple ? O simple. 1463

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others. 1464

Ben. By my head here comes the *Capulets*. 1465

Mer. By my heele I care not. 1466

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speake to them. 1467
Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you. 1468

Mer. And but one word with one of vs ? couple it with 1469
something, make it a word and a blow. 1470

Tib. You shall find me apt inough to that fir, and you 1471
will giue me occasion. 1472

Mercu. Could you not take some occasion without 1473
giuing ? 1474

Tib. *Mercutio* thou comfort'st with *Romeo*. 1475

Mer. Comfort ? what dost thou make vs Minstrels ? & 1476
thou make Minstrels of vs, looke to heare nothing but dif- 1477
cords : heere's my fiddlestick, heere's that shall make you 1478
daunce. Come comfort. 1479

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men : 1480
Either withdraw vnto some priuate place, 1481
Or reason coldly of your grieuances : 1482
Or else depart, here all eies gaze on vs. 1483

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze. 1484
I will not budge for no mans pleasure I. 1485

Enter Romeo. 1486

Tib. Well peace be with you fir, here comes my man. 1487

Mer. But Ile be hang'd fir if he weare your Liurey : 1488
Marry go before to field, heele be your follower, 1489
Your worship in that sense, may call him man. 1490

1138 *Tyb:* Romeo the hate I beare to thee can afford no bet-
 1139 ter words then these, thou art a villaine.

1493 1140 *Rom:* *Tybalt* the loue I beare to thee, doth excuse the
 1141 appertaining rage to such a word: villaine am I none, ther-
 1142 fore I well perceiue thou knowst me not.

1143 *Tyl:* Bace boy this cannot serue thy turne, and therefore
 1144 drawe :

1499 1145 *Ro:* I doe protest I neuer iniured thee, but loue thee bet-
 1146 ter than thou canst deuise, till thou shalt know the reason of
 1147 my loue.

1148 *Mer:* O dishonorable vile submission. *Alla stockado* caries
 1149 it away. You Ratcatcher, come backe, come backe.

1507 1150 *Tyb:* What wouldest with me?]

1151 *Mer:* Nothing King of Cates, but borrow one of your

1152 nine liues, therefore come drawe your rapier out of your
 1153 scabard, lest mine be about your eares ere you be a ware.

1520 1154 *Rom:* Stay *Tibalt*, hould *Mercutio* : *Benuolio* beate
 1155 downe their weapons.

1156 *Tibalt vnder Romeos arme thrusts Mer-*
 1157 *cutio, in and flies.*

1158 *Mer:* Is he gone, hath hee nothing ? A poxe on your
 1159 houses.

Tib. Romeo, the loue I beare thee, can affoord 1491
No better terme then this : Thou art a Villaine. 1492

Rom. Tibalt, the reason that I haue to loue thee, 1493
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage 1494
To such a greeting : Villaine am I none ; 1495
Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not. 1496

Tib. Boy, this shall not excuse the iniuries 1497
That thou hast done me, therefore turne and draw. 1498

Rom. I do protest I neuer iniur'd thee, 1499
But lou'd thee better then thou can'st deuise : 1500
Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue, 1501
And so good *Capulet*, which name I tender 1502
As dearly as my owne, be satisfied. 1503

Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submission : 1504
Alla stucatho carries it away. 1505

Tybalt, you Rat-catcher, will you walke ? 1506

Tib. What woulds thou haue with me ? 1507

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine 1508
liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall 1509
use me hereafter dry beate the rest of the eight. Will you 1510
pluck your Sword out of his Pilcher by the eares ? Make 1511
hast, leaft mine be about your eares ere it be out. 1512

Tib. I am for you. 1513

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp. 1514

Mer. Come fir, your Passado. 1515

Rom. Draw *Benuolio*, beat downe their weapons : 1516
Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage, 1517

Tibalt, Mercutio, the Prince expressely hath 1518

Forbidden bandying in *Verona* streetes. 1519

Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*. 1520

Exit Tybalt. 1521

Mer. I am hurt. 1522

A plague a both the Houses, I am sped : 1523

Is he gone and hath nothing ? 1524

1160 *Rom*: What art thou hurt man, the wound is not deepe.

1529 1161 *Mer*: Noe not fo deepe as a Well, not fo wide as a

1162 barne doore, but it will serue I warrant. What meant you to
1163 come betweene vs ? I was hurt vnder your arme.

1537 1164 *Rom*: I did all for the best.

1165 *Mer*: A poxe of your houfes, I am fairely drest. Sirra
1166 goe fetch me a Surgeon.

1167 *Boy*: I goe my Lord.

1168 *Mer*: I am pepperd for this world, I am fped yfaith, he
1540 1169 hath made wormes meate of me, & ye aske for me to mor-
1170 row you fhall finde me a graue-man. A poxe of your houfes,
1171 I fhall be fairely mounted vpon foure mens shoulders: For
1172 your houle of the *Mountegues* and the *Capolets*: and then
1173 fome peafantly rogue, fome Sexton, fome bafe flauie fhall
1174 write my Epitaph, that *Tybalt* came and broke the Princes
1175 Lawes, and *Mercutio* was flaine for the firft and fecond
1176 caufe. Wher's the Surgeon ?

1177 *Boy*: Hee's come fir.

1178 *Mer*: Now heele keepe a mumbling in my guts on the
1179 other fide, come *Benuolio*, lend me thy hand: a poxe of your
1180 houfes.

Exeunt

1181 *Rom*: This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie.

1182 My very frend hath tane this mortall wound

1183 In my behalfe, my reputation ftaind

1184 With *Tibalts* flaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre

1185 Hath beene my kinfman, Ah *Iuliet*

1186 Thy beautie makes me thus effeminate,

1548 1187 And in my temper foftens valors fteele.

Ben. What art thou hurt ? 1525
Mer. I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marry 'tis inough, 1526
 Where is my Page ? go Villaine fetch a Surgeon. 1527
Rom. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much. 1528
Mer. No : 'tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a 1529
 Church doore, but 'tis inough, 'twill ferue : aske for me to 1530
 morrow, and you shall find me a graue man. I am pepper'd 1531
 I warrant, for this world : a plague a both your houses. 1532
 What, a Dog, a Rat, a Mouſe, a Cat to scratch a man to 1533
 death : a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villaine, that fights by the 1534
 booke of Arithmeticke, why the deu'le came you be- 1535
 tweene vs ? I was hurt vnder your arme. 1536
Rom. I thought all for the best. 1537
Mer. Helpe me into some house *Benuolio*, 1538
 Or I shall faint: a plague a both your houses. 1539

They haue made wormes meat of me, 1540
 I haue it, and foundly to your Houses. *Exit.* 1541

Rom. This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie, 1542
 My very Friend hath got his mortall hurt 1543
 In my behalfe, my reputation stain'd 1544
 With *Tibalts* slaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre 1545
 Hath beene my Cozin: O Sweet *Iuliet*, 1546
 Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate, 1547
 And in my temper softned Valours steele. 1548

Enter Benuolio.

1549

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio's* is dead, 1550
 That Gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Cloudes, 1551
 Which too vntimely here did fcorne the earth. 1552

Rom. This daies blacke Fate, on mo daies doth depend, 1553
 This but begins, the wo others must end. 1554

Enter Tybalt.

1555

Ben. Here comes the Furious *Tybalt* backe againe. 1556

Rom. He gon in triumph, and *Mercutio* flaine ? 1557
 Away to heauen respectiue Lenitie, 1558
 And fire and Fury, be my conduct now. 1559
 Now *Tybalt* take the Villaine backe againe 1560
 That late thou gau'ft me, for *Mercutios* foule 1561
 Is but a little way about our heads, 1562
 Staying for thine to keepe him companie : 1563
 Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him. 1564

Tib. Thou wretched Boy that didst comfort him here, 1565
 Shalt with him hence. 1566

Rom. This shall determine that. 1567

They fight. Tybalt falles. 1568

Ben. *Romeo*, away be gone : 1569
 The Citizens are vp, and *Tybalt* flaine, 1570
 Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will Doome thee death 1571
 If thou art taken:hence, be gone, away. 1572

Rom. O ! Iam Fortunes foole. 1573

Ben. Why dost thou stay ? 1574

Exit Romeo. 1575

Enter Citizens.

1576

Citi. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio* ? 1577

Tibalt that Murtherer, which way ran he ? 1578

1213 *Ben:* There is that *Tybalt*.

1214 *Watch:* Vp firra goe with vs.

1215 *Enter Prince, Capolets wife.*

1584 1216 *Pry:* Where be the vile beginners of this fray ?

1217 *Ben:* Ah Noble Prince I can discouer all

1218 The most vn lucky mannage of this brawle.

1219 Heere lyes the man flaine by yong *Romeo*,

1220 That flew thy kinfman braue *Mercutio*,

1221 *M:* *Tibalt*, *Tybalt*, O my brothers child,

1590 1222 Vnhappie fight? Ah the blood is spilt

1223 Of my deare kinfman, Prince as thou art true :

1224 For blood of ours, shed bloud of *Mountagew*.

1594 1225 *Pry:* Speake *Bennolio* who began this fray ?

1226 *Ben:* *Tibalt* heere flaine whom *Romeos* hand did slay.

1227 *Romeo* who spake him fayre bid him bethinke

1228 How nice the quarrell was.

1229 But *Tibalt* still persisting in his wrong,

1230 The stout *Mercutio* drewe to calme the storme,

1231 Which *Romeo* seeing cal'd stay Gentlemen,

1232 And on me cry'd, who drew to part their strife,

1233 And with his agill arme yong *Romeo*,

1234 As fast as tung crydepeace, fought peace to make.

1235 While they were enterchanging thrusts and blows,

1236 Vnder yong *Romeos* laboring arme to part,

1611 1237 The furious *Tybalt* cast an enuious thrust,

1238 That rid the life of stout *Mercutio*.

1623	<i>The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet</i>	127
	<i>Ben.</i> There lies that <i>Tybalt</i> .	1579
	<i>Citi.</i> Vp fir go with me :	1580
	I charge thee in the Princes names obey.	1581
	<i>Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their</i>	1582
	<i>Wiues and all.</i>	1583
	<i>Prin.</i> Where are the vile beginners of this Fray ?	1584
	<i>Ben.</i> O Noble Prince, I can difcouer all	1585
	The vnluckie Mannage of this fatall brall :	1586
	There lies the man flaine by young <i>Romeo</i> ,	1587
	That flew thy kinsman braue <i>Mercutio</i> .	1588
	<i>Cap. Wi. Tybalt</i> , my Cozin ? O my Brothers Child,	1589
	O Prince, O Cozin, Husband, O the blood is fpild	1590
	Of my deare kinsman. Prince as thou art true,	1591
	For bloud of ours, fhed bloud of <i>Mountague</i> .	1592
	O Cozin, Cozin.	1593
	<i>Prin. Benuolio</i> , who began this Fray ?	1594
	<i>Ben. Tybalt</i> here flaine, whom <i>Romeo's</i> hand did flay,	1595
	<i>Romeo</i> that fpoke him faire, bid him bethinke	1596
	How nice the Quarrell was, and vrg'd withall	1597
	Your high difpleasure : all this vttered,	1598
	With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bow'd	1599
	Could not take truce with the vnruely fpleene	1600
	Of <i>Tybalts</i> deafe to peace, but that he Tilts	1601
	With Peircing fteele at bold <i>Mercutio's</i> breaf,	1602
	Who all as hot, turne s deadly point to point,	1603
	And with a Martiall fcorne, with one hand beates	1604
	Cold death afide, and with the other fends	1605
	It back to <i>Tybalt</i> , whofe dexterity	1606
	Retorts it : <i>Romeo</i> he cries aloud,	1607
	Hold Friends, Friends part, and fwifter then his tongue,	1608
	His aged arme beats downe their fatall points,	1609
	And twixt them rufhes, vnderneath whofe arme,	1610
	 An enuious thruft from <i>Tybalt</i> , hit the life	1611
	Of stout <i>Mercutio</i> , and then <i>Tybalt</i> fled.	1612

1239 With that he fled, but presently return'd,
 1240 And with his rapier braued *Romeo* :
 1241 That had but newly entertain'd reuenge.
 1242 And ere I could draw forth my rapyer
 1243 To part their furie, downe did *Tybalt* fall,
 1617 1244 And this way *Romeo* fled.

1245 *Mo* : He is a *Mountagew* and speakes partiall,

 1246 Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife :
 1247 And all those twenty could but kill one life.
 1248 I doo intreate sweete Prince thoulst iustice giue,
 1624 1249 *Romeo* flew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* may not liue.

1630 1250 *Prin* : And for that offence
 1251 Immediately we doo exile him hence.
 1252 I haue an interest in your hates proceeding,
 1253 My blood for your rude braules doth lye a bleeding.
 1254 But Ile amerce you with so large a fine,
 1255 That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
 1256 I will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
 1257 Nor teares nor prayers shall purchase for abuses.
 1258 Pittie shall dwell and gouerne with vs still :

1641 1259 Mercie to all but murdrers, pardoning none that kill.
 1260 *Exeunt omnes.*

1261 *Enter Iuliet.*

1644 1262 *Iul*: Gallop apace you fierie footed feedes
 1263 To *Phæbus* mansion, such a Waggoner

1623	<i>The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet</i>	129
	But by and by comes backe to <i>Romeo</i> ,	1618
	Who had but newly entertained Reuenge,	1614
	And too't they goe like lightning, for ere I	1615
	Could draw to part them, was stout <i>Tybalt</i> flaine :	1616
	And as he fell, did <i>Romeo</i> turne and flie :	1617
	This is the truth, or let <i>Benuolio</i> die.	1618
	<i>Cap. Wi.</i> He is a kinsman to the <i>Mountague</i> ,	1619
	Affection makes him false, he speaks not true :	1620
	Some twenty of them fought in this blacke strife,	1621
	And all those twenty could but kill one life.	1622
	I beg for Iustice, which thou Prince must giue :	1623
	<i>Romeo</i> slew <i>Tybalt</i> , <i>Romeo</i> must not liue.	1624
	<i>Prin.</i> <i>Romeo</i> slew him, he slew <i>Mercutio</i> ,	1625
	Who now the price of his deare blood doth owe.	1626
	<i>Cap.</i> Not <i>Romeo</i> Prince, he was <i>Mercutios</i> Friend,	1627
	His fault concludes, but what the law should end,	1628
	The life of <i>Tybalt</i> .	1629
	<i>Prin.</i> And for that offence,	1630
	Immediately we doe exile him hence :	1631
	I haue an interest in your hearts proceeding :	1632
	My blood for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.	1633
	But Ile Amerce you with so strong a fine,	1634
	That you shall all repent the losse of mine.	1635
	It will be deafe to pleading and excuses,	1636
	Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase our abuses.	1637
	Therefore vse none, let <i>Romeo</i> hence in hast,	1638
	Else when he is found, that houre is his last.	1639
	Beare hence this body, and attend our will :	1640
	Mercy not Murders, pardoning those that kill.	1641
	<i>Exeunt.</i>	1642
	<i>Enter Iuliet alone.</i>	1643
	<i>Iul.</i> Gallop apace, you fiery footed feedes,	1644
	Towards <i>Phæbus</i> lodging, such a Wagoner	1645

1264 As *Phaeton*, would quickly bring you thether,
 1265 And fend in cloudie night immediately.

1675 1266 *Enter Nurfe wringing her hands, with the ladder*
 1267 *of cordes in her lap.*

1268 But how now Nurfe : O Lord, why lookst thou fad ?
 1269 What hast thou there, the cordes ?
 1680 1270 *Nur* : I, I, the cordes : alacke we are vndone,

As *Phaeton* would whip you to the west, 1646
 And bring in Cloudie night immediately. 1647
 Spred thy close Curtaine Loue-performing night, 1648
 That run-awayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo* 1649
 Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnseene, 1650
 Louers can see to doe their Amorous rights, 1651
 And by their owne Beauties:or if Loue be blind, 1652
 It best agrees with night:come ciuill night, 1653
 Thou sober futed Matron all in blacke, 1654
 And learne me how to loose a winning match, 1655
 Plaid for a paire of stainelesse Maidenhoods, 1656
 Hood my vnman'd blood bayting in my Cheekes, 1657
 With thy Blacke mantle, till strange Loue grow bold, 1658
 Thinke true Loue acted simple modestie: 1659
 Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night, 1660
 For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night 1661
 Whiter then new Snow vpon a Rauens backe: 1662
 Come gentle night, come louing blackebrow'd night. 1663
 Giue me my *Romeo*, and when I shall die, 1664
 Take him and cut him out in little starres, 1665
 And he will make the Face of heauen so fine, 1666
 That all the world will be in Loue with night, 1667
 And pay no worship to the Garish Sun. 1668
 O I haue bought the Mansion of a Loue, 1669
 Butnot possesse it, and though I am fold, 1670
 Not yet enioy'd, so tedious is this day, 1671
 As is the night before some Festiuall, 1672
 To an impatient child that hath new robes 1673
 And may not weare them, O here comes my Nurse: 1674
 Enter Nurse with cords. 1675

And she brings newes and euery tongue that speaks 1676
 But *Romeos*, name, speaks heauenly eloquence: 1677
 Now Nurse, what newes?what hast thou there? 1678
 The Cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch? 1679
 Nur. I, I, the Cords. 1680

1271 We are vndone Ladie we are vndone.

1272 *Iul:* What diuell art thou that torments me thus?

1273 *Nurf:* Alack the day, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead.

1274 *Ful:* This torture should be roard in difmall hell.

1275 Can heauens be fo enuious?

1687 1276 *Nur:* *Romeo* can if heauens cannot.

1700 1277 I faw the wound, I faw it with mine eyes.

1278 God faue the fample, on his manly breast:

1279 A bloodie coarfe, a piteous bloodie coarfe,

1704 1280 All pale as afhes, I fwounded at the fight.

1281 *Iul:* Ah *Romeo*, *Romeo*, what difafter hap

1282 Hath feuerd thee from thy true *Fuliet*?

1283 Ah why should Heauen fo much confpire with Woe,

1284 Or Fate enuie our happie Marriage,

1285 So foone to funder vs by timeleffe Death?

1710 1286 *Nur:* O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the beft frend I had,

1287 O honeft *Tybalt*, curteous Gentleman.

1288 *Iul:* What storme is this that blowes fo contrarie,

1289 Is *Tybalt* dead, and *Romeo* murdered:

<i>Iuli.</i> Ay me, what newes ?	1681
Why doſt thou wring thy hands.	1682
<i>Nur.</i> A welady, hee's dead, hee's dead,	1683
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.	1684
 Alacke the day, hee's gone, hee's kil'd, he's dead.	1685
 <i>Iul.</i> Can heauen be ſo enuious ?	1686
<i>Nur.</i> <i>Romeo</i> can,	1687
Though heauen cannot. O <i>Romeo</i> , <i>Romeo</i> ,	1688
Who euer would haue thought it <i>Romeo</i> .	1689
<i>Iuli.</i> What diuell art thou,	1690
That doſt torment me thus ?	1691
This torture ſhould be roar'd in diſmall hell,	1692
Hath <i>Romeo</i> ſlaine himſelfe ? ſay thou but I,	1693
And that bare vowell I ſhall poyſon more	1694
Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,	1695
I am not I, if there be ſuch an I.	1696
Or thoſe eyes ſhot, that makes thee anſwere I :	1697
If he be ſlaine ſay I, or if not, no.	1698
Briefe, founds, determine of my weale or wo.	1699
<i>Nur.</i> I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,	1700
God ſaue the marke, here on his manly breſt,	1701
A pittious Coarſe, a bloody piteous Coarſe :	1702
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawb'd in blood,	1703
All in gore blood, I founded at the fight-	1704
<i>Iul.</i> O breake my heart,	1705
Poore Banckrout breake at once,	1706
To priſon eyes, nere looke on libertie.	1707
Vile earth to earth refigne, end motion here,	1708
And thou and <i>Romeo</i> preſſe on heauie beere.	1709
<i>Nur.</i> O <i>Tybalt</i> , <i>Tybalt</i> , the beſt Friend I had :	1710
O curteous <i>Tybalt</i> honeſt Gentleman,	1711
That euer I ſhould liue to ſee thee dead.	1712
<i>Iul.</i> What ſtorme is this that blowes ſo contrarie ?	1713
Is <i>Romeo</i> ſlaughtred ? and is <i>Tybalt</i> dead ?	1714

1290 My deare loude coufen, and my dearest Lord.

1291 Then let the trumpet found a generall doome,

1717 1292 These two being dead, then liuing is there none.

1293 *Nur*: *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* banished,

1719 1294 *Romeo* that mured him is banished.

1295 *Iul*: Ah heauens, did *Romeos* hand shed *Tybalts* blood?

1722 1296 *Nur*: It did, it did, alacke the day it did.

1297 *Iul*: O serpents hate, hid with a flowring face :

1298 O painted fepulcher, including filth.

1299 Was neuer booke containing fo foule matter,

1300 So fairly bound. Ah, what meant *Romeo*?

1301 *Nur*: There is no truth, no faith, no honestie in men :

1738 1302 All false, all faithles, periurde, all forfworne.

1303 Shame come to *Romeo*.

1304 *Iul*: A blister on that tung, he was not borne to shame :

1744 1305 Vpon his face Shame is ashamde to fit.

My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord :	1715
Then dreadfull Trumpet found the generall doome,	1716
For who is liuing, if those two are gone ?	1717
<i>Nur.</i> <i>Tybalt</i> is gone, and <i>Romeo</i> banished,	1718
<i>Romeo</i> that kil'd him, he is banished.	1719
<i>Iul.</i> O God !	1720
Did <i>Rom</i> 'os hand shed <i>Tybalts</i> blood	1721
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.	1722
<i>Nur.</i> O Serpent heart, hid with a flowring face.	1723
<i>Iul.</i> Did euer Dragon keepe so faire a Caue ?	1724
Beautifull Tyrant, fiend Angelicall :	1725
Rauenous Doue-feather'd Rauens,	1726
Woluiſh-rauening Lambe,	1727
Dispiſed ſubſtance of Diuineſt ſhow :	1728
Iuſt oppoſite to what thou iuſtly ſeem'ſt,	1729
A dimne Saint, an Honourable Villaine :	1730
O Nature ! what haſt thou to doe in hell,	1731
When thou did'ſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend	1732
In mortall paradise of ſuch ſweet fleſh ?	1733
Was euer booke containing ſuch vile matter	1734
So fairely bound ? O that deceit ſhould dwell	1735
In ſuch a gorgeous Pallace.	1736
<i>Nur.</i> There's no truſt, no faith, no honeſtie in men,	1737
All periur'd, all forſworne, all naught, all diſſemblers,	1738
Ah where's my man ? giue me ſome Aqua-vitæ ?	1739
Theſe griefes, theſe woes, theſe ſorrowes make me old :	1740
Shame come to <i>Romeo</i> .	1741
<i>Iul.</i> Blifter'd be thy tongue	1742
For ſuch a wiſh, he was not borne to ſhame :	1743
Vpon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to fit ;	1744
For 'tis a throane where Honour may be Crown'd	1745
Sole Monarch of the vniuerſall earth :	1746
O what a beaſt was I to chide him ?	1747
<i>Nur.</i> Will you ſpeake well of him,	1748
That kil'd your Cozen ?	1749
<i>Iul.</i> Shall I ſpeake ill of him that is my husband ?	1750

1306 But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my Coufen ?
 1754 1307 That villaine Coufen would haue kild my husband.

1760 1308 All this is comfort. But there yet remains

1309 VVorse than his death, which faine I would forget :
 1310 But ah, it preffeth to my memorie,

1311 *Romeo* is banished. Ah that word Banished
 1312 Is worfe than death. *Romeo* is banished,
 1776 1313 Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Iuliet*,

1314 All kild, all flaine, all dead, all banished.
 1315 Where-are my Father and my Mother Nurse ?
 1316 *Nur*: VVeeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* coarfe.
 1782 1317 VVill you goe to them ?
 1318 *Iul*: I, I, when theirs are spent,
 1319 Mine fhall he fhed for *Romeos* banishment.

Ah poore my Lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name, 1751
 When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it. 1752
 But wherefore Villaine did'st thou kill my Cozin ? 1753
 That Villaine Cozin would haue kil'd my husband : 1754
 Backe foolish teares, backe to your native spring, 1755
 Your tributarie drops belong to woe, 1756
 Which you mistaking offer vp to ioy : 1757
 My husband liues that *Tibalt* would haue slaine, 1758
 And *Tibalt* dead that would haue slaine my husband : 1759
 All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then ? 1760
 Some words there was worfer then *Tybalts* death 1761
 That murdered me, I would forget it feine, 1762
 But oh, it presses to my memory, 1763
 Like damned guilty deedes to finners minds, 1764
Tybalts is dead and *Romeo* banished : 1765
 That banished, that one word banished, 1766
 Hath slaine ten thousand *Tibalts* : *Tibalts* death 1767
 Was woe inough if it had ended there : 1768
 Or if fower woe delights in fellowship, 1769
 And needly will be rankt with other griefes, 1770
 Why followed not when she said *Tibalts* dead, 1771
 Thy Father, or thy Mother, nay or both, 1772
 Which moderne lamentation might haue mou'd. 1773
 But which a rere-ward following *Tybalts* death 1774
Romeo is banished to speake that word, 1775

Is Father, Mother, *Tybalts*, *Romeo*, *Iuliet*, 1776
 All slaine, all dead : *Romeo* is banished, 1777
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound, 1778
 In that words death, no words can that woe found. 1779
 Where is my Father and my Mother Nurse ? 1780
Nur. Weeping and wailing ouer *Tybalts* Coarse, 1781
 Will you go to them ? I will bring you thither. 1782
Iu. Wash they his wounds with tears : mine shall bespent 1783
 When theirs are drie for *Romeo's* banishment. 1784
 Take vp those Cordes, poore ropes you are beguil'd, 1785

1320 *Nur* : Ladie, your *Romeo* will be here to night,

1321 Ile to him, he is hid at *Laurence* Cell.

1322 *Iul* : Doo fo, and beare this Ring to my true Knight,

1796 1323 And bid him come to take his laft farewell. *Exeunt.*

1324 *Enter Frier.*

1325 *Fr* : *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,

1326 Affliction is enamourd on thy parts,

1327 And thou art wedded to Calamitie.

1328 *Enter Romeo.*

1803 1329 *Rom* : Father what newes, what is the Princes doome,

1330 VVhat Sorrow craues acquaintance at our hands,

1331 VVhich yet we know not.

1332 *Fr* : Too familiar

1333 Is my yong sonne with fuch fowre companie :

1334 I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.

1810 1335 *Rom* : VVhat leffe than doomes day is the Princes doome?

1336 *Fr* : A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips.

1337 Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

1338 *Rom* : Ha, Banished ? be mercifull, fay death :

1339 For Exile hath more terror in his lookes,

1340 Than death it felfe, doo not fay Banishment.

1341 *Fr* : Hence from *Verona* art thou banished :

1342 Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

1819 1343 *Rom* : There is no world without *Verona* walls,

Both you and I for *Romeo* is exild : 1786
 He made you for a high-way to my bed, 1787
 But I a Maid, die Maiden widowed. 1788
 Come Cord, come Nurse, Ile to my wedding bed, 1789
 And death not *Romeo*, take my Maiden head. 1790
Nur. Hie to your Chamber, Ile find *Romeo* 1791
 To comfort you, I wot well where he is : 1792
 Harke ye your *Romeo* will be heere at night, 1793
 Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell. 1794
Iul. O find him, giue this Ring to my true Knight, 1795
 And bid him come, to take his last farewell. 1796

Exit. 1797

Enter Frier and Romeo. 1798

Fri. *Romeo* come forth, 1799
 Come forth thou fearfull man, 1800
 Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts : 1801
 And thou art wedded to calamitie. 1802

Rom. Father what newes ? 1803
 What is the Princes Doome ? 1804
 What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand, 1805
 That I yet know not ? 1806

Fri. Too familiar 1807
 Is my deare Sonne with such fowre Company : 1808
 I bring thee tydings of the Princes Doome. 1809

Rom. What lesse then Doomefday, 1810
 Is the Princes Doome ? 1811

Fri. A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips, 1812
 Not bodies death, but bodies banishment. 1813

Rom. Ha, banishment ? be mercifull, say death : 1814
 For exile hath more terror in his looke, 1815
 Much more then death : do not say banishment. 1816

Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished : 1817
 Be patient, for the world is broad and wide. 1818

Rom. There is no world without *Verona* walles, 1819

- 1344 But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe.
 1345 Hence banished, is banisht from the world :
 1346 And world exilde is death. Calling death banishment,

 1347 Thou cuttst my head off with a golden axe,
 1348 And smildest vpon the stroke that murders me.
 1826 1349 *Fr.* Oh monstrous finne, O rude vnthankfulnes :
 1350 Thy fault our law calls death, but the milde Prince
 1351 (Taking thy part) hath rusht aside the law,
 1352 And turnd that blacke word death to banishment :
 1353 This is meere mercie, and thou seest it not.
 1881 1354 *Rom.* Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is heere
 1355 Where *Iuliet* liues : and euerie cat and dog,
 1356 And little mouse, euerie vnworthie thing
 1357 Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her
 1358 But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
 1886 1359 More honourable state, more courtship liues
 1360 In carrion flies, than *Romeo* : they may feaze
 1361 On the white wonder of faire *Iuliets* skinne,
 1362 And steale immortall kisses from her lips ;

 1844 1363 But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.
 1364 Flies may doo this, but I from this must flye.
 1365 Oh Father hadst thou no strong poyson mixt,
 1366 No sharpe ground knife, no present meane of death,
 1367 Though nere so meane, but banishment
 1368 To torture me withall : ah, banished.
 1369 O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell :
 1370 Howling attends it. How hadst thou the heart,
 1850 1371 Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confessor,
 1372 A finne absoluer, and my frend profest,
 1373 To mangle me with that word, Banishment ?
 1374 *Fr.* Thou fond mad man, heare me but speake a word.

But Purgatorie, Torture, hell it selfe : 1820
 Hence banished, is banisht from the world, 1821
 And worlds exile is death. Then banished, 1822
 Is death, mistearm'd, calling death banished, 1823
 Thou cut't my head off with a golden Axe, 1824
 And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me. 1825

Fri. O deadly sin, O rude vnthankefulnesse ! 1826
 Thy falt our Law calles death, but the kind Prince 1827
 Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the Law, 1828
 And turn'd that blacke word death, to banishment. 1829
 This is deare mercy, and thou seest it not. 1830

Rom. 'Tis Torture and not mercy, heauen is here 1831
 Where *Iuliet* liues, and euery Cat and Dog, 1832
 And little Mousse, euery vnworthy thing 1833
 Liue here in Heauen and may looke on her, 1834
 But *Romeo* may not. More Validitie, 1835
 More Honourable state, more Courtship liues 1836
 In carrion Flies, then *Romeo* : they may feaze 1837
 On the white wonder of deare *Iuliets* hand, 1838
 And steale immortall blessing from her lips, 1839
 Who euen in pure and vestall modestie 1840
 Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin. 1841
 This may Flies doe, when I from this must flie, 1842
 And faist thou yet, that exile is not death ? 1843
 But *Romeo* may not, hee is banished. 1844

Had'st thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe ground knife, 1845
 No fudden meane of death, though nere so meane, 1846

But banished to kill me ? Banished ? 1847
 O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell : 1848
 Howlings attends it, how hast thou the hart 1849
 Being a Diuine, a Ghostly Confessor, 1850
 A Sin-Absoeluer, and my Friend profest : 1851
 To mangle me with that word, banished ? 1852

Fri. Then fond Mad man, heare me speake. 1853

1375 *Rom* : O, thou wilt talke againe of Banishment.

1855 1376 *Fr*: Ile giue thee armour to beare off this word,

1377 Aduerfities fweete milke, philofophie,

1378 To comfort thee though thou be banished.

1379 Rom: Yet Banished? hang vp philosophie,

1380 Vnleffe philosophie can make a *Fuliet*,

1860 1381 Displant a Towne, reuerſe a Princes doome,

1382 It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

1383 *Fr*: O, now I see that madmen haue no eares.

1384 *Rom*: How fhould they, when that wife men haue no
1385 eyes.

1865 1386 *Fr*: Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

1387 *Rom* : Thou canst not ſpeak of what thou doſt not feele.

1388 Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy Loue,

1389 An houre but married, *Tybalt* mured.

1390 Doting like me, and like me banished,

1870 1391 Then mightst thou speake, then mightst thou teare thy
1392 hayre.

1393 And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,

1394 Taking the meafure of an vnmade graue.

1395 *Nurse knocks.*

1875 1396 *Fr*: *Romeo* arise, stand vp thou wilt be taken,

1397 I heare one knocke, arife and get thee gone.

1398 *Nu*: Hoe Fryer.

1399 *Fr*: Gods will what wilfulnes is this?

1623	<i>The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet</i>	143
	<i>Rom.</i> O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.	1854
	<i>Fri.</i> Ile giue thee Armour to keepe off that word,	1855
	Aduerſities ſweete milke, Philoſophie,	1856
	To comfort thee, though thou art baniſhed.	1857
	<i>Rom.</i> Yet baniſhed?hang vp Philoſophie :	1858
	Vnleſſe Philoſophie can make a <i>Iuliet</i> ,	1859
	Diſplant a Towne, reuerſe a Princes Doome,	1860
	It helpeſ not, it preuaileſ not, talke no more.	1861
	<i>Fri.</i> O then I ſee, that Mad men haue no eares.	1862
	<i>Rom.</i> How ſhould they,	1863
	When wiſemen haue no eyes ?	1864
	<i>Fri.</i> Let me diſpaire with thee of thy eſtate,	1865
	<i>Rom.</i> Thou can'ſt not ſpeake of that y ^e doſt not feele,	1866
	Wert thou as young as <i>Iuliet</i> my Loue :	1867
	An houre but married, <i>Tybalt</i> murdered,	1868
	Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,	1869
	Then mighteſt thou ſpeake,	1870
	Then mighteſt thou teare thy hayre,	1871
	And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,	1872
	Taking the meaſure of an vnmade graue.	1873
	<i>Enter Nurſe, and knockes.</i>	1874
	<i>Frier.</i> Ariſe one knockes,	1875
	Good <i>Romeo</i> hide thy ſelfe.	1876
	<i>Rom.</i> Not I,	1877
	Vnleſſe the breath of Hartſicke groanes	1878
	Miſt-like infold me from the ſearch of eyes.	1879
	<i>Knocke</i>	1880
	<i>Fri.</i> Harke how they knocke :	1881
	(Who's there) <i>Romeo</i> ariſe,	1882
	Thou wilt be taken, ſtay a while, ſtand vp :	1883
	<i>Knocke.</i>	1884
	Run to my ſtudy: by and by, Gods will	1885
	What ſimpleneſſe is this : I come, I come.	1886

1400 *Shee knockes againe.*

1401 *Nur* : Hoe Fryer open the doore ?

1889 1402 *Fr* : By and by I come. Who is there ?

1893 1403 *Nur* : One from Lady *Iuliet*.

1404 *Fr* : Then come neare.

1405 *Nur* : Oh holy Fryer, tell mee oh holy Fryer,

1406 Where is my Ladies Lord ? Wher's *Romeo* ?

1407 *Fr* : There on the ground, with his owne teares made
1408 drunke.

1409 *Nur* : Oh he is euen in my Mistresse cafe.

1900 1410 Iuft in her cafe. Oh wofull fimpathy,

1411 Pitteous predicament, euen fo lyes shee,

1412 Weeping and blubbring, blubbring and weeping :

1413 Stand vp, ftand vp, ftand and you be a man.

1414 For *Iuliets* fake, for her fake rife and ftand,

1905 1415 Why fhould you fall into fo deep an *O*.

1416 *He rifes.*

1417 *Romeo* : Nurfe.

1418 *Nur* : Ah fir, ah fir. Wel death's the end of all.

1908 1419 *Rom* : Spakeft thou of *Iuliet*, how is it with her ?

1420 Doth she not thinke me an olde murderer,

1421 Now I haue ftainde the childhood of her ioy,

1422 With bloud remou'd but little from her owne ?

1423 Where is she ? and how doth she ? And what fayes

1424 My conceal'd Lady to our cancel'd loue ?

1914 1425 *Nur* : Oh she faith nothing, but weepes and pules,

1426 And now fals on her bed, now on the ground,

1427 And *Tybalt* cryes, and then on *Romeo* calles.

1918 1428 *Rom* : As if that name fhott from the deadly leuel of a gun

1429 Did murder her, as that names curfed hand

Knocke.

1887

Who knocks so hard ? 1888

Whence come you ? what's your will ? 1889

Enter Nurse. 1890

Nur. Let me come in, 1891

And you shall know my errand : 1892

I come from Lady *Iuliet*. 1893

Fri. Welcome then. 1894

Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier, 1895

Where's my Ladies Lord?where's *Romeo* ? 1896

Fri. There on the ground, 1897

With his owne teares made drunke. 1898

Nur. O he is euen in my Mistrresse case, 1899

Iust in her case. O wofull simpathy : 1900

Pittious predicament, euen so lies she, 1901

Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring, 1902

Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man, 1903

For *Iuliets* sake, for her sake rise and stand : 1904

Why should you fall into so deepe an O. 1905

Rom. Nurse. 1906

Nur. Ah fir, ah fir, deaths the end of all. 1907

Rom. Speak't thou of *Iuliet*?how is it with her ? 1908

Doth not she thinke me an old Murtherer, 1909

Now I haue stain'd the Childhood of our ioy, 1910

With blood remoued, but little from her owne ? 1911

Where is she ? and how doth she ? and what sayes 1912

My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Loue ? 1913

Nur. O she sayes nothing fir, but weeps and weeps, 1914

And now fals on her bed, and then starts vp, 1915

And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries, 1916

And then downe falls againe. 1917

Ro. As if that name shot from the dead leuell of a Gun, 1918

Did murder her, as that names curfed hand 1919

1430 Murderd her kinfman Ah tell me holy Fryer

1431 In what vile part of this Anatomy

1432 Doth my name lyc ? Tell me that I may facke

1433 The hatefull mansion ?

1434 *He offers to stab himselfe, and Nurfe snatches*

1435 *the dagger away.*

1436 *Nur:* Ah?

1924 1437 *Fr:* Hold, stay thy hand : art thou a man? thy forme

1438 Cryes out thou art, but thy wilde aētes denote

1439 The vnrefonable furies of a beaft.

1440 Vnfeemely woman in a feeming man,

1441 Or ill befeeinging beaft in feeming both.

1930 1442 Thou haft amaz'd me. By my holy order,

1443 I thought thy difpofition better temperd,

1444 Haft thou flaine *Tybalt* ? wilt thou flay thy felfe?

1933 1445 And flay thy Lady too, that liues in thee?

1951 1446 Rouse vp thy fpirits, thy Lady *Iuliet* liues,

Murdred her kinfman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,	1920
In what vile part of this Anatomie	1921
Doth my name lodge ? Tell me, that I may facke	1922
The hatefull Mansion.	1923

<i>Fri.</i> Hold thy desperate hand :	1924
Art thou a man ? thy forme cries out thou art :	1925
Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts denote	1926
The vnreasonable Furie of a beaft.	1927
Vnfeemely woman, in a seeming man,	1928
And ill befeeming beaft in seeming both,	1929
Thou haft amaz'd me.By my holy order,	1930
I thought thy difpofition better temper'd.	1931
Haft thou flaine <i>Tybalt</i> ? wilt thou flay thy felfe ?	1932
And flay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,	1933
By doing damned hate vpon thy felfe ?	1934
Why rayl'ft thou on thy birth ? the heauen and earth ?	1935
Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three do meete	1936
In thee at once, which thou at once would'ft loofe.	1937
Fie, fie, thou sham'ft thy fhape, thy loue, thy wit,	1938
Which like a Vfurer abound'ft in all :	1939
And vfeft none in that true vfe indeed,	1940
Which fhould bedecke thy fhape, thy loue, thy wit :	1941
Thy Noble fhape, is but a forme of waxe,	1942
Digreffing from the Valour of a man,	1943
Thy deare Loue fworne but hollow periurie,	1944
Killing that Loue which thou haft vow'd to cherifh.	1945
Thy wit, that Ornament, to fhape and Loue,	1946
Mifhapen in the conduct of them both :	1947
Like powder in a skilleffe Souldiers flaske,	1948
Is fet a fire by thine owne ignorance,	1949
And thou difmembred with thine owne defence.	1950
What, rowfe thee man, thy <i>Iuliet</i> is aliue,	1951

1447 For whose fweet fake thou wert but lately dead :
 1448 There art thou happy *Tybalt* would kill thee,
 1954 1449 But thou flueft *Tybalt*, there art thou happy too.

 1957 1450 A packe of bleffings lights vpon thy backe,
 1451 Happines Courts thee in his beft array :
 1452 But like a mifbehaude and fullen wench
 1453 Thou frownft vpon thy Fate that fmilles on thee.
 1454 Take heede, take heede, for fuch dye miserable.
 1455 Goe get thee to thy loue as was decreed :
 1456 Afcend her Chamber Window, hence and comfort her,
 1457 But looke thou ftay not till the watch be fet :
 1965 1458 For then thou canft not paffe to *Mantua*.

1971 1459 Nurfe prouide all things in a readines,
 1460 Comfort thy Miftrefse, hafte the houle to bed,
 1461 Which heauy forrow makes them apt vnto.

1975 1462 *Nur*: Good Lord what a thing learning is,
 1463 I could haue ftayde heere all this night
 1464 To heare good counfell. Well Sir,
 1465 Ile tell my Lady that you will come.
 1466 *Rom*: Doe fo and bidde my fweet prepare to childe,
 1467 Farwell good Nurfe.

1468 *Nurfe offers to goe in and turnes againe.*

1979 1469 *Nur*: Heere is a Ring Sir, that fhe bad me giue you,

 1470 *Rom*: How well my comfort is reuiud by this.

1471 *Exit Nurfe.*

For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.	1952
There art thou happy. <i>Tybalt</i> would kill thee,	1953
But thou flew'st <i>Tybalt</i> , there art thou happie.	1954
The law that threatned death became thy Friend,	1955
And, turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy.	1956
A packe or blessing light vpon thy backe,	1957
Happinesse Courts thee in her best array,	1958
But like a mishaped and fullen wench,	1959
Thou puttest vp thy Fortune and thy Loue :	1960
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.	1961
Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,	1962
Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her :	1963
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,	1964
For then thou canst not passe to <i>Mantua</i> ,	1965
Where thou shalt liue till we can finde a time	1966
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your Friends,	1967
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,	1968
With twenty hundred thousand times more ioy	1969
Then thou went'st forth in lamentation.	1970
Goe before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,	1971
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,	1972
Which heauy sorrow makes them apt vnto.	1973
<i>Romeo</i> is comming.	1974
<i>Nur.</i> O Lord, I could haue staid here all night,	1975
To heare good counsell : oh what learning is !	1976
My Lord Ile tell my Lady you will come.	1977
<i>Rom.</i> Do so, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide.	1978
<i>Nur.</i> Heere sir, a Ring she bid me giue you sir :	1979
Hie you, make hast; for it growes very late.	1980
<i>Rom.</i> How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.	1981

1472 *Fr*: Soiorne in *Mantua*, Ile finde out your man,
 1473 And he shall fignifie from time to time :
 1474 Euery good hap that doth befall thee heere.
 1475 Farwell.

1990 1476 *Rom*: But that a ioy, past ioy cryes out on me,
 1477 It were a grieffe fo breefe to part with thee.

1478 *Enter olde Capulet and his wife, with*
 1479 *County Paris.*

1994 1480 *Cap*: Things-haue fallen out Sir fo vnluckily,
 1481 That we haue had no time to moue my daughter.
 1482 Looke yee Sir, she lou'd her kinfman dearely,
 1483 And fo did I.Well, we were borne to dye,
 1484 Wife wher's your daughter, is she in her chamber ?
 1998 1485 I thinke she meanes not to come downe to night.

1486 *Par*: These times of woe affoord no time to wooe,
 1487 Maddam farwell, commend me to your daughter.

1488 *Paris offers to goe in, and Capolet calles him againe.*

2005 1489 *Cap*: Sir *Paris*?Ile make a desperate tender of my child.
 1490 I thinke she will be rulde in all respectes by mee :

<i>Fri.</i> Go hence,	1982
Goodnight, and here stands all your state :	1983
Either be gone before the watch be set,	1984
Or by the breake of day disguised from hence,	1985
Soiourne in <i>Mantua</i> , Ile find out your man,	1986
And he shall signifie from time to time,	1987
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces heere :	1988
Giue me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.	1989
<i>Rom.</i> But that a ioy past ioy, calls out on me,	1990
It were a grieve, so briefe to part with thee :	1991
Farewell. <i>Exeunt.</i>	1992

Enter old Capulet, his Wife and Paris. 1993

<i>Cap.</i> Things haue falne out fir so vnluckily,	1994
That we haue had no time to moue our Daughter :	1995
Looke you, she Lou'd her kinsman <i>Tybalt</i> dearely,	1996
And so did I. Well, we were borne to die.	1997

'Tis very late, she'l not come down to night :	1998
I promise you, but for your company,	1999
I would haue bin a bed an houre ago.	2000

<i>Par.</i> These times of wo, affoord no times to woo oe :	2001
Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.	2002

<i>Lady.</i> I will, and know her mind early to morrow,	2003
To night, she is mew'd vp to her heauineffe.	2004

<i>Cap.</i> Sir <i>Paris</i> , I will make a desperate tender	2005
Of my Childes loue : I thinke she will be rul'd	2006
In all respects by me : nay more, I doubt it not.	2007
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,	2008
Acquaint her here, of my Sonne <i>Paris</i> Loue,	2009
And bid her, marke you me, on Wendfday next,	2010

1491 But soft what day is this ?

1492 *Par*: Munday my Lord.

2013 1493 *Cap*: Oh then Wenfday is too foone,

1494 On Thurfday let it be:you fhall be maried.

1495 Wee'le make no great a doe, a frend or two, or fo :

1496 For looke ye Sir, *Tybalt* being flaine fo lately,

1497 It will be thought we held him careleslye :

1498 If we fhould reuell much, therefore we will haue

1499 Some halfe a dozen frends and make no more adoe.

1500 But what fay you to Thurfday.

2023 1501 *Par*: My Lorde I wiſhe that Thurfday were to mor-
1502 row.

1503 *Cap*: Wife goe you to your daughter, ere you goe to
1504 bed.

1505 Acquaint her with the County *Paris* loue,

1506 Fare well my Lord till Thurfday next.

1507 Wife gette you to your daughter. Light to my Chamber.

1508 Afore me it is fo very very late,

2029 1509 That we may call it earely by and by.

1510

Exeunt.



1511 *Enter Romeo and Iuliet at the window.*

1512 *Iul*: Wilt thou be gone ? It is not yet nere day,

1513 It was the Nightingale and not the Larke

1514 That pierſt the fearfull hollow of thine eare :

1515 Nightly ſhe ſings on yon Pomegranate tree,

1516 Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.

But loft, what day is this ? 2011

Par. Monday my Lord. 2012

Cap. Monday, ha ha : well Wendſday is too ſoone, 2013

A Thurſday let it be : a Thurſday tell her, 2014

She ſhall be married to this Noble Earle : 2015

Will you be ready ? do you like this haft ? 2016

Weele keepe no great adoe, a Friend or two, 2017

For harke you, *Tybalt* being flaine ſo late, 2018

It may be thought we held him careleſly, 2019

Being our kinfman, if we reuell much : 2020

Therefore weele haue ſome halfe a dozen Friends, 2021

And there an end. But what ſay you to Thurſday ? 2022

Paris. My Lord, 2023

I would that Thurſday were to morrow. 2024

Cap. Well, get you gone, a Thurſday, be it then : 2025

Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed, 2026

Prepare her wife, againſt this wedding day. 2027

Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber hoa, 2028

Afore me, it is ſo late, that we may call ir early by and by, 2029

Goodnight. *Exeunt.* 2030

Enter Romeo and Iuliet aloft. 2031

Iul. Wilt thou be gone ? It is not yet neere day : 2032

It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke, 2033

That pier'ſt the fearefull hollow of thine care, 2034

Nightly ſhe ſings on yond Pomgranet tree, 2035

Beleeue me Loue, it was the Nightingale. 2036

- 2037 1517 *Rom*: It was the Larke, the Herald of the Morne,
 1518 And not the Nightingale. See Loue what enuious frakes
 1519 Doo lace the feuering clowdes in yonder East.
 1520 Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond Day
 1521 Stands tiptoes on the myftie mountaine tops.
 1522 I must be gone and liue, or stay and dye.
 1523 *Ful*: Yon light is not day light, I know it I :
 1524 It is some Meteor that the Sunne exhales,
 1525 To be this night to thee a Torch-bearer,
 1526 And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
 1527 Then stay awhile, thou shalt not goe soone.
- 2048 1528 *Rom* : Let me stay here, let me be tane, and dye :
 1529 If thou wilt haue it so, I am content.
 1530 Ile say yon gray is not the Mornings Eye,
 1531 It is the pale reflex of *Cynthias* brow.
 1532 Ile say it is the Nightingale that beates
 1533 The vaultie heauen so high aboue our heads,
 1534 And not the Larke the Messenger of Morne.
 1535 Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wils it so.
 1536 What sayes my Loue ? lets talke, tis not yet day.
 1537 *Ful*: It is, it is, be gone, flye hence away.
 1538 It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
- 2059 1539 Straining harsh Discords and vnpleasing Sharpes.
 1540 Some say, the Larke makes sweete Diuision :
 1541 This doth not so : for this diuideth vs.
 1542 Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
 1543 I would that now they had changd voyces too :
- 2064 1544 Since arme from arme her voyce doth vs affray,
 1545 Hunting thee hence with Huntvp to the day.
 1546 So now be gone, more light and light it growes.
- 2067 1547 *Rom* : More light and light, more darke and darke our
 1548 woos.

Rom. It was the Larke the Herauld of the Morne : 2037
 No Nightingale:looke Loue what enuious streakes 2038
 Do lace the feuering Cloudes in yonder East : 2039
 Nights Candles are burnt out, and Iocond day 2040
 Stands tipto on the miftie Mountaines tops, 2041
 I muſt be gone and liue, or ſtay and die. 2042

Iul. Yond light is not daylight, I know it I : 2043
 It is ſome Meteor that the Sun exhales, 2044
 To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer, 2045
 And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*. 2046
 Therefore ſtay yet, thou need'ſt not to be gone, 2047

Rom. Let me be tane, let me be put to death, 2048
 I am content, ſo thou wilt haue it ſo. 2049
 Ile ſay yon gray is not the mornings eye, 2050
 'Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cinthias* brow. 2051
 Nor that is not Larke whoſe noates do beate 2052
 The vaulty heauen ſo high aboue our heads, 2053
 I haue more care to ſtay, then will to go : 2054
 Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wills it ſo. 2055
 How iſt my ſoule, lets talke, it is not day. 2056

Iuli. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away : 2057
 It is the Larke that ſings ſo out of tune, 2058
 Straining harſh Difcords, and vnpleaſing Sharpes. 2059
 Some ſay the Larke makes ſweete Diuiſion ; 2060
 This doth not ſo:for ſhe diuideth vs. 2061
 Some ſay, the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes, 2062
 O now I would they had chang'd voyces too : 2063
 Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray, 2064
 Hunting thee hence, with Hunt ſ-vp to the day, 2065
 O now be gone, more light and ith ght growes. 2066

Rom. More light & light, more darke & darke our woes. 2067

Enter Madam and Nurſe. 2068

Nur. Madam. 2069

Iul. Nurſe. 2070

Nur. Your Lady Mother is comming to your chamber, 2071
 The day is broke, be wary, looke about. 2072

1549 Farewell my Loue, one kiffe and Ile descend.

1550 *He goeth downe.*

2075 1551 *Ful*: Art thou gone fo my Lord, my Loue, my Frend?

1552 I must heare from thee euerie day in the hower :

1553 For in an hower there are manie minutes,

1554 Minutes are dayes, fo will I number them :

1555 Oh, by this count I shall be much in yeares,

1556 Ere I fee thee againe.

1557 *Rom:* Farewell, I will omit no opportunitie

2082 1558 That may conueigh my greetings loue to thee.

1559 *Iul:* Oh, thinkst thou we shall euer meete againe

1560 *Rom*: No doubt, no doubt, and all this woe fhall ferue

1561 For fweete difcourfes in the time to come.

1562 *Ful*: Oh God, I haue an ill diuining foule.

1563 Me thinks I see thee now thou art below

2088 1564 Like one dead in the bottome of a Tombe :

1565 Either mine ey-fight failes, or thou lookst pale.

1566 *Rom*: And trust me Loue, in my eye fo doo you,

2091 1567 Drie forrow drinkes our blood: adieu, adieu. *Exit.*

1568 *Enter Nurse hastily.*

1569 *Nur*: Madame beware, take heed the day is broke,

1570 Your Mother's comming to your Chamber, make all fure.

1571 *She goeth downe from the windowe*

Iul. Then window let day in, and let life out. 2073

Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend. 2074

Iul. Art thou gone fo? Loue Lord, ay Husband, Friend, 2075
 I must heare from thee euery day in the houre, 2076
 For in a minute there are many dayes, 2077
 O by this count I shall be much in yeares, 2078
 Ere I againe behold my *Romeo*. 2079

Rom. Farewell : 2080
 I will omit no oportunitie, 2081
 That may conuey my greetings Loue, to thee. 2082

Iul. O thinkest thou we shall euer meet againe? 2083

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue 2084
 For sweet discourses in our time to come. 2085

Iuliet. O God! I haue an ill Diuining soule, 2086
 Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe, 2087
 As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe, 2088
 Either my eye-sight failes, or thou look'st pale. 2089

Rom. And trust me Loue, in my eye so do you : 2090
 Drie sorrow drinkes our blood. Adue, adue. *Exit.* 2091

Iul. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle, 2092
 If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him 2093
 That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune : 2094
 For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long, 2095
 But fend him backe. 2096



1572 *Enter Iuliets Mother, Nurse.*

2098 1573 *Moth :* Where are you Daughter ?

1574 *Nur :* What Ladie, Lambe, what *Iuliet* ?

1575 *Iul :* How now, who calls ?

1576 *Nur :* It is your Mother.

2102 1577 *Moth :* Why how now *Iuliet* ?

1578 *Iul :* Madam, I am not well.

2104 1579 *Moth :* What euermore weeping for your Cofens death :

1580 I thinke thoult wash him from his graue with teares.

2113 1581 *Iul :* I cannot chufe, hauing fo great a losse.

1582 *Moth :* I cannot blame thee.

1583 But it greeues thee more that Villaine liues.

1584 *Iul :* What Villaine Madame ?

2117 1585 *Moth :* That Villaine *Romeo*.

1586 *Iul :* Villaine and he are manie miles a funder.

1587 *Moth :* Content thee Girle, if I could finde a man

1588 I foone would fend to *Mantua* where he is,

Enter Mother.

2097

Lad. Ho Daughter, are you vp ?

2098

Iul. Who ist that calls ? Is it my Lady Mother.

2099

Is she not downe so late, or vp so early ?

2100

What vnaccustom'd cause procures her hither ?

2101

Lad. Why how now *Iuliet* ?

2102

Iul. Madam I am not well.

2103

Lad. Euermore weeping for your Cozins death ?

2104

What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares ?

2105

And if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him liue :

2106

Therefore haue done, some grieffe shewes much of Loue,

2107

But much of grieffe, shewes still some want of wit.

2108

Iul. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse.

2109

Lad. So shall you feele the losse, but not the Friend

2110

Which you weepe for.

2111

Iul. Feeling so the losse,

2112

I cannot chuse but euer weepe the Friend.

2113

La. Well Girle, thou weep'st not so much for his death,

2114

As that the Villaine liues which slaughter'd him.

2115

Iul. What Villaiue, Madam ?

2116

Lad. That same Villaine *Romeo*.

2117

Iul. Villaine and he, be many Miles asunder :

2118

God pardon, I doe with all my heart :

2119

And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.

2120

Lad. That is because the Traitor liues.

2121

Iul. I Madam from the reach of these my hands :

2122

Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.

2123

Lad. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.

2124

Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in *Mantua*,

2125

1589 That should bestow on him so fure a draught,
 1590 As he should soone beare *Tybalt* companie.

2140 1591 *Iul*: Finde you the meanes, and Ile finde such a man:
 1592 For whilest he liues, my heart shall nere be light
 1593 Till I behold him, dead is my poore heart.
 1594 Thus for a Kinsman vext? (newes?
 1595 *Moth*: Well let that passe. I come to bring thee ioyfull
 1596 *Iul*: And ioy comes well in such a needfull time.

2144 1597 *Moth*: Well then, thou hast a carefull Father Girle,
 1598 And one who pittying thy needfull state,
 1599 Hath found thee out a happie day of ioy.

2148 1600 *Iul*: What day is that I pray you?
 1601 *Moth*: Marry my Childe,
 1602 The gallant, yong and youthfull Gentleman,
 1603 The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
 1604 Early next Thurfdays morning must prouide,
 1605 To make you there a glad and ioyfull Bride.
 2153 1606 *Iul*: Now by Saint *Peters* Church and *Peter* too,
 1607 He shall not there make mee a ioyfull Bride.
 1608 Are these the newes you had to tell me of?

Where that fame banisht Run-agate doth liue, 2126
 Shall giue him fuch an vnaccustom'd dram, 2127
 That he shall foone keepe *Tybalt* company : 2128
 And then I hope thou wilt be fatisfied. 2129

Iul. Indeed I neuer shall be fatisfied 2130
 With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead 2131
 Is my poore heart fo for a kinsman vext : 2132
 Madam if you could find out but a man 2133
 To beare a poyson, I would temper it ; 2134
 That *Romeo* should vpon receit thereof, 2135
 Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors 2136
 To heare him nam'd, and cannot come to him, 2137
 To wreake the Loue I bore my Cozin, 2138
 Vpon his body that hath slaughter'd him. 2139

Mo. Find thou the meanes, and Ile find fuch a man. 2140
 But now Ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle. 2141

Iul. And ioy comes well, in fuch a needy time, 2142
 What are they, befeech your Ladyship? 2143

Mo. Well, well, thou haft a carefull Father Child? 2144
 One who to put thee from thy heauineffe, 2145
 Hath forted out a fudden day of ioy, 2146
 That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for. 2147

Iul. Madam in happy time, what day is this? 2148

Mo. Marry my Child, early next Thursday morne, 2149
 The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman, 2150
 The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church, 2151

Shall happily make thee a ioyfull Bride. 2152

Iul. Now by Saint *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too, 2153
 He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride. 2154
 I wonder at this haft, that I muft wed 2155
 Ere he that should be Husband comes to woe : 2156
 I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam, 2157

1609 Marrie here are newes indeed. Madame I will not marrie
 1610 yet.
 1611 And when I doo, it shalbe rather *Romeo* whom I hate,
 1612 Than Countie *Paris* that I cannot loue. *Enter olde Capolet.*
 2161 1613 *Moth*: Here comes your Father, you may tell him fo.

2168 1614 *Capo*: Why how now, euermore shewing?
 1615 In one little bodie thou refemblest a sea, a barke, a storme:

1616 For this thy bodie which I tearme a barke,
 1617 Still floating in thy euerfalling teares,
 1618 And toft with fighes arising from thy hart:
 1619 Will without succour shipwracke presently.

2176 1620 But heare you Wife, what haue you founded her, what faies
 1621 she to it?

1622 *Moth*: I haue, but she will none she thanks ye:
 2179 1623 VVould God that she were married to her graue.
 1624 *Capo*: What will she not, doth she not thanke vs, doth
 1625 she not wexe proud?

1626 *Iul*: Not proud ye haue, but thankfull that ye haue:

1627 Proud can I neuer be of that I hate,
 1628 But thankfull euen for hate that is ment loue.
 1629 *Capo*: Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not.

1623	<i>The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet</i>	163
I will not marrie yet, and when I doe, I sweare		2158
It shallbe <i>Romeo</i> , whom you know I hate		2159
Rather then <i>Paris</i> . These are newes indeed.		2160
<i>Mo.</i> Here comes your Father, tell him fo your selfe,		2161
And see how he will take it at your hands.		2162
<i>Enter Capulet and Nurse.</i>		2163
<i>Cap.</i> When the Sun sets, the earth doth drizz le daew	2164	
But for the Sunset of my Brothers Sonne,	2165	
It raines downright.	2166	
How now? A Conduit Gyrle, what still in teares?	2167	
Euer more shewing in one little body?	2168	
Thou counterfeitst a Barke, a Sea, a Wind:	2169	
For still thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,	2170	
Do ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is	2171	
Sayling in this salt flood, the windes thy fighes,	2172	
Who raging with the teares and they with them,	2173	
Without a sudden calme will ouer set	2174	
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife?	2175	
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?	2176	
<i>Lady.</i> I fir;	2177	
But she will none, she giues you thanks,	2178	
I would the foole were married to her graue.	2179	
<i>Cap.</i> Soft, take me with you, take me with you wife,	2180	
How, will she none? doth she not giue vs thanks?	2181	
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,	2182	
Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought	2183	
So worthy a Gentleman, to be her Bridegroom	2184	
<i>Iul.</i> Not proud you haue,	2185	
But thankfull that you haue:	2186	
Proud can I neuer be of what I haue,	2187	
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant Loue.	2188	
<i>Cap.</i> How now?	2189	

2190 1630 And yet not proud. VVhats here, chop logicke.

1631 Proud me no prouds, nor thanke me no thanks,

1632 But fettle your fine ioynts on Thurfday next

2194 1633 To goe with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church,

1634 Or I will drag you on a hurdle thether.

1635 Out you greene sicknes baggage, out you tallow face.

1636 *Iu*: Good father heare me fpeake ? *She kneeles downe.*

2202 1637 *Cap*: I tell thee what, eyther refolue on thurfday next

1638 To goe with *Paris* to Saint Peters Church :

1639 Or henceforth neuer looke me in the face.

1640 Speake not, reply not, for my fingers ytch.

1641 Why wife, we thought that we were scarcely bleft

1642 That God had fent vs but this onely chyld :

1643 But now I fee this one is one too much,

1644 And that we haue a croffe in hauing her.

2210 1645 *Nur*: Mary God in heauen bleffe her my Lord,

1646 You are too blame to rate her fo.

1647 *Cap*. And why my Lady wifedome?hold your tung,

1648 Good prudence fmatter with your gofflips, goe.

2214 1649 *Nur*: Why my Lord I fpeake no treafon.

1650 *Cap*: Oh goddegodden.

1651 Vtter your grauity ouer a goffips boule,

1652 For heere we need it not.

2220 1653 *Mo*: My Lord ye are too hotte.

1654 *Cap*: Gods bleffed mother wife it mads me,

1655 Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,

1656 Alone, in company, waking or fleeping,

1657 Still my care hath beene to fee her matcht.

How now? Chopt Logicke? what is this?	2190
Proud, and I thanke you: and I thanke you not.	2191
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,	2192
But fettle your fine ioints 'gainst Thursday next,	2193
To go with <i>Paris</i> to Saint <i>Peters</i> Church:	2194
Or I will drag thee, on a Hurdle thither.	2195
Out you greene sickneffe carrion, out you baggage,	2196
You tallow face.	2197
<i>Lady.</i> Fie, fie, what are you mad?	2198
<i>Iul.</i> Good Father, I beseech you on my knees	2199
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.	2200
<i>Fa.</i> Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,	2201
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,	2202
Or neuer after looke me in the face.	2203
Speake not, reply not, do not answere me.	2204
My fingers itch, wife: we scarce thought vs blest,	2205
That God had lent vs but this onely Child,	2206
But now I see this one is one too much,	2207
And that we haue a curle in hauing her:	2208
Out on her Hilding.	2209
<i>Nur.</i> God in heauen bleffe her,	2210
You are too blame my Lord to rate her so.	2211
<i>Fa.</i> And why my Lady wisedome? hold your tongue,	2212
Good Prudence, smatter with your gossip, go.	2213
<i>Nur.</i> I speake no treason,	2214
Father, O Godigoden,	2215
May not one speake?	2216
<i>Fa.</i> Peace you mumbling foole,	2217
Vtter your grauitie ore a Gossips bowles	2218
For here we need it not.	2219
<i>La.</i> You are too hot.	2220
<i>Fa.</i> Gods bread, it makes me mad:	2221
Day, night, houre, ride, time, worke, play,	2222
Alone in companie, still my care hath bin	2223
To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided	2224

- 1658 And hauing now found out a Gentleman,
 1659 Of Princely parentage, youthfull, and nobly trainde.
 1660 Stuff as they fay with honorable parts,
 2228 1661 Proportioned as ones heart could with a man :
 1662 And then to haue a wretched whyning foole,
 1663 A puling mammet in her fortunes tender,
 1664 To say I cannot loue, I am too young, I pray you pardon
 1665 mee?
 2233 1666 But if you cannot wedde Ile pardon you.
 1667 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
 1668 Looke to it, thinke ont, I doe not vse to iest.
 1669 I tell yee what, Thursday is neere,
 1670 Lay hand on heart, aduise, bethinke your selfe,
 1671 If you be mine, Ile giue you to my frend :
 1672 If not, hang, drowne, starue, beg,
 1673 Dye in the streetes : for by my Soule
 1674 Ile neuer more acknowledge thee,
 1675 Nor what I haue shall euer doe thee good,
 1676 Thinke ont, looke toot, I doe not vse to iest. *Exit.*
 2242 1677 *Inl:* Is there no pittie hanging in the cloudes,
 1678 That lookes into the bottom of my woes?
 1679 I doe beseech you Madame, cast me not away,
 1680 Defer this mariage for a day or two,
 1681 Or if you cannot, make my mariage bed
 2247 1682 In that dimme monument where *Tybalt* lyes.
 1683 *Moth:* Nay be assured I will not speake a word.
 1684 Do what thou wilt for I haue done with thee. *Exit.*

A Gentleman of Noble Parentage, 2225
 Of faire Demeanes, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied, 2226
 Stuft as they fay with Honourable parts, 2227
 Proportion'd as ones thought would with a man, 2228
 And then to haue a wretched puling foole, 2229
 A whining mammet, in her Fortunes tender, 2230
 To anfwer, Ile not wed, I cannot Loue : 2231
 I am too young, I pray you pardon me. 2232
 But, and you will not wed, Ile pardon you. 2233
 Graze where you will, you fhall not houfe with me : 2234
 Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vfe to left. 2235
 Thurfday is neere, lay hand on heart, aduife, 2236

And you be mine, Ile giue you to my Friend : 2237
 And you be not, hang, beg, fraue, die in the ftreets, 2238

For by my foule, Ile nere acknowledge thee, 2239
 Nor what is mine fhall neuer do thee good : 2240
 Truft too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forfworne *Exit.* 2241
Iuli. Is there no pittie fitting in the Cloudes, 2242
 That fees into the bottome of my griefe ? 2243
 O fweet my Mother caft me not away, 2244
 Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke, 2245
 Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed 2246
 In that dim Monument where *Tybalt* lies. 2247

Mo. Talke not to me, for Ile not fpeake a word, 2248
 Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee. *Exit.* 2249

Iul. O God ! 2250
 O Nurfe, how fhall this be preuented ? 2251
 My Husband is on earth, my faith in heauen, 2252
 How fhall that faith returne againe to earth, 2253
 Vnlefse that Husband fend it me from heauen, 2254
 By leauing earth ? Comfort me, counsaile me : 2255
 Hlacke, alacke, that heauen fhould practife stratagems 2256
 Vpon fo foft a fubieft as my felfe. 2257
 What faift thou? haft thou not a word of ioy ? 2258

2259 1685 *Iul:* Ah Nurse what comfort? what counsell canst thou
1686 giue me.

1687 *Nur:* Now trust me Madame, I know not what to say :
1688 Your *Romeo* he is banisht, and all the world to nothing
1689 He neuer dares returne to challenge you.

1690 Now I thinke good you marry with this County,
1691 Oh he is a gallant Gentleman, *Romeo* is but a dishclout

1692 In respect of him. I promise you
1693 I thinke you happy in this second match.

1694 As for your husband he is dead :
2273 1695 Or twere as good he were, for you haue no vse of him.
1696 *Iul:* Speakest thou this from thy heart ?
1697 *Nur:* I and from my soule, or els beshrew them both.

1698 *Iul:* Amen.

1699 *Nur:* What say you Madame ?

2279 1700 *Iul:* Well, thou hast comforted me wondrous much,
1701 I pray thee goe thy waies vnto my mother
1702 Tell her I am gone hauing displeasde my Father.
1703 To Fryer *Laurence* Cell to confesse me,
1704 And to be absolu'd.

1705 *Nur:* I will, and this is wisely done.

1706 *She lookes after Nurse.*

2284 1707 *Iul:* Auncient damnation, O most curfed fiend.
1708 Is it more sinne to wish me thus forsworne,
1709 Or to dispraise him with the selfe same tongue
1710 That thou hast praisde him with aboue compare
1711 So many thousand times ? Goe Counsellor,
1712 Thou and my bosom henceforth shal be twaine.
1713 Ile to the Fryer to know his remedy,
1714 If all faile els, I haue the power to dye.
1715

Exit.

Some comfort Nurfe.

2259

Nur. Faith here it is, 2260
Romeo is banished, and all the world to nothing, 2261
 That he dares nere come backe to challenge you : 2262
 Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth. 2263
 Then since the case so stands as now it doth, 2264
 I thinke it best you married with the Countie, 2265
 O hee's a Louely Gentleman : 2266
Romeos a dish-clout to him : an Eagle Madam 2267
 Hath not so greene, so quicke, so faire an eye 2268
 As *Paris* hath, beshrow my very heart, 2269
 I thinke you are happy in this second match, 2270
 For it excels your first: or if it did not, 2271
 Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were, 2272
 As liuing here and you no vse of him. 2273

Iul. Speakest thou from thy heart ? 2274

Nur. And from my soule too, 2275
 Or else beshrew them both. 2276

Iul. Amen. 2277

Nur. What ? 2278

Iul. Well, thou hast comforted me marue'lous much, 2279
 Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone, 2280

Hauing displeaf'd my Father, to *Lawrence* Cell, 2281
 To make confession, and to be absolu'd. 2282

Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wisely done. 2283

Iul. Auncient damnation, O most wicked fiend ! 2284
 It is more sin to wish me thus forsworne, 2285
 Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue 2286
 Which she hath prais'd him with aboue compare, 2287
 So many thousand times ? Go Counsellor, 2288
 Thou and my bosome henchforth shall be twaine : 2289
 Ile to the Frier to know his remedie, 2290
 If all else faile, my selfe haue power to die. *Exeunt.* 2291



1716

Enter Fryer and Paris.

- 2293 1717 *Fr*: On Thursday say ye : the time is very short,
 1718 *Par*: My Father *Capolet* will haue it so,
 1719 And I am nothing slacke to flow his haft.
 2296 1720 *Fr*: You say you doe not know the Ladies minde ?
 1721 Vneuen is the course, I like it not.
 1722 *Par*: Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,
 1723 And therefore haue I little talkt of loue.
 2300 1724 For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares,
 1725 Now Sir, her father thinks it dangerous :
 1726 That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway.
 1727 And in his wifedome hafts our mariage,
 1728 To stop the inundation of her teares.
 1729 Which too much minded by her selfe alone
 1730 May be put from her by societie.
 1731 Now doe ye know the reason of this haft.
 1732 *Fr*: I would I knew not why it should be flowd.

1733

Enter Paris.

- 2309 1734 Heere comes the Lady to my cell,

- 1735 *Par*: Welcome my loue, my Lady and my wife :
 1736 *Iu*: That may be fir, when I may be a wife,
 1737 *Par*: That may be, must be loue, on thursday next.
 2314 1738 *Iu*: What must be shalbe.
 1739 *Fr*: Thats a certaine text.
 1740 *Par*: What come ye to confession to this Fryer.

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

2292

Fri. On Thurſday fir^the time is very ſhort.

2293

Par. My Father *Capulet* will haue it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlow to ſlack his haſt.

2294

2295

Fri. You ſay you do not know the Ladies mind ?
Vneuen is the courſe, I like it not.

2296

2297

Pa. Immoderately ſhe weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talke of Loue,
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of teares.
Now fir, her Father counts it dangerous
That ſhe doth giue her ſorrow ſo much ſway :
And in his wiſedome, haſts our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her teares,
Whichtoo much minded by her ſelfe alone,
May be put from her by ſocietie.

2298

2299

2300

2301

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2306

Now doe you know the reaſon of this haſt ?

2307

Fri. I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlow'd.

2308

Looke fir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

2309

Enter Iuliet.

2310

Par. Happily met, my Lady and my wife.

2311

Iul. That may be fir, when I may be a wife.

2312

Par. That may be, muſt be Loue, on Thurſday next.

2313

Iul. What muſt be ſhall be.

2314

Fri. That's a certaine text.

2315

Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this Father ?

2316

1741 *Iu:* To tell you that were to confesse to you.

1742 *Par:* Do not deny to him that you loue me.

2319 1743 *Iul:* I will confesse to you that I loue him,

1744 *Par:* So I am fure you will that you loue me.

1745 *Iu:* And if I doe, it wilbe of more price,

1746 Being spoke behinde your backe, than to your face.

1747 *Par:* Poore foule thy face is much abus'd with teares.

1748 *Iu:* The teares haue got small victory by that,

1749 For it was bad enough before their spite.

2326 1750 *Par:* Thou wrongst it more than teares by that report.

1751 *Iu:* That is no wrong fir, that is a truth :

1752 And what I spake I spake it to my face.

2329 1753 *Par:* Thy face is mine and thou hast flaundred it.

1754 *Iu:* It may be so, for it is not mine owne.

1755 Are you at leasure holy Father now :

1756 Or shall I come to you at euening Masse ?

1757 *Fr:* My leasure serues me pensiue daughter now.

1758 My Lord we must entreate the time alone.

1759 *Par:* God sheild I should disturbe deuotion,

2337 1760 *Iuliet* farwell, and keep this holy kisse.

1761 *Exit Paris.*

1762 *Iu:* Goe shut the doore and when thou hast done so,

1763 Come weepe with me that am past cure, past help,

1764 *Fr:* Ah *Iuliet* I already know thy griefe,

1765 I heare thou must and nothing may proroge it,

2343 1766 On Thursday next be married to the Countie.

1767 *Iul:* Tell me not Frier that thou hearst of it,

1768 Vnlesse thou tell me how we may preuent it.

<i>Iul.</i> To anfwere that, I ſhould confeſſe to you.	2317
<i>Par.</i> Do not denie to him, that you Loue me.	2318
<i>Iul.</i> I will confeſſe to you that I Loue him.	2319
<i>Par.</i> So will ye, I am ſure that you Loue me.	2320
<i>Iul.</i> If I do ſo, it will be of more price,	2321
Benig ſpoke behind your backe, then to your face.	2322
<i>Par.</i> Poore foule, thy face is much abuſ'd with teares.	2323
<i>Iul.</i> The teares haue got ſmall victorie by that :	2324
For it was bad inough before their ſpight.	2325
<i>Pa.</i> Thou wrong'ſt it more then teares with that report.	2326
<i>Iul.</i> That is no flaunder ſir, which is a truth,	2327
And what I ſpake, I ſpake it to thy face.	2328
<i>Par.</i> Thy face is mine, and thou haſt flaundred it.	2329
<i>Iul.</i> It may be ſo, for it is not mine owne.	2330
Are you at leiſure, Holy Father now,	2331
Or ſhall I come to you at euening Maſſe ?	2332
<i>Fri.</i> My leiſure ſerues me penſiue daughter now.	2333
My Lord you muſt intreat the time alone.	2334
<i>Par.</i> Godheild : I ſhould diſturbe Deuotion,	2335
<i>Iuliet</i> , on Thurſday early will I rowſe yee,	2336
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kiſſe. <i>Exit Paris.</i>	2337
<i>Iul.</i> O ſhut the doore, and when thou haſt done ſo,	2338
Come weepe with me, paſt hope, paſt care, paſt helpe.	2339
<i>Fri.</i> O <i>Iuliet</i> , I alreadie know thy grieſe,	2340
It ſtreames me paſt the compaſſe of my wits :	2341
I heare thou muſt and nothing may prorogue it,	2342
On Thurſday next be married to this Countie.	2343
<i>Iul.</i> Tell me not Frier that thou heareſt of this,	2344
Vnleſſe thou tell me how I may preuent it :	2345
If in thy wiſedome, thou canſt giue no helpe,	2346
Do thou but call my reſolution wife,	2347
And with' his knife, Ile helpe it preſently.	2348
God ioyn'd my heart, and <i>Romeos</i> , thou our hands,	2349
And ere this hand by thee to <i>Romeo</i> ſeal'd :	2350
Shall be the Labell to another Deede,	2351

- 1769 Giue me some fudden counsell : els behold
 1770 Twixt my extreames and me, this bloodie Knife
 2357 1771 Shall play the Vmpeere, arbitrating that
 1772 Which the Commifion of thy yeares and arte
 1773 Could to no iffue of true honour bring.
 1774 Speake not, be briefe : for I defire to die,
 2361 1775 If what thou fpeakft, fpeake not of remedie.
 1776 *Fr*: Stay *Iuliet*, I doo fpie a kinde of hope,
 1777 VVhich craues as desperate an execution,
 1778 As that is desperate we would preuent.
 1779 If rather than to marrie Countie *Paris*
 1780 Thou haft the ftrengh or will to flay thy felfe,
 1781 Tis not vnlike that thou wilt vndertake
 1782 A thing like death to chyde away this fhame,
 1783 That coapft with death it felfe to flye from blame.
 1784 And if thou dooft, Ile giue thee remedie.
 2371 1785 *Ful*: Oh bid me leape (rather than marrie *Paris*)
 1786 From off the battlements of yonder tower :
 1787 Or chaine me to fome fteepie mountaines top,
 1788 VVhere roaring Beares and fauage Lions are :
 1789 Or fhut me nightly in a Charnell-houfe,

 1790 VVith reekie fhankes, and yeolow chaples skulls :
 1791 Or lay me in tombe with one new dead :

 1792 Things that to heare them namde haue made me tremble ;
 1793 And I will doo it without feare or doubt,
 1794 To keep my felfe a faithfull vnftaind VVife
 1795 To my deere Lord, my deereft *Romeo*.
 2383 1796 *Fr*: Hold *Iuliet*, hie thee home, get thee to bed,

 1797 Let not thy Nurfe lye with thee in thy Chamber :

Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt, 2352
 Turne to another, this shall flay them both : 2353
 Therefore out of thy long expetien't time, 2354
 Giue me some present counsell, or behold 2355
 Twixt my extreames and me, this bloody knife 2356
 Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that, 2357
 Which the commission of thy yeares and art, 2358
 Could to no issue of true honour bring : 2359
 Be not so long to speake, I long to die, 2360
 If what thou speake'st, speake not of remedy. 2361

Fri. Hold Daughter, I doe spee a kind of hope, 2362
 Which craues as desperate an execution, 2363
 As that is desperate which we would preuent. 2364
 If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris* 2365
 Thou hast the strength of will to flay thy selfe, 2366
 Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake 2367
 A thinglike death to chide away this shame, 2368
 That coap'st with death himselfe, to scape fro it : 2369
 And if thou dar'st, Ile giue thee remedie. 2370

Iul. Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie *Paris*, 2371
 From of the Battlements of any Tower, 2372
 Or walke in theeuishe waies, or bid me lurke 2373
 Where Serpents are : chaine me with roaring Beares 2374
 Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house, 2375
 Orecovered quite with dead mens ratling bones, 2376
 With reekie shankes and yellow chappels sculls : 2377
 Or bid me go into a new made graue, 2378
 And hide me with a dead man in his graue, 2379
 Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble, 2380
 And I will doe it without feare or doubt, 2381
 To liue an vnstained wife to my sweet Loue. 2382

Fri. Hold then: goe home, be merrie,, giue consent, 2383
 To marrie *Paris* : wenfday is to morrow, 2384
 To morrow night looke that thou lie alone, 2385
 Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber : 2386

1798 And when thou art alone, take thou this Violl,
 1799 And this distilled Liquor drinke thou off :
 1800 VVhen prefently through all thy veynes fhall run
 2390 1801 A dull and heauie flumber, which fhall feaze
 1802 Each vitall ſpirit : for no Pulſe ſhall keepe
 1803 His naturall progresſe, but ſurceaſe to beate :
 1804 No ſigne of breath ſhall teſtifie thou liuſt.

1805 And in this borrowed likenes of ſhrunke death,
 2399 1806 Thou ſhalt remaine full two and fortie houres.

1807 And when thou art laid in thy Kindreds Vault,

2409 1808 Ile ſend in haſt to *Mantua* to thy Lord,
 1809 And he ſhall come and take thee from thy graue.

2420 1810 *Iul*: Frier I goe, be ſure thou ſend for my deare *Romeo*.
 1811 *Exeunt.*

Take thou this Violl being then in bed, 2387
 And this distilling liquor drinke thou off, 2388
 When presently through all thy veines shall run, 2389
 A cold and drowfie humour : for no pulse 2390

Shall keepe his natiue progresse, but surcease : 2391
 No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou liuest, 2392
 The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade 2393
 To many ashes, the eyes windowes fall 2394
 Like death when he shut vp the day of life : 2395
 Each part depriu'd of supple gouernment, 2396
 Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death, 2397
 And in this borrowed likeneffe of shrunke death 2398
 Thou shalt continue two and forty houres, 2399
 And then awake, as from a pleasant sleepe. 2400
 Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes, 2401
 To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead : 2402
 Then as the manner of our country is, 2403
 In thy best Robes vncouer'd on the Beere, 2404
 Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue : 2405
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault, 2406
 Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie, 2407
 In the meane time against thou shalt awake, 2408
 Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift, 2409
 And hither shall he come, and that very night 2410
 Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*. 2411
 And this shall free thee from this present shame, 2412
 If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare, 2313
 Abate thy valour in the acting it. 2414

Iul. Giue me, giue me, O tell not me of care. 2415

Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous : 2416
 In this resolute, Ile send a Frier with speed 2417
 To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord. 2418

Iu. Loue giue me strength, 2419
 And strength shall helpe afford : 2420

Farewell deare father. *Exit* 2421



2422 1812 *Enter olde Capolet, his Wife, Nurse, and*
 1813 *Seruingman.*

1814 *Capo* : Where are you firra ?

1815 *Ser* : Heere forsooth.

2425 1816 *Capo* : Goe, prouide me twentie cunning Cookes.

1817 *Ser* : I warrant you Sir, let me alone for that, Ile knowe
 1818 them by licking their fingers.

1819 *Capo* : How canst thou know them so ?

2429 1820 *Ser* : Ah Sir, tis an ill Cooke cannot licke his owne fin-
 1821 gers.

1822 *Capo* : Well get you gone.

1823 *Exit Seruingman.*

1824 But wheres this Head-strong ?

1825 *Moth* : Shees gone (my Lord) to Frier *Laurence* Cell
 1826 To be confest.

1827 *Capo* : Ah, he may hap to doo some good of her,
 2436 1828 Aheadstrong felfe wild harlotrie it is.

1829 *Enter Iuliet.*

1830 *Moth* : See here the commeth from Confelsion,

2440 1831 *Capo* : How now my Head-strong, where haue you bin
 1832 gadding ?

2442 1833 *Iul* : Where I haue learned to repent the fin
 1834 Of froward wilfull opposition

*Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurfe, and
Serving men, two or three.* 2422 2423

Cap. So many guefts inuite as here are writ, 2424
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes. 2425

Ser. You fhall haue none ill fir, for Ile trie if they can 2426
licke their fingers. 2427

Cap. How canft thou trie them fo? 2428

Ser. Marrie fir, 'tis an ill Cooke that cannot licke his 2429
owne fingers : therefore he that cannot licke his fingers 2430
goes not with me. 2431

Cap. Go be gone, we fhall be much vnfurnisht for this 2432

time : what is my Daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence*? 2433

Nur. I forfooth. 2434

Cap. Well he may chance to do fome good on her, 2435
A peeuiſh felfe-wild harlotry it is. 2436

Enter Iuliet. 2437

Nur. See where ſhe comes from ſhrift 2438
With merrie looke. 2439

Cap. How now my headſtrong, 2440
Where haue you bin gadding? 2441

Iul. Where I haue learnt me to repent the fin 2442
Of difobedient oppofition: 2443

1835 Gainst you and your behests, and am enioynd
 1836 By holy *Laurence* to fall prostrate here,
 1837 And craue remission of so foule a fact.

1838 *She kneeles downe.*

1839 *Moth*: Why thats well said.

1840 *Capo*: Now before God this holy reuerent Frier
 1841 All our whole Citie is much bound vnto.
 1842 Goe tell the Countie presently of this,
 1843 For I will haue this knot knit vp to morrow.
 2458 1844 *Ful*: Nurse, will you go with me to my Clofet,
 1845 To fort such things as shall be requisite
 1846 Against to morrow.
 1847 *Moth*: I pree thee doo, good Nurse goe in with her,
 1848 Helpe her to fort Tyres, Rebatoes, Chaines,
 1849 And I will come vnto you presently,

1850 *Nur*: Come fweet hart, shall we goe:

1851 *Iul*: I pree thee let vs.

2464 1852 *Exeunt Nurse and Iuliet.*

1853 *Moth*: Me thinks on Thursday would be time enough.
 1854 *Capo*: I say I will haue this dispatcht to morrow,
 1855 Goe one and certefie the Count thereof.

To you and your behests, and am enioyn'd 2444
 By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here, 2445
 To beg your pardon:pardon I befeech you, 2446
 Henceforward I am euer rul'd by you. 2447

Cap. Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this, 2448
 Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning. 2449

Iul. I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell, 2450
 And gaue him what becomed Loue I might, 2451
 Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie. 2452

Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand vp, 2453
 This is as't should be, let me see the County: 2454
 I marrie go I say, and fetch him hither. 2455
 Now afore God, this reueren'd holy Frier, 2456
 All our whole Cittie is much bound to him. 2457

Iul. Nurse will you goe with me into my Clofet, 2458
 To helpe me fort fuch needfull ornaments, 2459
 As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow? 2460

Mo. No not till Thurſday, there's time inough. 2461

Fa. Go Nurse, go with her, 2462
 Weele to Church to morrow. 2463

Exeunt Iuliet and Nurse. 2464

1856 *Moth:* I pray my Lord let it be Thursday.

1857 *Capo:* I say to morrow while shees in the mood.

1858 *Moth:* We shall be short in our prouision.

1859 *Capo:* Let me alone for that, goe get you in,

1860 Now before God my heart is pasing light,

2475 1861 To see her thus conformed to our will.

Exeunt.



2477 1862

Enter Nurse, Iuliet.

1863 *Nur:* Come, come, what need you anie thing else?

1864 *Iul:* Nothing good Nurse, but leaue me to my selfe:

1865 For I doo meane to lye alone to night.

1866 *Nur:* Well theres a cleane smocke vnder your pillow,

1867 and so good night.

Exit.

1868

Enter Mother.

2484 1869 *Moth:* What are you busie, doo you need my helpe?

1870 *Iul:* No Madame, I desire to lye alone,

1871 For I haue manie things to thinke vpon.

Mo. We shall be short in our prouision, 2465
 'Tis now neere night. 2466
Fa. Tush, I will stirre about, 2467
 And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife: 2468
 Go thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to deckevp her, 2469
 Ile not to bed to night, let me alone: 2470
 Ile play the hufwife for this once. What ho? 2471
 They are all forth, well I will walke my felfe 2472
 To Countie *Paris*, to prepare him vp 2473
 Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light, 2474
 Since this fame way-ward Gyrle is so reclaim'd. 2475
Exeunt Father and Mother 2476

Enter Iuliet and Nurse. 2477

Iul. I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse 2478
 I pray thee leaue me to my felfe to night: 2479
 For I haue need of many Oryfons, 2480
 To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state, 2481
 Which well thou know'ft, is crosse and full of fin. 2482

Enter Mother. 2483

Mo. What are you busie ho? need you my help? 2484
Iul. No Madam, we haue cul'd such necessaries 2485
 As are behoouefull for our state to morrow: 2486
 So please you, let me now be left alone; 2487

And let the Nurfe this night fit vp with you, 2488
 For I am fure, you haue your hands full all, 2489
 In this fo fudden bufineffe. 2490

Mo. Goodnight. 2491

Get thee to bed and reft, for thou haft need. *Exeunt.* 2492

Iul. Farewell: 2493

God knowes when we fhall meete againe. 2494

I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines, 2495

That almoft freezes vp the heate of fire: 2496

Ile call them backe againe to comfort me. 2497

Nurfe, what fhould ſhe do here? 2498

My difmall Sceane, I needs muſt act alone: 2499

Come Viall, what if this mixture do not worke at all? 2500

Shall I be married then to morrow morning? 2501

No, no, this fhall forbid it. Lie thou there, 2502

What if it be a poyſon which the Frier 2503

Subtilly hath miniſtered to haue me dead, 2504

Leaſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonour'd, 2505

Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo*? 2506

I feare it is, and yet me thinkes it ſhould not, 2507

For he hath ſtill beene tried a holy man. 2508

How, if when I am laid into the Tombe, 2509

I wake before the time that *Romeo* 2510

Come to redeeme me? There's a fearefull point: 2511

Shall I not then be ſtified in the Vault? 2512

To whoſe foule mouth no healthſome ayre breaths in, 2513

And there die ſtrangled ere my *Romeo* comes. 2514

Or if I liue, is it not very like, 2515

The horrible conceit of death and night, 2516

Together with the terror of the place, 2517

As in a Vaulte, an ancient receptacle, 2518

Where for theſe many hundred yeeres the bones 2519

Of all my buried Aunceſtors are packt, 2520

Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but greene in earth, 2521

Lies feſtring in his ſhrow'd, where as they ſay, 2522

At ſome houres in the night, Spirits reſort: 2523

2528 1886 Awake an houre before the appointed time :
 1887 Ah then I feare I fhall be lunaticke,
 2530 1888 And playing with my dead forefathers bones,
 1889 Dash out my franticke braines. Me thinks I fee

1890 My Cofin *Tybalt* weltring in his bloud,

1891 Seeking for *Romeo* : stay *Tybalt* stay.
 2537 1892 *Romeo* I come, this doe I drinke to thee.
 1893 *She fals vpon her bed within the Curtaines*



1894 *Enter Nurfe with hearbs, Mother.*

1895 *Moth* : Thats well laid Nurfe, let all in redines,
 1896 The Countie will be heere immediatly.

2542 1897 *Enter Oldeman.*

1898 *Cap*: Make haft, make haft, for it is almost day,

1899 The Curfewe bell hath rung, t'is foure a clocke,
 1900 Looke to your bakt meates good Angelica.

2548 1901 *Nur*: Goe get you to bed you cotqueane. I faith you
 1902 will be ficke anone.

Alacke, alacke, is it not like that I 2524
 So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
 And shrieks like Mandrakes torne out of the earth, 2525
 That liuing mortalls hearing them, run mad. 2526
 O if I wa lke, shall I not be distraught,
 Inuironed with all these hidious feares, 2527
 And madly play with my forefathers ioynts ? 2528
 And plucke the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrow'd ? 2529
 And in this rage, with some great kinsmans bone,
 As (with a Club) dash out my desperate braines. 2530
 O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost, 2531
 Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body 2532
 Vpon my Rapiers point : stay *Tybalt*, stay ; 2533
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drinke : I drinke to thee. 2534

Enter Lady of the house, and Nurse. 2535

Lady. Hold, 2536
 Take these keies, and fetch more spices *Nurse*. 2537
Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Paffrie. 2538

Enter old Capulet. 2539

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir, 2540
 The second Cocke hath Crow'd, 2541
 The Curphew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a clocke : 2542
 Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*, 2543
 Spare not for cost. 2544
Nur. Go you Cot-queane, go, 2545
 Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow 2546
 For this nights watching. 2547

Cap. No not a whit: what? I haue watcht ere now 2551
All night for leffe cause, and nere beene sicke. 2552

La. I you haue bin a Moufe-hunt in your time, 2553
But I will watch you from such watching now. 2554

Exit Lady and Nurse. 2555

Cap. A iealous hood, a iealous hood, 2556
Now fellow, what there? 2557

Enter three or foure with spits, and logs, and baskets. 2558

Fel. Things for the Cooke fir, but I know not what. 2559

Cap. Make haft, make haft, firrah, fetch drier Logs. 2560
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are. 2561

Fel. I haue a head fir, that will find out logs, 2562
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter. 2563

Cap. Maffe and well faid, a merrie horfon, ha, 2564
Thou shalt be loggerhead; good Father, 'tis day. 2565

Play Musicke 2566

The Countie will be here with Musicke straight, 2567
For so he said he would, I heare him neere, 2568
Nurse, wife, what ho? what Nurse I say? 2569

Enter Nurse. 2570

Go waken *Iuliet*, go and trim her vp, 2571
He go and chat with *Paris*: hie, make haft, 2572
Make haft, the Bridegroome, he is come already: 2573
Make haft I say. 2574

Nur. Mistris, what Mistris? *Iuliet*? Fast I warrant her she. 2575
Why Lambe, why Lady? fie you fluggabed, 2576
Why Loue I say? Madam, sweet heart: why Bride? 2577
What not a word? You take your peniworths now. 2578
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant 2579
The Countie *Paris* hath fet vp his rest, 2580
That you shall rest but little, God forgiue me: 2581

2583 1923 but little. What lambe I say, fast still : what Lady, Loue,
 1924 whatbride, what *Iuliet*? Gods me how found she sleeps? Nay
 1925 then I see I must wake you indeed. Whats heere, laide on
 1926 your bed, drest in your cloathes and down, ah me, alack the
 2590 1927 day, some Aqua vitæ hoe.

2591 1928 *Enter Mother.*

1929 *Moth*: How now whats the matter?

1930 *Nur*: Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.

1931 *Moth*: Accurst, vnhappy, miserable time.

2598 1932 *Enter Oldeman.*

1933 *Cap*: Come, come, make hast, wheres my daughter?

1934 *Moth*: Ah shees dead, shees dead.

1935 *Cap*: Stay, let me see, all pale and wan.

1936 Accursed time, vnfortunate olde man.

Marrie and Amen : how found is shee a sleepe ?	2582
I must needs wake her : Madam, Madam, Madam,	2583
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,	2584
Heele fright you vp yfaith. Will it not be ?	2585
What drest, and in your clothes, and downe againe ?	2586
I must needs wake you : Lady, Lady, Lady ?	2587
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead,	2588
Oh weladay, that euer I was borne,	2589
Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord, my Lady ?	2590

Mo. What noife is heere ? *Enter Mother.* 2591

Nur. O lamentable day. 2592

Mo. What is the matter ? 2593

Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day. 2594

Mo. O me, O me, my Child, my onely life : 2595

Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee : 2596

Helpe, helpe, call helpe. 2597

Enter Father. 2598

Fa. For shame bring *Iuliet* forth, her Lord is come. 2599

Nur. Shee's dead : deceast, shee's dead : alacke the day. 2600

M. Alacke the day, shee's dead, shee's dead, shee's dead. 2601

Fa. Ha ? Let me see her : out alas shee's cold, 2602

Her blood is fetled and her ioynts are stiffe : 2603

Life and these lips haue long bene seperated : 2604

Death lies on her like an vntimely frost 2605

Vpon the swetest flower of all the field. 2606

Nur. O Lamentable day ! 2607

Mo. O wofull time. 2608

Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile, 2609

Ties vp my tongue, and will not let me speake. 2610

1937 *Enter Fryer and Paris.*

2612 1938 *Par:* What is the bride ready to goe to Church ?
 2613 1939 *Cap:* Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.
 1940 O Sonne the night before thy wedding day,
 1941 Hath Death laine with thy bride, flower as she is,
 1942 Deflowerd by him, see, where she lyes,
 1943 Death is my Sonne in Law, to him I giue all that I haue.

1944 *Par:* Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,
 1945 And doth it now present such prodigies ?
 2622 1946 Accurst, vnhappy, miserable man,
 1947 Forlorne, forsaken, destitute I am :
 1948 Borne to the world to be a slaue in it.
 1949 Distrest, remediles, and vnfortunate.
 1950 O heauens, O nature, wherefore did you make me,
 1951 To liue so vile, so wretched as I shall.

1952 *Cap:* O heere she lies that was our hope, our ioy,
 1953 And being dead, dead sorrow nips vs all.

1954 *All at once cry out and wring their hands.*

Enter Frier and the Countie.

2611

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church ? 2612

Fa. Ready to go, but neuer to returne. 2613

O Sonne, the night before thy wedding day, 2614

Hath death laine with thy wife : there she lies, 2615

Flower as she was, deflowred by him. 2616

Death is my Sonne in law, death is my Heire, 2617

My Daughter he hath wedded. I will die, 2618

And leaue him all life liuing, all is deaths. 2619

Pa. Haue I thought long to see this mornings face, 2620

And doth it giue me such a fight as this ? 2621

Mo. Accur'ft, vnhappy, wretched hatefull day, 2622

Most miserable houre, that ere time saw 2623

In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage. 2624

But one, poore one, one poore and louing Child, 2625

But one thing to reioyce and folace in, 2626

And cruell death hath catcht it from my fight. 2627

Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day, 2628

Most lamentable day, most wofull day, 2629

That euer, euer, I did yet behold. 2630

O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day, 2631

Neuer was feene so blacke a day as this : 2632

O wofull day, O wofull day. 2633

Pa. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, spighted, flaine, 2634

Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd, 2635

By cruell, cruell thee, quite ouerthrowne : 2636

O loue, O life;not life, but loue in death. 2637

Fat. Delpis'd, distressed, hated, martir'd, kill'd, 2638

Vncomfortable time, why cam'ft thou now 2639

To murther, murther our solemnitie ? 2640

O Child, O Child;my soule, and not my Child, 2641

Dead art thou, alacke my Child is dead, 2642

And with my Child, my ioyes are buried. 2643

1955 *All cry* : And all our ioy, and all our hope is dead,
 1956 Dead, loft, vndone, absented, wholly fled.
 1957 *Cap*: Cruel, vniust, impartiall destinies,
 1958 Why to this day hauc you preferu'd my life ?
 1959 To see my hope, my stay, my ioy, my life,
 1960 Depriude of fence, of life, of all by death,
 1961 Cruell, vniust, impartiall destinies.
 1962 *Cap*: O sad fac'd sorrow map of misery,
 1963 Why this sad time haue I desird to see.
 1964 This day, this vniust, this impartiall day
 1965 Wherein I hop'd to see my comfort full,
 1966 To be depriude by suddaine destinie.
 1967 *Moth*: O woe, alacke, distrest, why should I liue ?
 1968 To see this day, this miserable day.
 1969 Alacke the time that euer I was borne.
 1970 To be partaker of this destinie.
 1971 Alacke the day, alacke and welladay.
 1972 *Fr*: O peace for shame, if not for charity.
 1973 Your daughter liues in peace and happines,
 1974 And it is vaine to wish it otherwise.

2658 1975 Come sticke your Rosemary in this dead coarfe,
 1976 And as the custome of our Country is,
 1977 In all her best and sumptuous ornaments,
 1978 Conuay her where her Ancestors lie tomb'd,

Fri. Peace ho for shame, confusions : Care, liues not 2644
 In these confusions, heauen and your selfe 2645
 Had part in this faire Maid, now heauen hath all, 2646
 And all the better is it for the Maid : 2647
 Your part in her, you could not keepe from death, 2648
 But heauen keepes his part in eternall life : 2649
 The most you fought was her promotion, 2650
 For 'twas your heauen, she shouldst be aduan't, 2651
 And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduan't 2652
 Aboue the Cloudes, as high as Heauen it selfe? 2653
 O in this loue, you loue your Child so ill, 2654
 That you run mad, seeing that she is well : 2655
 Shee's not well married, that liues married long, 2656
 But shee's best married, that dies married yong. 2657
 Drie vp your teares, and sticke your Rosemarie 2658
 On this faire Coarse, and as the custome is, 2659
 And in her best array beare her to Church : 2660
 For though some Nature bids all vs lament, 2661
 Yet Natures teares are Reasons merriment. 2662

Fa. All things that we ordained Fetiual, 2663
 Turne from their office to blacke Funerall : 2664
 Our instruments to melancholy Bells, 2665
 Our wedding cheare, to a fad buriall Feast : 2666
 Our solemne Hymnes, to fullen Dyrge change : 2667
 Our Bri dall flowers serue for a buried Coarse : 2668
 And all things change them to the contrarie. 2669
Fri. Sir go you in ; and Madam, go with him, 2670
 And go fir *Paris*, euery one prepare 2671
 To follow this faire Coarse vnto her graue : 2672
 The heauens do lowre vpon you, for some ill : 2673
 Moue them no more, by crossing their high will. *Exeunt* 2674

Mu. Faith we may put vp our Pipes and be gone. 2675
Nur. Honest goodfellowes : Ah put vp, put vp, 2676
 For well you know, this is a pitifull case. 2677
Mu. I by my troth, the case may be amended. 2678

Enter Peter. 2679

Pet. Musitions, oh Musitions, 2680
 Hearts ease, hearts ease, 2681
 O, and you will haue me liue, play hearts ease. 2682
Mu. Why hearts ease ; 2683
Pet. O Musitions, 2684
 Because my heart it selfe plaies, my heart is full. 2685
Mu. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now. 2686
Pet. You will not then ? 2687
Mu. No. 2688
Pet. I will then giue it you foundly. 2689
Mu. What will you giue vs ? 2690

2695 1994 *Ser:* The fidler, Ile re you, Ile fa you, Ile fol you.

1995 *I.* If you re vs and fa vs, we will note you.

2701 1996 *Ser:* I will put vp my Iron dagger, and beate you with
1997 my wodden wit. Come on Simon found Pot, Ile pofe you,

1998 *I.* Lets heare.

1999 *Ser:* When griping grieffe the heart doth wound,

2000 And dolefull dumps the minde opprefse :

2001 Then muſique with her filuer found,

2002 Why filuer found? Why filuer found?

2708 2003 *I.* I thinke becauſe muſicke hath a fweet found.

2004 *Ser* Pretie, what fay you Mathew minikine?

2005 *2.* I thinke becauſe Muſitions found for filuer.

2006 *Ser:* Prettie too : come, what fay you?

2007 *3.* I fay nothing.

2008 *Ser:* I thinke ſo, Ile ſpeake for you becauſe you are the
2714 2009 Singer. I faye Siluer found, becauſe ſuch Fellowes as you

2010 haue fildome Golde for founding. Farewell Fidlers, fare
2011 well. *Exit*

2719 2012 *I.* Farewell and be handd : come lets goe. *Exeunt:*

<i>Pet.</i> No money on my faith, but the gleeke.	2691
I will giue you the Minstrell.	2692
<i>Mu.</i> Then will I giue you the Seruing creature.	2693
<i>Peter.</i> Then will I lay the seruing Creatures Dagger	2694
on your pate. I will carie no Crochets, Ile Re you, Ile Fa	2695
you, do you note me ?	2696
<i>Mu.</i> And you Re vs, and Fa vs, you Note vs.	2697
2. <i>M.</i> Pray you put vp your Dagger,	2698
And put out your wit.	2699
Then haue at you with my wit.	2700
<i>Peter.</i> I will drie-beate you with an yron wit,	2701
And put vp my yron Dagger.	2702
Anfwere me like men :	2703

When griping griefes the heart doth wound, then Mu- 2074

sickewith her filuer found.	2705
Why filuer found? why Musicke with her filuer found?	2706
What say you <i>Simon Catling</i> ?	2707
<i>Mu.</i> Mary fir, becaufe filuer hath a fweet found.	2708
<i>Pet.</i> Prateft, what say you <i>Hugh Rebicke</i> ?	2709
2. <i>M.</i> I say filuer found, becaufe Musitionsf ound for fil-	2710
<i>Pet.</i> Prateft to, what say you <i>Iames Sound-Post</i> ? (uer	2711
3. <i>Mu.</i> Faith I know not what to say.	2712
<i>Pet.</i> O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.	2713
I will say for you; it is Musicke with her filuer found,	2714
Becaufe Musitions haue no gold for founding :	2715
Then Musicke with her filuer found, with speedy helpe	2716
doth lend redresse.	<i>Exit.</i> 2717
<i>Mu.</i> What a pestilent knaue is this fame ?	2718
M.2. Hang him Iacke, come wee in here, tarrie for	2719
the Mourners, and stay dinner.	<i>Exit.</i> 2720



2013

Enter Romeo.

2722 2014 *Rom* : If I may truſt the flattering Eye of Sleepe,
 2015 My Dreame prefagde ſome good euent to come.
 2016 My boſome Lord fits chearfull in his throne,

 2017 And I am comforted with pleaſing dreames.
 2018 Me thought I was this night alreadie dead :
 2019 (Strange dreames that giue a dead man leaue to thinke)
 2020 And that my Ladie *Iuliet* came to me,
 2021 And breathd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
 2022 That I reuiude and was an Emperour.

2733 2023

Enter Balthaſar his man booted.

2024 Newes from *Verona*. How now *Balthaſar*,

 2025 How doth my Ladie ? Is my Father well ?
 2026 How fares my *Iuliet* ? that I aſke againe.
 2027 If ſhe be well, then nothing can be ill.
 2739 2028 *Balt* : Then nothing can be ill, for ſhe is well,
 2029 Her bodie ſleepes in *Capels* Monument,
 2030 And her immortall parts with Angels dwell.

 2031 Pardon me Sir that am the Meſſenger of ſuch bad tidings.

 2746 2032 *Rom* : Is it euen ſo ? then I deſie my Starres.

 2033 Goe get me incke and paper, hyre poſt horſe,

Enter Romeo. 2721

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe, 2722
 My dreames preface fo me ioyfull newes at hand : 2723
 My bosomes L. fits lightly in his throne : 2724
 And all thisan day an vccustom'd spirit, 2725
 Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts. 2726
 I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead, 2727
 (Strange dreame that giues a dead man leaue to thinke,) 2728

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips, 2729
 That I reuiu'd and was an Emperour. 2730
 Ah me, how sweet is loue it selfe possesse, 2731
 When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy. 2732

Enter Romeo's man. 2733

Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balthazer*? 2734
 Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Frier? 2735
 How doth my Lady? Is my Father well? 2736
 How doth my Lady *Iuliet*? that I aske againe, 2737
 For nothing can be ill, if she be well. 2738

Man. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill. 2739
 Her body sleepest in *Capels* Monument, 2740
 And her immortall part with Angels liue, 2741
 I saw her laid low in her kindreds Vault, 2742
 And presently tooke Poste to tell it you : 2743
 O pardon me for bringing these ill newes, 2744
 Since you did leaue it for my office Sir. 2745

Rom. Is it euen so? 2746
 Then I denie you Starres. 2747
 Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper, 2748

2034 I will not stay in *Mantua* to night.

2035 *Balt*: Pardon me Sir, I will not leaue you thus,

2751 2036 Your lookes are dangerous and full of feare :

2037 I dare not, nor I will not leaue you yet.

2754 2038 *Rom*: Doo as I bid thee, get me incke and paper,

2039 And hyre thofe horfe: ftay not I fay.

2040 *Exit Balthasar.*

2760 2041 Well *Iuliet*, I will lye with thee to night.

2763 2042 Lets fee for meanes. As I doo remember

2043 Here dwells a Pothecharie whom oft I noted

2044 As I paff by, whose needie fhop is ftufft

2771 2045 With beggerly accounts of emptie boxes:

2046 And in the fame an *Aligarta* hangs,

2773 2047 Olde endes of packthred, and cakes of Rofes,

2048 Are thinly ftrewed to make vp a fhow.

2049 Him as I noted, thus with my felfe I thought:

2050 And if a man should need a poyson now,

2051 (Whose present fate is death in *Mantua*)

2052 Here he might buy it. This thought of mine

2779 2053 Did but forerunne my need : and here about he dwels.

2054 Being Holiday the Beggars shop is shut.

2783 2055 What ho Apothecarie, come forth I fay.

And hire Post-Horfes, I will hence to night. 2749

Man. I do befeech you fir, haue patience : 2750

Your lookes are pale and wild, and do import 2751

Some mifaduenture. 2752

Rom. Tuff, thou art deceiu'd, 2753

Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do. 2754

Haft thou no Letters to me from the Frier ? 2755

Man. No my good Lord. 2756

Exit Man. 2757

Rom. Mo matter : Get thee gone, 2758

And hyre thofe horfes, Ile be with thee ftraight. 2759

Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night : 2760

Lets fee for meanes : O mifchiefe thou art fwift, 2761

To enter in the thoughts of desperate men : 2762

I do remember an Appothecarie, 2763

And here abouts dwells, which late I noted 2764

In tattred weeds, with ouerwhelming browes, 2765

Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes, 2766

Sharpe miferie had worne him to the bones : 2767

And in his needie fhop a Tortoyrs hung, 2768

An Allegater ftuff, and other skins 2769

Of ill fhap'd fifhes, and about his fhelues, 2770

A beggerly account of emptie boxes, 2771

Greene earthen pots, Bladders, and muftie feedes, 2772

Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Rofes 2773

Were thinly fcattered, to make vp a fhew. 2774

Noting this penury, to my felfe I faid, 2775

An if a man did need a poyfon now, 2776

Whofe fale is perfeit death in *Mantua*, 2777

Here liues a Caitiffe wretch would fell it him. 2778

O this fame thought did but fore-run my need, 2779

And this fame needie man muft fell it me. 2780

As I remember, this fhould be the houfe, 2781

Being holy day, the beggers fhop is fhut. 2782

What ho ? Appothecarie ? 2783

2056 *Enter Apothecarie.*

2785 2057 *Apo* : VVho calls, what would you fir ?

2058 *Rom* : Heeres twentie duckates,
2059 Giue me a dram of some such fpeeding geere

2060 As will difpatch the wearie takers life,

2061 As fuddenly as powder being fierd
2062 From forth a Cannons mouth.

2794 2063 *Apo* : Such drugs I haue I muft of force confeffe,
2064 But yet the law is death to thofe that fell them

2796 2065 *Rom* : Art thou fo bare and full of pouertie,
2066 And dooft thou feare to violate the Law ?
2067 The Law is not thy frend, nor the Lawes frend,
2068 And therefore make no confcience of the law :
2069 Vpon thy backe hangs ragged Miferie,
2070 And ftarued Famine dwelleth in thy cheekes.

2071 *Apo* : My pouertie but not my will confents.

2072 *Rom* : I pay thy pouertie, but not thy will.

2073 *Apo* : Hold take you this, and put it in anie liquid thing
2074 you will, and it will ferue had you the liues of twenty men.

2808 2075 *Rom* : Hold, take this gold, worfe poyfon to mens foules,

2076 Than this which thou haft giuen me. Goe hye thee hence

2077 Goe buy the cloathes, and get thee into flefh.

2078 Come cordiall and not poyfon, goe with mee

2815 2079 To *Iuliet* : Graue : for thore muft I vfe thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Appothecarie.

2784

App. Who call's so low'd ?

2785

Rom. Come hither man, I fee that thou art poore,

2786

Hold, there is fortie Duckets, let me haue

2787

A dram of poyfon, fuch foone fpeeding geare,

2788

As will difperfe it felfe through all the veines,

2789

That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,

2790

And that the Trunke may be difcharg'd of breath,

2791

As violently, as haftie powder fier'd

2792

Doth hurrie from the fatall Canons wombe.

2793

App. Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantuas* law

2794

Is death to any he, that vtters them.

2795

Rom. Art thou fo bare and full of wretchedneffe,

2796

And fear'ft to die ? Famine is in thy cheekes,

2797

Need and opreffion ftarueth in thy eyes,

2198

Contempt and beggery hangs vpon thy backe i

2799

The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law :

2800

The world affords no law to make thee rich.

2801

Then be not poore, but breake it, and take this.

2802

App. My pouerty, but not my will confents.

2803

Rom. I pray thy pouerty, and not thy will.

2804

App. Put this in any liquid thing you will

2805

And drinke it off, and if you had the ftrengh

2806

Of twenty men, it would difpatch you ftraight.

2807

Rom. There's thy Gold,

2808

Worfe poyfon to mens foules,

2809

Doing more murther in this loathfome world,

2810

Then thefe poore compounds that thou maieft not fell.

2811

I fell thee poyfon, thou haft fold me none,

2812

Farewell, buy food, and get thy felfe in flefh.

2813

Come Cordiall, and not poyfon, go with me

2814

To *Iuliets* graue, for there muft I vfe thee.

2815

Exeunt. 2816



2817 2080

Enter Friar John.

2081 *Fohn*: VVhat Frier *Laurence*, Brother, ho?

2820 2082 *Laur:* This fame should be the voyce of Frier Iohn.

2083 VVhat newes from *Mantua*, what will *Romeo* come?

2084 *Iohn*: Going to feeke a barefoote Brother out,

2085 One of our order to affociate mee.

2825 2086 Here in this Citty visiting the sick,

2087 VWhereas the infectious pestilence remaind:

2088 And being by the Searchers of the Towne

2089 Found and examine, we were both shut up.

2831 2090 *Laur*: VWho bare my letters then to *Romeo*?

2091 *Iohn* : I haue them still, and here they are.

2835 2092 *Laur*: Now by my holy Order,

2093 The letters were not nice, but of great weight

2094 Goe get thee hence, and get me presently

2839 2095 A fpade and mattocke.

2096 *John*: Well I will presently go fetch thee them. *Exit*

2842 2097 *Laur*: Now must I to the Monument alone.

2098 Leaft that the Ladie should before I come

2099 Be wakde from fleepe. I will hye

Enter Frier Iohn to Frier Lawrence. 2817

Iohn. Holy *Franciscan* Frier, Brother, ho ? 2818

Enter Frier Lawrence. 2819

Law. This fame should be the voice of Frier *Iohn.* 2820

Welcome from *Mantua*, what fayes *Romeo* ? 2821

Or if his mind be writ, giue me his Letter. 2822

Iohn. Going to find a bare-foote Brother out, 2823

One of our order to affociate me, 2824

Here in this Citie visting the sick, 2825

And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne 2826

Suspecting that we both were in a house 2827

Where the infectious pestilence did raigne, 2828

Seal'd vp the doores, and would not let vs forth, 2829

So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid. 2830

Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo* ? 2831

Iohn. I could not fend it, here it is againe, 2832

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee, 2833

So fearefull were they of infection. 2834

Law. Vnhappie Fortune : by my Brotherhood 2835

The Letter was not nice, but full of charge, 2836

Of deare import, and the neglecting it 2837

May do much danger : Frier *Iohn* go hence, 2838

Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it straight 2839

Vnto my Cell. *Exit.* 2840

Iohn. Brother Ile go and bring it thee. 2841

Law. Now must I to the Monument alone, 2842

Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake, 2843

Shee will beshrew me much that *Romeo* 2844

Hath had no notice of these accidents : 2845

But I will write againe to *Mantua*, 2846

And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come, 2847

2100 To free her from that Tombe of miserie. *Exit.*



2101 *Enter Countie Paris and his Page with flowers*
2102 *and sweete water.*

2851 2103 *Par:* Put out the torch, and lye thee all along

2104 Vnder this Ew-tree, keeping thine eare clofe to the hollow
2105 ground.

2106 And if thou heare one tread within this Churchyard
2107 Staight giue me notice.

2860 2108 *Boy:* I will my Lord.

2109 *Paris strewes the Tomb with flowers.*

2862 2110 *Par:* Sweete Flower, with flowers I strew thy Bridale
2111 bed:

2112 Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite dost containe,

2113 The perfect modell of eternitie:

2114 Faire *Iuliet* that with Angells dost remaine,

2115 Accept this latest fauour at my hands,

2116 That liuing honourd thee, and being dead

2117 With funerall praises doo adorne thy Tombe.

2868 2118 *Boy whistles and calls.* My Lord.

1623 *The Tragedie of Romeo and Ivliet* 209
 Poore liuing Coarfe, clos'd in a dead mans Tombe, 2848
 Exit. 2849

Enter Paris and his Page. 2850

Par. Giue me thy Torch Boy, hence and stand aloft, 2851
 Yet put it out, for I would not be seene : 2852
 Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along, 2853
 Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground, 2854
 So shall no foot vpon the Churchyard tread, 2855
 Being loose, vnfirm with digging vp of Graues, 2856
 But thou shalt heare it : whistle then to me, 2857
 As signall that thou hearest some thing approach, 2858
 Giue me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go. 2859

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone 2860
 Here in the Churchyard, yet I will aduenture. 2861

Pa. Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew : 2862

O woe, thy Canopie is dust and stones, 2863
 Which with sweet water nightly I will dewe, 2864
 Or wanting that, with teares destil'd by mones ; 2865
 The obsequies that I for thee will keepe, 2866
 Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue, and weepe. 2867

Whistle Boy. 2868

The Boy giues warning, fomething doth approach, 2869
What curled foot wanders this wayes to night, 2870
To croffe my obsequies, and true loues right ? 2871
What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while. 2872

Enter Romeo, and Peter. 2873

Rom. Giue me that Mattocke, & the wrenching Iron, 2874

Hold take this Letter, early in the morning 2875
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father, 2876
Giue me the light; vpon thy life I charge thee, 2877
What ere thou hear'ft or feeft, stand all aloofe, 2878
And do not interrupt me in my courfe. 2879
Why I descend into this bed of death, 2880
Is partly to behold my Ladies face: 2881
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger, 2882
A precious Ring: a Ring that I muft vse, 2883
In deare employment, therefore hence be gone: 2884
But if thou iealous dost returne to prie 2885
In what I further shall intend to do, 2886
By heauen I will teare thee ioynt by ioynt, 2887
And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs: 2888
The time, and my intents are sauage wilde: 2889
More fierce and more inexorable farre, 2890
Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring Sea. 2891

Pet. I will be gone fir, and not trouble you 2892

Ro. So shalt thou shew me friendship: take thou that, 2893
Liue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow. 2894

Pet. For all this fame, Ile hide me here about, 2895
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt. 2896

Rom. Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death, 2897
 Gorg'd with the dearest morfell of the earth: 2898
 Thus I enforce thy rotten lawes to open, 2899
 And in despite, Ile cram thee with more food. 2900

Par. This is that banisht haughtie *Mountague*, 2901
 That mured my Loues Cozin; with which grieve, 2902
 It is supposed the faire Creature died, 2903
 And here is come to do some villanous shame 2904
 To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him. 2905
 Stop thy unhallowed toyle, vile *Mountague*! 2906
 Can vengeance be pursued further then death? 2907
 Condemned vallaine, I do apprehend thee. 2908
 Obey and go with me, for thou must die, 2909

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither: 2910
 Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man, 2911
 Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon those gone, 2912
 Let them affright thee. I beseech thee Youth, 2913
 Put not an other sin vpon my head, 2914
 By vrging me to furie. O be gone, 2915
 By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe, 2916
 For I come hither arm'd against my selfe: 2917
 Stay not, be gone, liue, and hereafter say, 2918
 A mad mans mercy bid thee run away. 2919

Par. I do desire thy commiseration, 2920
 And apprehend thee for a Fellow here. 2921

Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? Then haue at thee Boy. 2922

Pet. O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch. 2923

Pa. O I am flaine, if thou be mercifull, 2924
 Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*. 2925

Rom. In faith I will, let me peruse this face: 2926

Mercutius kinsman, Noble Countie *Paris*, 2927

What said my man, when my betroffed soule 2928

Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke 2929

2170 Did he not say *Paris* should haue married
2171 *Iuliet*? eyther he said so, or I dreamd it so.

2172 But I will satisfie thy last request,
2173 For thou hast prizd thy loue about thy life.

2174 Death lye thou there, by a dead man interd,
2940 2175 How oft haue many at the houre of death
2941 2176 Beene blith and pleafant? which their keepers call
2177 A lightning before death But how may I
2178 Call this a lightning. Ah deare *Iuliet*,

2954 2179 How well thy beauty doth become this graue?
2180 O I beleue that vnsubstanciall death,
2181 Is amorous, and doth court my loue.

He told me *Paris* should haue married *Iuliet*. 2930
 Said he not so? Or did I dreame it so? 2931
 Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*, 2932
 To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand, 2933
 One, writ with me in fowre misfortunes booke. 2934
 Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue. 2935

A Graue; O no, a Lanthorne; flaughtred Youth: 2936
 For here lies *Iuliet*, and her beautie makes 2937
 This Vault a feasting prefence full of light. 2938
 Death lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd. 2939
 How oft when men are at the point of death, 2940
 Haue they beene merrie? Which their Keepers call 2941
 A lightning before death? Oh how may I 2942
 Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my Wife, 2943
 Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath, 2944
 Hath had no power yet vpon thy Beautie: 2945
 Thou are not conquer'd: Beauties ensigne yet 2946
 Is Crymson in thy lips, and in thy cheekes, 2947
 And Deaths pale flag is not aduanced there. 2948
Tybalt, ly'ft thou there in thy bloody sheet? 2949
 O what more fauour can I do to thee, 2950
 Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine, 2951
 To funder his that was thy enemy? 2952
 Forgiue me Cozen. Ah deare *Iuliet*: 2953
 Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleue, 2954
 Shall I beleue, that vnsubstantiall death is amorous? 2955

And that the leane abhorred Monster keeps 2956
 Thee here in darke to be his Paramour? 2957
 For feare of that, I still will stay with thee, 2958
 And neuer from this Pallace of dym night 2959
 Depart againe: come lie thou in my armes, 2960
 Heere's to thy health, wher eere thou tumblest in. 2961
 O true Apothecarie! 2962
 Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die. 2963

2182 Therefore will I, O heere, O euer heere,
 2183 Set vp my euerlasting rest
 2184 With wormes, that are thy chamber mayds.

2973 2185 Come desperate Pilot now at once runne on
 2186 The dashing rockes thy fea-ficke weary barge.
 2975 2187 Heers to my loue. O true Apothecary :
 2976 2188 Thy drugs are swift : thus with a kisse I dye. *Falls.*



2189 *Enter Fryer with a Lanthorne.*

2190 How oft to night haue theſe my aged feete
 2979 2191 Stumbled at graues as I did paſſe along.
 2192 Whoſe there?
 2193 *Man.* A frend and one that knowes you well
 2194 *Fr.* Who is it that comforts ſo late the dead,
 2195 What light is yon ? if I be not deceiued,
 2984 2196 Me thinkes it burnes in *Capels* monument ?
 2197 *Man* It doth ſo holy Sir, and there is one
 2198 That loues you dearely.
 2199 *Fr.* Who is it ?
 2200 *Man:* *Romeo.*
 2201 *Fr:* How long hath he beene there ?
 2202 *Man:* Full halfe an houre and more.
 2203 *Fr:* Goe with me thether.

1623	<i>The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet</i>	217
	Depart againe ; here, here will I remaine,	2964
	With Wormes that are thy Chambermaides : O here	2965
	Will I fet vp my euerlasting rest :	2966
	And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres	2967
	From this world-wearied flesh : Eyes looke your last :	2968
	Armes take your last embrace : And lips, O you	2969
	The doores of breath, feale with a righteous kisse	2970
	A dateleffe bargaine to ingrossing death :	2971
	Come bitter conduct, come vnfaoury guide,	2972
	Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on	2973
	The dashing Rocks, thy Sea-sicke wearie Barke :	2974
	Heere's to my Loue. O true Appothecary :	2975
	Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.	2976
	<i>Enter Friar with Lanthorne, Crow ,and Spade.</i>	2977
	<i>Fri.</i> St. Francis be my speed, how oft to night	2978
	Haue my old feet stumbled at graues ? Who's there ?	2979
	<i>Man.</i> Here's one, a Friend, & one that knowes you well.	2980
	<i>Fri.</i> Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my Friend	2981
	What Torch is yond that vainely lends his light	2982
	To grubs, and eyeleffe Sculles ? As I discerne,	2983
	It burneth in the <i>Capels</i> Monument.	2984
	<i>Man.</i> It doth so holy fir,	2985
	And there's my Master one that you loue.	2986
	<i>Fri.</i> Who is it ?	2987
	<i>Man.</i> <i>Romeo.</i>	2988
	<i>Fri.</i> How long hath he bin there ?	2989
	<i>Man.</i> Full halfe an houre.	2990
	<i>Fri.</i> Go with me to the Vault.	2991

1623	<i>The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet</i>	219
	<i>Man.</i> I dare not Sir.	2992
	My Master knowes not but I am gone hence,	2993
	And fearefully did menace me with death,	2994
	If I did stay to looke on his entents.	2995
	<i>Fri.</i> Stay, then Ile go alone, feares comes vpon me.	2996
	O much I feare some ill vnluckie thing.	2997
	<i>Man.</i> As I did sleepe vnder this young tree here,	2998
	I dreamt my maister and another fought,	2999
	And that my Maister slew him.	3000
	<i>Fri. Romeo.</i>	3001
	Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which stains	3002
	The stony entrance of this Sepulcher?	3003
	What meane these Masterlesse, and goarie Swords	3004
	To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?	3005
	<i>Romeo,</i> oh pale : who else? what <i>Paris</i> too?	3006
	And sleept in blood? Ah what an vnknd houre	3007
	Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?	3008
	The Lady stirs.	3009
	<i>Iul.</i> O comfortable Frier, where's my Lord?	3010
	I do remember well where I should be :	3011
	And there I am, where is my <i>Romeo</i> ?	3012
	<i>Fri.</i> I heare some noyse Lady, come from that nest	3013
	Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall sleepe,	3014
	A greater power then we can contradict	3015
	Hath thwarted our entents, come, come away,	3016
	Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead :	3017
	And <i>Paris</i> too: come Ile dispose of thee,	3018
	Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnes :	3019
	Stay not to question, for the watch is comming.	3020
	Come, go good <i>Iuliet</i> , I dare no longer stay. <i>Exit.</i>	3021

2226 *Iul:* Ah leaue me, leaue me, I will not from hence.

2227 *Fr:* I heare some noife, I dare not stay, come, come,

3022 2228 *Iul:* Goe get thee gone.

2229 Whats heere a cup clofde in my louers hands?

2230 Ah churle drinke all, and leaue no drop for me.

2231 *Enter watch.*

3031 2232 *Watch:* This way, this way.

2233 *Iul:* I, noife? then must I be resolute.

2234 O happy dagger thou shalt end my feare,

2235 Rest in my bosome, thus I come to thee.

3034 2236 *She stabs herselfe and falles.*



2237 *Enter watch.*

2238 *Cap:* Come looke about, what weapons haue we heere?

3041 2239 See friends where *Iuliet* two daies buried,

2240 New bleeding wounded, search and see who's neare,

2241 Attach and bring them to vs presently.

Iul. Go get thee hence, for I will not away, 3022
 What's here? A cup clos'd in my true loves hand? 3023
 Poyson I fee hath bin his timeleffe end 3024
 O churle, drinke all? and left no friendly drop, 3025
 To helpe me after, I will kisse thy lips, 3026
 Happlie some poyson yet doth hang on them, 3027
 To make me die with a restorative. 3028
 Thy lips are warme. 3029

Enter Boy and Watch. 3030

Match. Lead Boy, which way? 3031

Iul. Yea noife? 3032

Then ile be briefe. O happy Dagger. 3033

'Tis in thy sheath, there rust and let me die *Kills herselfe.* 3034

Boy. This is the place, 3035

There where the Torch doth burne 3036

Watch. The ground is bloody, 3037

Search about the Churchyard. 3038

Go some of you, who ere you find attach. 3039

Pittifull fight, here lies the Countie flaine, 3040

And *Iuliett* bleeding, warme and newly dead 3041

Who here hath laine these two dayes buried. 3042

Go tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*, 3043

Raife vp the *Mountagues*, some others search, 3044

We see the ground whereon these woes do lye, 3045

But the true ground of all these piteous woes, 3046

We cannot without circumstance descry. 3047

3052 2242 *Enter one with the Fryer.*

2243 *I.* Captaine heers a Fryer with tooles about him,

2244 Fitte to ope a tombe.

3056 2245 *Cap:* A great fuspition, keep him safe. .

2246 *Enter one with Romets Man.*

2247 *I.* Heeres *Romeos* Man.

2248 *Capt:* Keepe him to be examinde.

3057 2249 *Enter Prince with others.*

2250 *Prin:* What early mischiefe calls vs vp fo foone.

2251 *Capt:* O noble Prince, see here

2252 Where *Iuliet* that hath lyen intoombd two dayes,

2253 Warme and frefh bleeding, *Romeo* and Countie *Paris*

2254 Likewise newly flaine.

3069 2255 *Prin:* Search seeke about to finde the murderers.

3060 2256 *Enter olde Capolet and his Wife.*

2257 *Capo:* What rumor's this that is fo early vp?

2258 *Moth:* The people in the ftreetes crie *Romeo*,

2259 And fome on *Iuliet:* as if they alone

2260 Had been the caufe of fuch a mutinie.

1623	<i>The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet</i>	223
	<i>Enter Romeo's man.</i>	3048
	<i>Watch.</i> Here's <i>Romeo's</i> man,	3049
	We found him in the Churchyard.	3050
	<i>Con.</i> Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.	3051
	<i>Enter Frier, and another Watchman.</i>	3052
	3. <i>Wat.</i> Here is a Frier that trembles, fighes, and weepe s	3053
	We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,	3054
	As he was comming from this Church-yard fide.	3055
	<i>Con.</i> A great fuspition, stay the Frier too.	3056
	<i>Enter the Prince.</i>	3057
	<i>Prin.</i> What misadventure is so earely vp,	3058
	That calls our person from our mornings rest?	3059
	<i>Enter Capulet and his Wife.</i>	3060
	<i>Cap.</i> What should it be that they so shrike abroad?	3061
	<i>Wife.</i> O the people in the streete crie <i>Romeo</i> .	3062
	Some <i>Iuliet</i> , and some <i>Paris</i> , and all runne	3063
	With open outcry toward out Monument.	3064
	<i>Pri.</i> What feare is this which startles in your eares?	3065
	<i>Wat.</i> Soueraigne, here lies the Countie <i>Paris</i> slaine,	3066
	And <i>Romeo</i> dead, and <i>Iuliet</i> dead before,	3067
	Warme and new kil'd.	3068
	<i>Prin.</i> Search,	3069
	Seeke, and know how, this foule murder comes.	3070
	<i>Wat.</i> Here is a Frier, and Slaughter'd <i>Romeo's</i> man,	3071
	With Instruments vpon them fit to open	3072
	These dead mens Tombes.	3073

3076 2261 *Capo*: See Wife, this dagger hath mistooke :
 2262 For (loe) the backe is emptie of yong *Mountague*,
 2263 And it is sheathed in our Daughters breast.

2254 *Enter olde Montague.*

3082 2265 *Prin*: Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp,
2266 To see thy Sonne and Heire more early downe.
3084 2267 *Mount*: Dread Souereigne, my Wife is dead to night
2268 And yong *Benuolio* is deceased too :
2269 What further mischiefe can there yet be found ?
2270 *Prin*: First come and see, then speake.
2271 *Mount*: O thou vntaught, what manners is in this
2272 To presse before thy Father to a graue :
3090 2273 *Prin*: Come seale your mouthes of outrage for a while,
2274 And let vs seeke to finde the Authors out
2275 Of such a hainous and feld seene mischaunce.

2276 Bring forth the parties in fufpition.

2277 *Fr*: I am the greatest able to doo least.

2278 Most worthie Prince, heare me but ſpeake the truth.

2279 And Ile informe you how theſe things fell out.

3106 2280 *Fuliet* here slaine was married to that *Romeo*
 2281 Without her Fathers or her Mothers grant :
 2282 The Nurse was priuie to the marriage.

Cap. O heauen ! 3074
 O wife looke how our Daughte bleedes ! 3075
 This Dagger hath mistaine, for loe his house 3076
 Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*, 3077
 And is misheathed in my Daughters bosome. 3078
Wife. O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell 3079
 That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher. 3080

Enter Mountague. 3081

Pri. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp 3082
 To see thy Sonne and Heire, now early downe. 3083

Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night, 3084
 Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath stopt her breath : 3085
 What further woe conspires against my age ? 3086

Prin. Looke:and thou shalt see. 3087

Moun. O thou vntaught, what manners in is this, 3088
 To presse before thy Father to a graue ? 3089

Prin. Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while, 3090
 Till we can cleare these ambiguities, 3091
 And know their spring, their head, their true descent, 3092
 And then will I be generall of your woes, 3093
 And lead you euen to death?meane time forbear, 3094
 And let mischance be slaue to patience, 3095
 Bring forth the parties of suspicion. 3096

Fri. I am the greatest, able to doe least, 3097
 Yet most suspected as the time and place 3098
 Doth make against me of this direfull murder : 3099
 And heere I stand both to impeach and purge 3100
 My selfe condemned, and my selfe excus'd. 3101

Prin. Then say at once, what thou dost know in this ? 3102

Fri. I will be briefe, for my short date of breath 3103
 Is not so long as is a tedious tale. 3104

Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*, 3105
 And she there dead, that's *Romeos* faithfull wife : 3106

2283 The balefull day of this vnhappy marriage,
 3108 2284 VVas *Tybalts* doomefday ; for which *Romeo*
 2285 VVas banished from hence to *Mantua*.
 2286 He gone, her Father fought by foule constraint
 2287 To marrie her to *Paris* : But her Soule
 2288 (Loathing a fecond Contract) did refuse
 2289 To giue consent ; and therefore did she vrge me
 2290 Either to finde a meanes she might auoyd
 2291 VVhat so her Father fought to force her too :
 2292 Orels all desperately she threatned
 2293 Euen in my prefence to dispatch her selfe.
 3117 2294 Then did I giue her, (tutord by mine arte)
 2295 A potion that should make her seeme as dead :
 2296 And told her that I would with all post speed
 3120 2297 Send hence to *Mantua* for her *Romeo*,
 2298 That he might come and take her from the Toombe.

2299 But he that had my Letters (*Frier John*)
 2300 Seeking a Brother to associate him,
 2301 VVhereas the sicke infection remaind,
 2302 VVas stayd by the Searchers of the Towne,
 2303 But *Romeo* vnderstanding by his man,
 2304 That *Iuliet* was deceafde, returnde in post
 2305 Vnto *Verona* for to see his loue.
 2306 VVhat after happened touching *Paris* death,
 2307 Or *Romeos* is to me vnknowne at all.
 3131 2308 But when I came to take the Lady hence,
 2309 I found them dead, and she awakt from sleep :

 2310 VVhom faine I would haue taken from the tombe,

 2311 VVhich she refused seeing *Romeo* dead.
 2312 Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,
 2313 VVhat afterhappened I am ignorant of.

I married them ; and their stolne marriage day 3107
 Was *Tybalt's* Doomeſday : whose vntimely death 3108
 Banish'd the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie : 3109
 For whom (and not for *Tybalt*) *Iuliet* pinde. 3110
 You, to remoue that ſiege of Greefe from her, 3111
 Betroth'd, and would haue married her perforce 3112
 To Countie *Paris*. Then comes ſhe to me, 3113

And (with wilde lookes) bid me deuife ſome meanes 3114
 To rid her from this ſecond Marriage, 3115
 Or in my Cell there would ſhe kill her ſelfe. 3116
 Then gaue I her (ſo Tutor'd by my Art) 3117
 A ſleeping Potion, which ſo tooke effect 3118
 As I intended, for it wrought on her 3119
 The forme of death. Meane time, I writ to *Romeo*, 3120
 That he ſhould hither come, as this dyre night, 3121
 To helpe to take her from her borrowed graue, 3122
 Being the time the Potions force ſhould ceaſe. 3123
 But he which bore my Letter, Frier *Iohn*, 3124
 Was ſtay'd by accident ; and yefternight 3125
 Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone, 3126
 At the prefixed houre of her waking, 3127
 Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault, 3128
 Meaning to keepe her cloſely at my Cell, 3129
 Till I conueniently could ſend to *Romeo*. 3130

But when I came (ſome Minute ere the time 3131
 Of her awaking) heere vntimely lay 3132
 The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead. 3133
 Shee wakes, and I intreated her come foorth, 3134
 And beare this worke of Heauen, with patience : 3135
 But then, a noyſe did ſcarre me from the Tombe, 3136
 And ſhe (too deſperate) would not go with me, 3137
 But (as it ſeemes) did violence on her ſelfe. 3138
 All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurſe is priuy : 3139

2314 And if in this ought haue miscaried.

2315 By me, or by my meane s let my old life

2316 Be sacrificed some houre before his time.

2317 To the most strickeſt rigor of the Law.

2318 *Pry:* VVe ſtill haue knowne thee for a holy man,

2319 VVheres *Romeos* man, what can he ſay in this ?

3145 2320 *Balth:* I brought my maiſter word that ſhee was dead,

2321 And then he poaſted ſtraight from *Mantua*,

2322 Vnto this Toombe. Theſe Letters he deliuered me,

2323 Charging me early giue them to his Father.

3151 2324 *Prin:* Lets ſee the Letters, I will read them ouer.

2325 VVhere is the Countieſ Boy that calld the VVatch ?

2326 *Boy:* I brought my Maſter vnto *Iuliets* graue,

2327 But one approaching, ſtraight I calld my Maſter.

2328 At laſt they fought, I ran to call the VVatch.

2329 And this is all that I can ſay or know.

3159 2330 *Prin:* Theſe letters doe make good the Fryers wordes,

2331 Come *Capolet*, and come olde *Mountagewe*,

2332 VVhere are theſe enemies ? ſee what hate hath done.

2333 *Cap:* Come brother *Mountague* giue me thy hand,

2334 There is my daughters dowry : for now no more

2335 Can I beſtowe on her, thats all I haue.

3172 2336 *Moun:* But I will giue them more, I will erect

2337 Her ſtatue of pure golde :

2338 That while *Verona* by that name is knowne.

And if ought in this mis-carried by my fault, 3140
 Let my old life be sacrific'd, some houre before the time, 3141

Vnto the rigour of seuerest Law. 3142

Prin. We still haue knowne thee for a Holy man. 3143

Where's *Romeo's* man? What can he say to this? 3144

Boy. I brought my Master newes of *Iuliets* death, 3145

And then in poste he came from *Mantua* 3146

To this same place, to this same Monument. 3147

This Letter he early bid me giue his Father, 3148

And threatned me with death, going in the Vault, 3149

If I departed not, and left him there. 3150

Prin. Giue me the Letter, I will look on it. 3151

Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the Watch? 3152

Sirra, what made your Master in this place? 3153

Page. He came with flowres to strew his Ladies graue, 3154

And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did: 3155

Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe, 3156

And by and by my Maister drew on him, 3157

And then I ran away to call the Watch. 3158

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words, 3159

Their course of Loue, the tydings of her death: 3160

And heere he writes, that he did buy a poyson 3161

Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall 3162

Came to this Vault to dye, and lye with *Iuliet*. 3163

Where be these Enemies? *Capulet, Mountague*, 3164

See what a scourge is laide vpon your hate, 3165

That Heauen finds meanes to kill your ioyes with Loue; 3166

And I, for winking at your discords too, 3167

Haue lost a brace of Kinsmen: All are punish'd. 3168

Cap. O Brother *Mountague*, giue me thy hand, 3169

This is my Daughters ioynture, for no more 3170

Can I demand. 3171

Moun. But I can giue thee more: 3172

For I will raise her Statue in pure Gold, 3173

That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne, 3174

2339 There shall no statue of such price be set,

2340 As that of *Romeos* loued *Iuliet*.

2341 *Cap*: As rich shall *Romeo* by his Lady lie,

2342 Poore sacrifices to our Enmitie.

3179 2343 *Prin*: A gloomie peace this day doth with it bring.

2344 Come, let vs hence,

2345 To haue more talke of these sad things.

2346 Some shall be pardoned and some punished :

2347 For nere was heard a storie of more woe,

3184 2348 Than this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.

FINIS



There shall no figure at that Rate be set, 3175

As that of True and Faithfull *Iuliet*. 3176

Cap. As rich shall *Romeo* by his Lady ly, 3177

Poore sacrifices of our enmity. 3178

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings, 3179

The Sunne for sorrow will not shew his head ; 3180

Go hence, to haue more talke of these sad things, 3181

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished. 3182

For neuer was a Storie of more Wo, 3183

Then this of *Iuliet*, and her *Romeo*. *Exeunt omnes* 3184

FINIS.



ROMEO AND JULIET.

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH THE 1597 QUARTO AND THE FIRST FOLIO.

SIGNATURE.	THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE.	
	AT QUARTO LINE.	AT FOLIO LINE.
I 1	39	26
B	101	159
B 2	165	250
B 3	229	317
B v. (or blank)	293	381
C	358	495
C 2	422	561
C 3	486	657
C v. (or blank)	549	none corresponding.
D	613	815
D 2	677	885
D 3	741	978
D v. (or blank)	805	1055
E	871	1124
E 2	941	1201
E 3	1013	1283
E v. (or blank)	1082	none corresponding.
F	1150	1507
F 2	1213	1579
F 3	1280	1704
F v. (or blank)	1351	1828
G	1418	1907
G 2	1481	1995
G 3	1540	2060
G v. (or blank)	1601	2149
H	1668	2235
H 2	1732	2308
H 3	1801	2390
H v. (or blank)	1858	2465
I	1912	2562
I 2	1974	none corresponding.
I 3	2032	2747
I v. (or blank)	2094	2838
K	2154	2911
K 2	2216	3009
K 3	2278	none corresponding.
K v. (or blank)	2348	3184

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH
THE FIRST FOLIO.

FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.			BANKSIDE LINE.	FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.			BANKSIDE LINE.
1st column	page	53	47	1st column	page	66	1738
2d	"	"	95	2d	"	"	1803
1st	"	"	161	1st	"	"	1869
2d	"	"	227	2d	"	"	1935
1st	"	"	293	1st	"	"	1999
2d	"	"	359	2d	"	"	2063
1st	"	"	425	1st	"	"	2129
2d	"	"	491	2d	"	"	2193
1st	"	"	557	1st	"	"	2259
2d	"	"	623	2d	"	"	2323
1st	"	"	689	1st	"	"	2389
2d	"	"	755	2d	"	"	2453
1st	"	"	821	1st	"	"	2518
2d	"	"	887	2d	"	"	2582
1st	"	"	953	1st	"	"	2648
2d	"	"	1015	2d	"	"	2714
1st	"	"	1081	1st	"	"	2780
2d	"	"	1147	2d	"	"	2846
1st	"	"	1212	1st	"	"	2909
2d	"	"	1278	2d	"	"	2975
1st	"	"	1344	1st	"	"	3041
2d	"	"	1409	2d	"	"	3106
1st	"	"	1475	1st	"	"	3145
2d	"	"	1540	2d	"	"	3184
1st	"	"	1606				
2d	"	"	1672				

* Misprinted in Folio.



2811 m.

2854 m.

2811 ~